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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
GEORGE LILLO

IN TWO VOLUMES

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VOL. I

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T C HANSARD *the Printer*
PETERBOROUGH COURT FLEET STREET LONDON

LILLO's
DRAMATIC WORKS

WITH MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR

BY THOMAS DAVIES

SECOND EDITION IMPROVED.

VOLUME THE FIRST

CONTAINING

MR. LILLO's LIFE

SILVIA OR THE COUNTRY BURIAL, AN OPERA

GEORGE BARNWELL, A TRAGEDY

THE LIFE OF SCANDERBEG

THE CHRISTIAN HERO, A TRAGEDY

London

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TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

PERMIT me to claim your patronage for the works of George Lillo, an author whose dramatic scenes are rich in plain sense and strong passion, in truth of character and sound moral.

The world is indebted to this writer for the invention of a new species of dramatic poetry, which may properly be termed the inferior or lesser tragedy.

Otway, Southern and Rowe had indeed taught the Tragic Muse a softer tone, and had lowered the buskin, to adapt it to characters beneath the rank of Kings, and Demigods; but still the persons of their Dramas, though less illustrious, were of the noble and elevated order. Lillo formed his plots from private histories, and his characters seldom rose higher than the middle class of life.

In justification of his attempt to make Tragedy of more general use, Lillo has observed, in the dedication to *Barnwell*, that this species of "Dramatic Poetry" is so far from losing its dignity by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of man-

“ kind, that it is more truly august in proportion to
“ the extent of its influence, and the number that is
“ properly affected by it, as it is more truly great to
“ be the instrument of good to many who stand in
“ need of our assistance, than to a very small part of
“ that number.”

I have no doubt of your being convinced of the utility of this lower kind of Tragedy as you have established the strength of Lillo's argument by your own practice. The encouragement you gave to Moore's Tragedy of the Gamester will be an acknowledged proof of what I assert, and I have reason to believe that some successful scenes in that pathetic play were indebted to you for more than their representation.

It was the misfortune of Lillo to compose many of his plays during a period when the stage was governed by two managers of very opposite taste, but equally inconsistent in their conduct with the interest of authors and actors, and the reasonable entertainment of the public.

The one, it is said, had early imbibed a strange dislike to plays and players; either from some particular prejudices which cannot now be easily ascertained, or, which is more probable, from any uncommon fondness for an exotic species of Theatrical entertainment, called Pantomime: It is confessed that he carried this excrescence of the stage to its utmost perfection, and was universally esteemed a most excellent performer in the mummeries of his own contriving.

Besides, it cannot be denied that the same man was

a happy superintendent of all pomps and ceremonies; he excelled in planning magnificent shews, such as coronations and triumphal entries, christenings, marriages and funerals, and all kind of processions, and spared no cost to decorate them.

His rival manager of the other theatre was so far from having the least relish for dramatic poetry, that although he was a gentleman of birth and fortune, one easy in his behaviour and polite in his address, his greatest pleasure consisted in the encouragement of low athletics and mean buffoons, of wrestlers and boxers, of dancers and tumblers, by whose assistance and advice, he brought all Sadlers Wells upon the stage, and gave various exhibitions of tall monsters and ridiculous mountebanks.

It must be granted that during the period I am speaking of, that is, from 1734 to 1739, this manager was prevailed upon to act Lillo's *Christian Hero*, and that he revived several of Shakspeare's Plays; particularly, *As You Like It*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, in which Quin, Macklin, Chapman, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, appeared to great advantage.

With such managers Lillo's plain sense and unaffected manners could hope for little encouragement.

Had he lived to see the happy revolution in the government of the Theatre introduced by you, he would have rejoiced to behold the greatest genius and most indefatigable industry constantly employed to render the stage respectable as well as flourishing, and the most consummate actor and judicious mana-

ger not only the avowed patron as well as kind instructor of actors, but the friend and fellow labourer of authors.

Lillo's modesty would have profited by the advice your perfect knowledge of the Drama would have suggested to him, and his gratitude and integrity would have done justice to your candor and sagacity; for he would not only have taken a liberal advantage of your criticisms, but would have freely owned the force and value of them.

That you may long continue to live beloved and respected by all ranks of people, and happy in the consciousness of exerting your abilities for public and private good, is the sincere and hearty wish of

SIR,

YOUR MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

Great Russell Street, 1775.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

THERE is no passion more incident to our nature than the desire of knowing the actions of men, whose genius has raised our admiration, and whose labours have given us instruction or entertainment. But however willing we may be to indulge so agreeable a curiosity, there are few authors, the history of whose lives can afford sufficient anecdotes to fill a reasonable volume. Such indeed as have been distinguished by offices in the government of a kingdom, or such as have embraced particular party principles, or have sided with factions in the state, will always create materials for the biographer, and amusement for the reader.

Selden and Grotius, two eminent writers of the last century, were as much distinguished by their misfortunes and their struggles with power, as for their genius and learning. Waller was a senator and a statesman, as well as a polite scholar and a great poet. Swift, the friend and coadjutor of Harley and Bolingbroke, took on himself the protection of a king-

dom in opposition to a great minister.—We peruse with pleasure the lives of writers whose transactions are varied and multifarious, who step from their studies into the great theatre of the world, and who join the love of business to the cultivation of polite literature. But such examples are rare. Addison and Pope were certainly great authors, but who can read with pleasure the cold yet correct narrative of Addison's life by Tickel? and when we have reduced the bulky memoirs of Pope, compiled by Ruffhead, to its genuine size, how little will remain that belongs properly to the subject? The remarks on Pope's writings composed by a very learned man, and which were purposely given to enrich this motley manufacture, do but more evidently expose the insipidity of the rest of the work, as the blaze of a torch serves to discover the deformities of a dungeon, Dr. Johnson has indeed struck out a new path to fame in this beaten road of literature, Biography. The uncommon misfortunes, turbulent passions, irregular conduct and unhappy fate of Richard Savage, son of Earl Rivers, gave birth to one of the finest compositions in our own or any other language.

It has generally been said that Lillo lived in obscurity and died in distress; variety of anecdote and choice of amusement cannot be expected from so unpromising a subject. The short account of Lillo in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, is the only record hitherto published which contains any thing certain or probable relating to him, but that is very defective and

affords little information. The author of the Companion to the Playhouse contents himself with repeating what Cibber had related; he states no new facts respecting the writer or his works.—The compiler of a List of Dramatic Authors, published with Whincop's tragedy of Scanderbeg, betrays a want of candor, and is equally destitute of truth and accuracy. Perhaps in reviewing the fate of Lillo's Plays we may strike out some sparks of intelligence, which may afford entertainment and illustrate our author's character. I think it is agreed on all hands, that Lillo was born on the 4th of February 1693, somewhere near Moorgate—That he learned and practised the business of a Jeweller.

It is very singular that no poetical effort of his should appear in print, at least under his name, till the year 1731, when he produced a Ballad Opera, called *Silvia or the Country Burial*, which was acted at the Theatre Royal, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.—This is one of the best dramatic pieces which had then appeared, written in imitation of the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; for *Silvia* has invention in its fable, simplicity in its manners, gaiety in its incidents, and variety as well as truth of character; but what will still more recommend it to the judicious, this Pastoral Burlesque Serio-Comic Opera was written with a view to inculcate the love of truth and virtue, and a hatred of vice and falsehood.—Notwithstanding the apparent merit of the *Country Burial* it met with little success.

About a year after Lillo offered his *George*

Barnwell to Mr. Theophilus Cibber, manager of a company of comedians then acting at the Theatre of Drury Lane, during the summer season. The author's friends, though they were well acquainted with the merit of Barnwell, could not be without their fears for the success of a play, which was formed on a new plan—A history of manners deduced from an old ballad; and, which the witlings of the time called a Newgate Tragedy. It is true some of our best dramatic poets, in their most affecting pieces, had lowered the buskin, and fitted it to characters in life inferior to Kings and Heroes; yet no writer had ventured to descend so low as to introduce the character of a merchant, or his clerk, into a tragedy.—However the author's attempt was fully justified by his success; plain sterling sense, joined to many happy strokes of nature and passion, supplied the imagined deficiencies of art, and more tears were shed at the representation of this home-spun drama, than at all the elaborate imitations of ancient fables and ancient manners by the learned moderns. Mr. Pope, who was present at the first acting of Barnwell, very candidly observed that Lillo had never deviated from propriety, except in a few passages in which he aimed at a greater elevation of language than was consistent with character and situation. (See Lillo, in Cibber's Lives, Vol. I.)

Barnwell was acted about twenty nights in the hottest part of the year to crowded houses. The great success of this play excited the attention of

Queen Caroline, who desired to see it in MS. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1731.) A message was dispatched to Drury Lane Theatre, and July 2nd, 1731, Mr. Wilks waited upon her Majesty at Hampton Court with the play. But I have not been able to learn whether the author gained any emolument from the Queen's curiosity. One circumstance which happened the first night that *Barnwell* was acted, is so singular that it ought not to be forgotten. Certain witty and facetious persons, who call themselves *The Town*, bought up thousands of the ballad of George Barnwell, with an intent to make a ludicrous comparison between the old song, and the new tragedy; but so forcible and so pathetic were the scenes of the *London Merchant*, that these merry gentlemen were quite disappointed and ashamed; they were obliged to throw away their ballads and take out their handkerchiefs. (*Cibber's Life of Lillo*.)

Encouraged by the success of this play, Lillo ventured upon a subject more arduous and sublime.—About four years after, when he appears to have resided at Rotherhith, he produced the *Christian Hero*, which was acted at Drury Lane Theatre with tolerable success. The plot of the tragedy is to be found in the history of the Turks. The character of Scanderbeg, the hero of the play, resembles that of Tamerlane, and is well contrasted with Amurath, the Turkish Sultan. The characters in this tragedy are in general strongly marked; some

pathetic scenes of the Christian Hero would not disgrace the works of our most esteemed dramatic writers. The manners of the Turks and Christians are well discriminated. The interview in the second act between the generals of both armies, is happily conducted.—It is, I believe, an imitation of a similar parley between Caled and Eumenes in the Siege of Damascus. But the Scene in the Christian Hero is greatly heightened by the distress of Scanderbeg, whose mistress, Althea, had fallen by the chance of war into the hands of his enemies. Upon the whole it must be granted that the muse of Lillo was more adapted to an humble than a lofty theme, to plots not so intricate, nor so overcharged with episode, to characters less elevated, and situations more familiar. The editor of a Tragedy of Scanderbeg, written by Mr. Whincop, has ventured to charge the author of the Christian Hero with stealing the hint of his play, from his having seen Scanderbeg in MS. It is to be observed that this accusation was brought against Lillo eight years after his death, and near thirteen since his play was first acted. The charge rests solely on the credit of a nameless editor; and I think we may fairly reject it as an invidious attack upon the character of a man whose moral conduct had never been impeached, and who was greatly esteemed for his modesty and integrity. Besides, this tragedy of Scanderbeg (so much cried up by the editor and his friend) is a despicable performance, full of rant and bombast.

Towards the end of the acting season in 1736, *Fatal Curiosity*, one of Mr. Lillo's most affecting tragedies, was acted at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket at the time when Fielding, our English Cervantes, was manager of that playhouse. It is not easy to guess why this excellent piece was not represented at one of the old Theatres Royal; as our author's character as a writer was by this time well established. It cannot be doubted that Lillo applied to the managers of the more regular theatres, and had been rejected, so that he was reduced to the necessity of having his play acted at an inferior Play-house, and by persons not so well skilled in their profession as the performers of the established Theatres. However, Mr. Fielding, who had a just sense of our author's merit, and who had often in his humorous pieces (particularly in *Joseph Andrews*) laughed at those ridiculous and absurd criticks who could not possibly understand the merit of *Barnwell* because the subject was low, treated Lillo with great politeness and friendship. He took upon himself the management of the play, and the instruction of the actors. It was during the rehearsal of *Fatal Curiosity* that I had an opportunity to see and to converse with Mr. Lillo.—Plain and simple as he was in his address, his manner of conversing was modest, affable and engaging. When invited to give his opinion how a particular sentiment should be uttered by the actor, he expressed himself in the gentlest and most obliging terms, and conveyed in-

struction and conviction with good nature and good manners. The plot of *Fatal Curiosity*, like that of *Barnwell*, was taken from private life. An unhappy old man and his wife who lived at Penryn in Cornwall, impatient under their misfortunes and rendered desperate by extreme poverty, murdered their guest, a sailor just returned from the Indies, for the sake of his wealth : to aggravate the atrociousness of the crime, upon examination, the murdered person proved to be their own son. Lillo has happily varied some of the circumstances of this dismal story, and has added others to render it more dramatic. The language of this play is more elevated than that of any of our author's works; in some few passages it must be owned that it is too rich and flowery, and partakes rather of the descriptive than the familiar stile suited to the subject and characters. However the author has seldom indulged himself in this luxuriancy of fancy ; for in general his style is plain and easy, though vigorous and energetic ; and he is remarkable in this tragedy and in *Elmerick* for a magnificent simplicity of style, so justly commended by Mr. Colman in *Massinger* and the rest of our old dramatic writers. Fielding was not merely content to revise *Fatal Curiosity*, and to instruct the actors how to do justice to their parts. He warmly recommended the play to his friends, and to the public. Besides all this he presented the author with a well written prologue ; which, as it contains a

just criticism on modern tragedies, the reader I hope will not be displeased to find here.

PROLOGUE TO FATAL CURIOSITY.

“ THE Tragic Muse has long forgot to please
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Fletcher's ease :
No passion mov'd, thro' five long acts you sit,
Charm'd with the poet's language, or his wit.
Fine things are said, no matter whence they fall ;
Each single character might speak them all.

But from this modern fashionable way,
To-night, our author begs your leave to stray.
No fustian hero rages here to-night ;
No armies fall, to fix a tyrant's right :
From lower life we draw our scene's distress :
—Let not your equals move your pity less !
Virtue distress in humble state support ;
Nor think she never lives without the court.

Tho' to our scenes no royal robes belong,
And tho' our little stage as yet be young,
Throw both your scorn and prejudice aside ;
Let us with favour not contempt be tried ;
Thro' the first acts a kind attention lend,
The growing scene shall force you to attend ;
Shall catch the eyes of every tender fair,
And make them charm their lovers with a tear.
The lover too by pity shall impart
His tender passion to his fair one's heart :
The breast which others' anguish cannot move,
Was ne'er the seat of friendship, or of love.”

In the conduct of this play Lillo has shewn great judgment. The characters of Old Wilmot and his Wife exhibit strong pictures of pride heightened by poverty, impatience and despair. The reader is

frequently though gradually prepared for the dreadful catastrophe in the last scene of the drama. This tragedy is I believe little known, and though I am an enemy to long citations, I shall quote some particular interesting speeches in the first and second act, and a whole scene in the last, which by many is esteem'd a masterpiece of writing. Old Wilmot begins the play with a soliloquy that strongly marks his character and situation.

O. Wilm. The day is far advanc'd ; the chearful sun
Pursues with vigour his repeated course ;
No labour lessening nor no time decaying
His strength, or splendor : evermore the same,
From age to age his influence sustains
Dependent worlds, bestows both life and motion
On the dull mass that forms the dusky orbs,
Cheers them with heat, and gilds them with his
brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Who posts from change to change, from the first hour
Of his frail Being till his dissolution,
Enjoys the sad prerogative above him,
To think, and to be wretched.—What is life,
To him that's born to die ! or what that wisdom
Whose perfection ends in knowing we know nothing !
Mere contradiction all ! A tragic farce,
Tedious tho' short, and without art elaborate,
Ridiculously sad—

In the following scene the author artfully contrives to make the unhappy old man discharge the only person who could have prevented the murder of his son, at the same time that he introduces the character of the amiable Charlot, on whose bounty they

had hitherto subsisted, though now they were reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty. Old Wilmot when he parts with his faithful servant, Randal, who is willing to endure the utmost distress rather than quit his service, gives him such advice for his future conduct in the world as farther displays his distressful situation and the impatience of his mind.

O. Wilm.———Prithee, Randal,
How long hast thou been with me?

Rand. Fifteen years.

I was a very child when first you took me
To wait upon your son, my dear young master!
I oft have wish'd, I'd gone to India with him;
Tho' you, desponding, give him o'er for lost.

[Old Wilmot wipes his eyes.]

I am to blame—this talk revives your sorrow
For his absence.

O. Wilm. How can that be reviv'd,
Which never died?

Rand. The whole of my intent
Was to confess your bounty, that supplied
The loss of both my parents; I was long
The object of your charitable care.

O.W. No more of that; Thou'st serv'd me longer since
Without reward; so that account is balanc'd,
Or rather I'm thy debtor—I remember,
When poverty began to show her face
Within these walls, and all my other servants,
Like pamper'd vermin from a falling house,
Retreated with the plunder they had gain'd,
And left me, too indulgent and remiss
For such ungrateful wretches, to be crush'd
Beneath the ruin they had help'd to make,
That you, more good than wise, refus'd to leave me.

Rand. Nay, I beseech you, sir!——

O. Wilm. With my distress,
In perfect contradiction to the world,
Thy love, respect and diligence increas'd ;
Now all the recompence within my power,
Is to discharge thee, Randal, from my hard,
Unprofitable service.

Rand. Heaven forbid !
Shall I forsake you in your worst necessity?——
Believe me, sir, my honest soul abhors
The barb'rous thought.

O. Wilm. What! canst thou feed on air?
I have not left wherewith to purchase food
For one meal more.

Rand. Rather than leave you thus,
I'll beg my bread, and live on others bounty
While I serve you.

O. Wilm. Down, down my swelling heart,
Or burst in silence: 'tis thy cruel fate
Insults thee by his kindness—he is innocent
Of all the pain it gives thee—Go thy ways—
I will no more suppress thy youthful hopes
Of rising in the world.

Rand. 'Tis true, I'm young,
And never tried my fortune, or my genius :
Which may perhaps find out some happy means,
As yet unthought of, to supply your wants.

O. Wilm. Thou tortur'st me—I hate all obligations
Which I can ne'er return—And who art thou,
That I should stoop to take 'em from thy hand!
Care for thyself, but take no thought for me ;

I will not want thee—trouble me no more.

Rand. Be not offended, sir, and I will go.
I ne'er repin'd at your commands before ;
But heaven's my witness, I obey you now
With strong reluctance, and a heavy heart.
Farewell, my worthy master !

[*Going.*

O. Wilm. Farewell—stay—
As thou art yet a stranger to the world,
Of which, alas ! I've had too much experience,
I should, methinks, before we part, bestow
A little counsel on thee—Dry thy eyes—
If thou weep'st thus, I shall proceed no farther.
Dost thou aspire to greatness, or to wealth,
Quit books and the unprofitable search
Of wisdom there, and study human kind :
No science will avail thee without that ;
But that obtain'd, thou need'st not any other.
This will instruct thee to conceal thy views,
And wear the face of probity and honour,
Till thou hast gain'd thy end ; which must be ever
Thy own advantage, at that man's expence
Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.

Rand. You mock me, sure.

O. Wilm. I never was more serious.

Rand. Why should you counsel what you scorn'd to
practise ?

O. Wilm. Because that foolish scorn has been my ruin.
I've been an idiot, but would have thee wiser,
And treat mankind, as they would treat thee, Randal ;
As they deserve, and I've been treated by 'em.
Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise me,
How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise ;

Shun my example ; treasure up my precepts ;
 The world's before thee—be a knave and prosper.
 What art thou dumb ? [After a long pause.]

Rand. Amazement ties my tongue !
 Where are your former principles ?

O. Wilm. No matter ;
 Suppose I have renounc'd em : I have passions,
 And love thee still ; therefore would have thee think,
 The world is all a scene of deep deceit,
 And he who deals with mankind on the square,
 Is his own bubble, and undoes himself. [Exit.]

In the same act, Maria the servant and companion of Charlot, upon the approach of Agnes, the wife of Old Wilmot, prepares the reader by a short but fine delineation of her character.

Maria. Her faded dress, unfashionably fine,
 As ill conceals her poverty, as that
 Strain'd complaisance, her haughty swelling heart :
 Tho' perishing for want, so far from asking,
 She ne'er receives a favour uncompell'd,
 And while she ruins, scorns to be oblig'd.

In the second act Young Wilmot persuades Randal to counterfeit a letter from Charlot, intending to be introduced as a friend of the young lady to his distressed parents, with a view to have an opportunity to become fully acquainted with their unhappy situation, and to relieve them by making a discovery of himself when he should think it most proper. This unhappy refinement of curiosity occasions the dreadful catastrophe which follows in the last act. The interview between Young Wilmot and

his parents occasions a most pathetic scene, from which the reader, 'tis hoped, will not be displeased to read the following extract.

ACT II.

O. Wilm. The lady calls you here her valu'd friend ;
Enough, tho' nothing more should be implied,
To recommend you to our best esteem.

——A worthless acquisition ! may she find
Some means that better may express her kindness ;
But she, perhaps, hath purpos'd to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlot
A second, happier Wilmot. Partial nature,
Who only favours youth, as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom : no second hope shall spring
From my dead loins, and Agnes' sterile womb,
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.

Agnes. The last and most abandon'd of our kind,
By heaven and earth neglected or despis'd,
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son
And all our joys in him, must be our refuge.

Y. Wilm. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted fiends,
Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains ;
But grace defend the living from despair.
The darkest hours precede the rising sun ;
And mercy may appear, when least expected.

O. Wilm. This I have heard a thousand times repeated,
And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

Y. Wilm. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey

Of lawless pirates ; by the Arabs thrice
 Surpriz'd, and robb'd on shore: and once reduc'd
 To worse than these, the sum of all distress
 That the most wretched feel on this side hell,
 Ev'n slavery itself: yet here I stand,
 Except one trouble that will quickly end,
 The happiest of mankind.

O. Wilm. A rare example
 Of fortune's caprice ; apter to surprise,
 Or entertain, than comfort, or instruct.
 If you would reason from events, be just,
 And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd;
 And draw your inf'rence thence.

Agnes. Alas ! who knows,
 But we were render'd childless by some storm,
 In which you, tho' preserv'd, might bear a part.

Y. Wilm. How has my curiosity betray'd me
 Into superfluous pain ! I faint with fondness :
 And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon 'em,
 Proclaim myself their son, kiss and embrace 'em
 Till their souls transported with the excess
 Of pleasure and surprize, quit their frail mansions,
 And leave 'em breathless in my longing arms.
 By circumstances then and slow degrees,
 They must be let into a happiness
 Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
 That Charlot will perform: I need not feign
 To ask an hour for rest. [*Aside.*] Sir, I intreat
 The favour to retire where, for a while,
 I may repose myself. You will excuse
 This freedom, and the trouble that I give you:
 'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.

O. Wilm. I pray no more: believe we're only troubled,
 That you should think any excuse were needful.

Y. W. The weight of this is some incumbrance to me,

[Takes a casket out of his bosom and gives it to his mother.]

And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.

Agnes.

Doubt it not:

Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that.

[Exit.]

If I am not greatly mistaken, in all Dramatic Poetry, there are few scenes where the passions are so highly wrought up, as in the third Act of Fatal Curiosity, where a man, contrary to the conviction of his mind and amidst all the agonies which reluctant nature feels, is tempted to the commission of a most desperate and shocking action. Lillo need not be ashamed to yield to Shakspeare, who is superior to all other writers; but excepting the celebrated scenes of murder in Macbeth, these in Fatal Curiosity, for just representation of anguish, remorse, despair, and horror, bear away the palm. I shall make no apology for anticipating the reader's curiosity by giving this master-piece of fine writing, as his perusing it here may engage him not only to read the whole play, but induce him to be better acquainted with the works of a man, who is so great a painter of the terrible graces.

FATAL CURIOSITY, ACT III.

Enter AGNES alone with the casket in her hand.

WHO should this stranger be?—and then this casket—
 He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
 As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand—
 His confidence amazes me—Perhaps
 It is not what he says—I'm strongly tempted
 To open it, and see.—No, let it rest.
 Why should my curiosity excite me,
 To search and pry into th' affairs of others;
 Who have t'employ my thoughts so many cares
 And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease
 The spring gives way!—surprising! most prodigious!
 My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
 Leaps at the glorious sight—How bright's the lustre,
 How immense the worth of these fair jewels!
 Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
 Base poverty, and all its abject train;
 The mean devices we're reduc'd to use
 To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
 From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
 The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
 Of an insulting world—Possess'd of these,
 Plenty, content, and power might take their turn,
 And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
 At our approach, and once more bend before us.
 —A pleasing dream!—'Tis past; and now I wake
 More wretched by the happiness I've lost.
 For sure it was a happiness to think,
 Tho' but for a moment, such a treasure mine.
 Nay, it was more than thought—I saw and touch'd
 The bright temptation, and I see it yet——
 'Tis here—'tis mine. I have it in possession—
 —Must I resign it? must I give it back?
 Am I in love with misery and want?——

To rob myself and court so vast a loss;—
—Retain it then. But how?—There is a way——
Why sinks my heart? why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrill'd with horror?—'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

O. Wilm. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fall'n asleep
Already—happy man!—what dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on?—fie, 'tis not well—
This casket was deliver'd to you clos'd:
Why have you open'd it? should this be known,
How mean must we appear?

Agn. And who shall know it?

O. Wilm. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves: which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd, and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agn. Shews sovereign madness and a scorn of sense
Pursue no farther this detested theme:
I will not die, I will not leave the world,
For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

O. Wilm. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise,
As your anxiety for fleeting life,

Now the last means for its support are failing :
 Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
 This warmth might be excus'd—But take thy choice
 —Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agn. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wilm. There is no fear of that.

Agn. Then we'll live both.

O. Wilm. Strange folly ! where's the means ?

Agn. The means are there ; those jewels—

O. Wilm. Ha !—Take heed :
 Perhaps thou dost but try me ; yet take heed——
 There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
 In some conditions may be brought t'approve ;
 Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
 When flatt'ring opportunity intic'd,
 And desperation drove, have been committed
 By those who once would start to hear them nam'd.

Agn. And add to these detested suicide,
 Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. Wilm. Th' inhospitable murder of our guest !——
 How could'st thou form a thought so very tempting,
 So advantageous, so secure and easy ;
 And yet so cruel, and so full of horror ?

Agn. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
 To take another's life, than end our own.

O. Wilm. It is no matter, whether this or that
 Be, in itself, the less or greater crime :
 Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
 We act from inclination, not by rule,
 Or none could act amiss—and that all err,
 None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
 —O ! what is man, his excellence and strength,

When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd
To plead the cause of vile assassination !

Agn. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.

O. Wilm. Rest contented :
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betray'd within : my will's seduc'd,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.

Agn. Then nought remains,
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.
We must dispatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

O. Wilm. True, his strength
Single is more, much more than ours united ;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Gen'rous, unhappy man ! O ! what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish !

Agn. By what means ?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death ?

O. Wilm. Why, what a fiend !—
How cruel, how remorseless and impatient
Have pride, and poverty made thee ?

Agn. Barbarous man !

Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,
 And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
 His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
 Earnest intreaties, agonies and tears,
 To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
 In some remote, inhospitable land—
 The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
 That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pain!
 Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
 Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
 Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man,
 To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
 To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
 For being what thou'st made me.

O. Wilm.

Dry thy tears:

I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
 That thou hast suffer'd much. So have we both.
 But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
 The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
 Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,
 From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash,
 And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
 And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms
 Against himself. Which shall I use?

Agn.

The sash.

If you make use of that I can assist.

O. Wilm. No—'tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
 Thy trembling hands the guilt—steal to the door
 And bring me word if he be still asleep.

[*Exit Agnes.*]

Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself
 The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
 Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
 Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
 Are withering in their bloom—but thought extinguish'd

He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
 Pangs of disappointment—then I was wrong
 In counting him a wretch: to die well pleas'd,
 Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
 To be a wretch, is to survive the loss
 Of every joy, and even hope itself,
 As I have done—why do I mourn him then?
 For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
 He's to be envied, if compar'd with me.

Enter AGNES with Young Wilmot's dagger.

Agn. The stranger sleeps at present ; but so restless
 His slumbers seem, they can't continue long,
 Come, come, dispatch—Here I've secur'd his dagger.

O. Wilm. O Agnes! Agnes! if there be a hell
 'Tis just we should expect it.

[Goes to take the dagger, but lets it fall.]

Agn. Nay, for shame,
 Shake off this panic, and be more yourself.

O. Wilm. What's to be done? on what had we determin'd?

Agn. You're quite dismay'd. I'll do the deed myself.

[Takes up the dagger.]

O. Wilm. Give me the fatal steel.
 'Tis but a single murder,
 Necessity, impatience and despair,
 The three wide mouths of that true Cerberus,
 Grim poverty, demands—They shall be stopp'd.
 Ambition, persecution and revenge
 Devour their millions daily: and shall I—
 But follow me, and see how little cause
 You had to think there was the least remains
 Of manhood, pity, mercy, or remorse
 Left in this savage breast. *[Going the wrong way.]*

Agn. Where do you go?
The street is that way.

O. Wilm. True! I had forgot.

Agn. Quite, quite confounded.

O. Wilm. Well, I recover.

——I shall find the way. [Exit.]

Agn. O softly! softly!
The least noise undoes us.—Still I fear him:
—No—now he seems determin'd—O! that pause,
That cowardly pause!—his resolution fails—
'Tis wisely done to lift your eyes to heaven;
When did you pray before? I have no patience—
How he surveys him! what a look was there!—
How full of anguish, pity and remorse!—
He'll never do it—Strike, or give it o'er—
—No, he recovers—but that trembling arm
May miss its aim; and if he fails, we're lost—
'Tis done—O! no; he lives, he struggles yet.

Y. Wilm. O! father! father! [In another room.]

Agn. Quick, repeat the blow.
What pow'r shall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot!
—Yet hold thy hand—inconstant, wretched woman!
What doth my heart recoil, and bleed with him
Whose murder was contriv'd—O Wilmot! Wilmot!

Notwithstanding all the friendly endeavours of Fielding, this play met with very little success at its first representation, and this was owing in all probability to its being brought on in the latter part of the season, when the public had been satiated with a long run of *Pasquin*.—But it is with pleasure I observe that Fielding generously persisted to serve the man whom he had once espoused; he tacked *Fatal*

Curiosity to his Historical Register, which was played with great success in the ensuing winter. The tragedy was acted to more advantage than before, and was often repeated, to the emolument of the author, and with the approbation of the public.

It was the fate of Lillo to be reduced to the necessity of having his plays represented by inferior actors. In 1738, he gave to the players, acting during the summer season at Covent-Garden, his play of Marina, taken from an old tragedy attributed to Shakspeare, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. It is true the first editors of this great father of the English stage rejected Pericles, and several other pieces that had been printed with his name to them during his life-time, tho' Pericles has been admitted by the later commentators. It is most likely that Shakspeare revised this old drama, and gave a few touches of his own inimitable pencil; that he added or altered a character or two, and wrote a scene here and there; which, like the lustre of Bassianus's ring in the cavern, illuminated the surrounding darkness.

Marcus. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of the pit.

Tit. Andron. Act 2. Sc. 7.

This fine passage has been quoted to prove that Shakspeare wrote some part of this horrid tragedy.

Preserving from oblivion scenes which will give perpetual pleasure in the reading, is undoubtedly meritorious, and Lillo deserves as much praise for saving the sketches of Shakspeare, as he who carefully keeps amongst his rarities, a maimed statue of an illustrious artist. There is something pleasingly wild in the character of Marina, which bespeaks her to be the offspring of sweet Fancy's child. At her first appearance she makes use of such happy, yet uncommon expressions, as will not permit us to doubt her origin.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mar. No, I will rob gay Tellus of her weeds,
To strew thy grave with flowers. The yellows, blues,
The purple violets and marygolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy tomb,
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
And now I mourn a second mother's loss.
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
That swallows, piece by piece, the merchant's wealth,
And in the end himself.

In this romantic fable of Marina, a husband, contrary to all expectations, recovers his wife, and a father his daughter. Pericles, when he views Marina, breaks out into an exclamation which could belong to none but our old inimitable bard.

Per. My long pent sorrow rages for a vent,
And will o'erflow in tears: such was my wife;
And such an one my daughter might have been;
My queen's square brows, her stature to an inch,
As wand-like straight, as silver voiced, her eyes

As jewels like, in pace another Juno ;
And then like her she starves the ears she feeds,
And makes them crave the more, the more she speaks."

A love of truth, innocence, and virtue, a firm resignation to the will of Providence, and a detestation of vice and falsehood, are constantly insisted upon, and strongly inculcated in all the compositions of honest Lillo. I shall only give another quotation from this play, which consists of four very happy lines of Lillo grafted upon the old stock :

" Ye sons and daughters of adversity,
Preserve your innocence, and each light grief
(So bounteous are the Gods to those who serve them)
Shall be rewarded with ten thousand joys."

Indiscriminate praise is as suspicious as undistinguishing censure. Both proceed from one common parent, ignorance: though the latter is fostered by brutal malevolence, and the former cherished by indiscreet friendship. In this play of *Marina*, I think Lillo has preserved some characters, and retained some expressions of the old drama, which his judgment should have rejected. He did not reflect that rude modes of speech, when manners are uncultivated, are tolerated by custom; and words which might have been spoken without censure in the drawing room of Elizabeth, a swearing and masculine queen, and even in the presence of James 1st, a prince who loved and propagated an obscene jest, would scarce be permitted now in some houses devoted to pleasure. " This religious king, who wrote

commentaries on some parts of Scripture, diverted himself with the bawdy jokes of a bishop (I think it was Neal of Rochester) during the time of divine service at the chapel royal." (Wilson's Life of James 1st.)—A modern audience rejects with disgust the companions and language of a brothel. Though less virtuous than our ancestors, we are more refined and polite in our public entertainments.

Lillo died the 3d of September, 1739, in the 47th year of his age; and a few months after his death, Henry Fielding printed the following character of him in the Champion: "He had a perfect
" knowledge of human nature, though his contempt
" of all base means of application, which are the
" necessary steps to great acquaintance, restrained
" his conversation within very narrow bounds. He
" had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the in-
" nocence of a primitive Christian; he was content
" with his little state of life, in which his excellent
" temper of mind gave him an happiness beyond the
" power of riches, and it was necessary for his friends
" to have a sharp insight into his want of their ser-
" vices, as well as good inclination or abilities to
" serve him. In short, he was one of the best of
" men, and those who knew him best will most re-
" gret his loss." Mr. Lillo just lived to finish his tragedy of Elmerick, which he left to the care of his friend John Gray, a bookseller, who was first a dissenting minister, and afterwards, upon his complying with the terms of admission into the church of

England, rector of a living at Rippon in Yorkshire. The author made it his dying request, to Mr. Gray, that he would dedicate his *Elmerick* to Frederick, Prince of Wales.—Marcellus and Germanicus were not more beloved by the Romans, than Frederick was by the people of England. His easiness of access, his readiness to succour the distressed, his encouragement of arts and sciences, and many other public and private virtues endeared him to persons of all ranks.—Lillo had a great veneration for the prince, and had, in a masque called *Britannia and Batavia*, exerted his poetical skill on the marriage of his Royal Highness to the Princess of Saxe-Gotha. We learn from Mr. Gray's dedication of *Elmerick*, that the Prince of Wales interested himself in the success of this tragedy by honouring it with his presence, and it is but reasonable to believe that the play was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre through the influence of the same royal patron. The success was much greater than was expected from a tragedy written on so simple a plan, and with so antiquated, though so excellent a moral, as the necessity of universal and impartial justice.—It had novelty at least to recommend it: it was bold as well as hazardous in the poet, to introduce a scene where the man intrusted by his prince with the government of a kingdom, makes use of his delegated power against the consort of his royal master, and puts her to death for an injury committed against his own wife. There could not have been a more proper actor chosen for

the part of Elmerick than Quin : unacquainted as he was with passion, and incapable to express it, he always gave weight and dignity to sentiment, by his look, voice, and action. When Elmerick, in the following invocation to Heaven, offers up the queen to justice, the audience felt with awe the force of Quin's elocution.

“ Thou awful power, whose bright tremendous sword
Rules heaven and earth while hell resists in vain;
Inexorably firm eternal justice !
Fearless I offer up this great delinquent,
To you and to Ismena : deign t'accept
No common sacrifice, and may it prove
A solemn lesson and a dreadful warning,
T'instruct and to alarm a guilty world.”

It is not generally known that Mr. Hammond interested himself in the success of Elmerick ; but I have authority from a gentleman, who stands foremost in the first class of living authors, to affirm that Mr. Hammond wrote the prologue and epilogue to that tragedy, and it plainly appears from them, that the success of the play was not a matter of indifference to him ; and it may farther be reasonably supposed that his interest with the Prince of Wales was employed to the advantage of Elmerick. I am persuaded that I shall give pleasure to the reader, by inserting here these genuine productions of so elegant a writer as Mr. Hammond, who did not long survive the generous regard which he paid to the remains of Lillo. The judgment past on the works of our author, by a man whose good taste in literature has

always been unquestioned, will be a powerful sanction of his worth, and more than counter-balance the absurd attacks of illiberal criticism.

PROLOGUE TO ELMERICK,

By Mr. HAMMOND.

“ NO laboured scenes to-night adorn our stage,
LILLO's plain sense would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule ; but warmly thought
From passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His BARNWELL once no criticks test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind pity shelter his remains.
Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.
Oh may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.”

EPILOGUE,

By the SAME.

“ YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit }
In judgment here unaw'd, unbiass'd sit, }
The palatines and guardians of the pit ; }
If to your minds this merely-modern play,
No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth convey ;
If fustian here, thro' each unnat'ral scene,
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean ;
If lofty dulness for your vengeance call ;
Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire
If, like the action which these scenes relate,

The whole appear irregularly great ;
If master strokes the nobler passions move,
Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve."

I have heard from Roberts, an old comedian, who was well acquainted with Mr. Lillo, that his tragedy of Arden of Feversham was written before the year 1736. How it came to lie dormant till 1762, when it was first acted in the summer season, I have not been able to learn. I have already observed, that it was the fate of this writer to have several of his plays acted to disadvantage. Arden is a strong instance of it; for excepting the principal character of the play, which was acted with great judgment by my friend Mr. Havard, we cannot say that much justice was done to this pathetic tragedy by the actors. The part of Alicia was given to a raw young actress, unacquainted with the stage, and utterly incapable of comprehending, much less of representing a character which required the strongest expression of violent and conflicting passions. The writer of *The Companion to the Theatre*, in the *Life of Lillo*, does justice to Arden, and speaks with rapture of the effects produced by the representation of it, but at the same time he has absolutely omitted this tragedy in his *Dictionary or List of Plays*. However it is certain that Arden, though much applauded, was acted but one night. The story of Arden's murder is not an improper subject for the stage, and many scenes of this play are happily written, in which the passions of love and jealousy, revenge and lust, of rage and

remorse, are fully and faithfully delineated. But, perhaps, in adhering too strictly to our old chronicles, the writer has deprived himself of advantages which he might have obtained by a slight deviation from them.—The poet says,

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sunt proxima veris.

I think we may go yet farther, and venture to affirm, that a probable story, well contrived, and artfully conducted, will give more pleasure in dramatic poetry, than a too close representation of real fact. Such actions as will not bear to be seen, may yet be related to advantage. Detested characters, the perpetrators of low villainy, murderers and assassins, should be sparingly introduced upon the stage. The diabolical ministers of vengeance should be just seen and dismissed; though they may be spoken of with propriety, an audience will not long endure their company. It is greatly to be lamented that some friend of the author had not applied to Mr. Garrick to revise, correct, and amend this play; a few alterations by a gentleman who is so great a judge of Dramatic Poetry, and who has often shewn his skill in revising plays with success, would have rendered it a lasting entertainment to the public.

I have now finished my cursory review of Lillo's plays, and have little else to add.

Mr. Hammond more than insinuated in his prologue to *Elmerick*, that Lillo died oppressed with want. The story of his poverty has been pro-

pagated upon this respectable authority. But surely it was not very credible, that a man who was in the practice of a reputable and generally profitable business, such as the art of jewelling; and who besides, in the space of seven years, had accumulated by his plays a sum not much less than 800*l.* could possibly die surrounded with distress; especially if we take into this account, what was certainly true, that he was very temperate, and addicted to no one vice or extravagance! By great good fortune I was directed to a person who has justified my doubts upon this matter, and has, very politely, furnished me with some materials which farther illustrate our author's character. This gentleman was formerly partner in the same business with Mr. Lillo; he now lives at Chelsea, and in an advanced age has retired from the fatigues of business. From him I learnt that George Lillo was the son of a Dutch jeweller, who married an English woman; that he was born somewhere near Moorfields, brought up to his father's business, and was his partner in the same trade several years; that Lillo was a most valuable and amiable man in his moral conduct, and in the candour, generosity, and openness of his temper, resembling the character of Thorowgood in his own *Barnwell*: that, so far from being poor, he died in very easy circumstances, and rather in affluence than want; that he bequeathed several legacies, leaving the bulk of his fortune to Mr. John Underwood his nephew, in which was included an estate of 60*l.* *per annum.* Mr. Un-

derwood, a jeweller in the city, son of Mr. John Underwood, favoured me with a sight of Mr. Lillo's will; by which it appears that besides the estate of 60*l. per annum* bequeathed to Underwood the father, subject to certain payments to different persons, he died possessed of several effects by no means inconsiderable.

This story of Lillo's distressed fortune, which Mr. Hammond inadvertently gave rise to, and which has been believed and repeated by others, may perhaps owe its rise to a particularity in our author's conduct, which this gentleman, his partner, communicated to me. Towards the latter part of his life, Mr. Lillo, whether from judgment or humour, determined to put the sincerity of his friends, who professed a very high regard for him, to a trial. In order to carry on this design, he put in practice an odd kind of stratagem; by asking one of his intimate acquaintance to lend him a considerable sum of money, and for this he declared that he would give no bond, nor any other security, except a note of his hand; the person to whom he applied, not liking the terms, civilly refused him. Soon after, Lillo met his nephew, Mr. Underwood, with whom he had been at variance for some time; he put the same question to him, desiring him to lend him money upon the same terms. His nephew, either from a sagacious apprehension of his uncle's real intention, or from generosity of spirit, immediately offered to comply with his request. Lillo was so well pleased with this

ready compliance of Mr. Underwood, that he immediately declared that he was fully satisfied with the love and regard that his nephew bore him ; he was convinced that his friendship was entirely disinterested, and assured him that he should reap the benefit such generous behaviour deserved. In consequence of this promise, he bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune.

I should have before observed that Mr. Lillo was a Dissenter, but not of that sour cast which distinguishes some of our sectaries ; tho' let his religious tenets have been what they might, he would have been an honour to any sect he had adhered to. He was strongly attached to the Muses, yet seemed to have laid it down as a maxim, that the devotion paid to them ought always to tend to the promotion of virtue, morality and religion. In pursuance of this aim, Mr. Lillo was happy in the choice of his subjects, and shewed great power of affecting the heart by working up the passions to such a height as to render the distresses of common and domestic life as equally interesting to audiences, as that of kings and heroes ; and the ruin brought on private families by an indulgence of avarice, lust, &c. as the havoc made in states and empires by ambition, cruelty or tyranny. If there is any fault to be objected to his writings, it is that sometimes he affects an elevation of style above the simplicity of his subject, and the supposed rank of his characters ; but the custom of tragedy will stand in some degree of excuse for this, and a still better argument perhaps may be admitted in vindication, not

only of our present author, but of other writers in the like predicament, which is, that nature itself will justify this conduct, since we find the most humble characters in real life, when under peculiar circumstances of distress, or actuated by the influence of any violent passions, will at times be elevated to an aptness of expression and power of language, not only greatly superior to themselves, but even to the general language of conversation of persons of much higher rank in life, and of minds more perfectly cultivated.

In his person he was lusty, but not tall, of a pleasing aspect, though unhappily deprived of the sight of one eye.

I have no other authority for putting the *Life of Scanderbeg* among the works of Lillo,—than as it has been usually bound up with his plays, and advertised with the *Christian Hero*.

T. DAVIES.

[*N.B.* Tho' Mr. Davies does not mention the circumstance, yet in the year 1773 proposals were circulated for publishing Mr. Lillo's works, including a Comedy stiled *The Regulators*, then said to be existing in manuscript.]

The following Copy of the Assignment for "GEORGE BARNWELL," made by Mr. Lillo at a period when Authors unfortunately thought themselves both from Law and Justice intitled to a perpetuity in the produce of their own Labors, may it is presumed now be considered a Literary Curiosity.

Endeavours have been used to spell, point and arrange near to the original as possible.

Know all Men by these Presents, That I George Lillo of the Parish of Rotherhith in the County of Surry Gent. for & in Consideration of the Sum of one hundred & five Pounds of good & lawfull Money of Great Britain to me in hand paid by John Gray of London Bookseller at or before the ensealing & Delivery of these Presents the Receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge have granted, bargain'd, sold, assigned, transfer'd & set over, And by these p'sents do for myself, Heirs, Executors & Administrators, Grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer & set over to the said John Gray, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators & Assigns all my Right, Title, Interest & Property of, in & to y^e Copey of a Play of five Acts, written by me the s^d George Lillo & entitled, The London Merchant, Or the History of George Barnwell. To hold the same unto y^e s^d Jn^o Gray his Heirs, Executors, Administrators & Assigns for

Ever free & clear & freely & clearly acquitted, released & discharged of & from all future claim, Right, Title, Interest, Benefit, Property, Profit or Demand whatsoever which I my Heirs, Executors or Administrators shall or may at any time hereafter have Claim or Demand of in or to the same by Force or Virtue of any Law, Usage or Custom whatsoever, Any Law Usage, or Custom to the contrary thereof in any Wise notwithstanding. And I the s^d George Lillo the s^d Copey & all my Right, Title, & Interest therein or thereunto ag^t all Men hereafter claiming or to claim from by or under me unto him the s^d Jn^o Gray his Heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assigns, shall & will warrant & for ever defend by these p^sents.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand & Seal this Twenty Fifth day of November in the ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second of Great Britain, France & Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith &c & in the Year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred & thirty five.

Ge^o Lillo, (L. S.)

Sealed and Delivered
being first duly stamped
in the Presence of us.

John Kent
Will^m Pullon.

LIST OF MR. LILLO'S WRITINGS,

(With the Years in which they were first Published.)

SILVIA or the Country Burial; an Opera, 1731.

The LONDON MERCHANT, or the History of **GEORGE BARNWELL**; a Tragedy, 1731.

The Life of SCANDERBEG, 1734.

The CHRISTIAN HERO; a Tragedy, 1734.

FATAL CURIOSITY; a Tragedy, 1737.

MARINA; a Play, 1738.

ELMERICK or Justice Triumphant; a Tragedy, 1740.

BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA; a Masque, 1740.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM; a Tragedy, 1762.

REGULATORS; a Comedy; perhaps still exists in Manuscript.

Fatal Curiosity was altered by Mr. Colman and reviv'd by him in the year 1782.

Arden of Feversham was likewise alter'd by an anonymous author, but never printed.

S I L V I A

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TO

MRS. HARRIOTT JANSSEN.

MADAM,

TO be well descended, happy in your fortune, nobly allied, to be agreeable in your person, to have an understanding solid and extensive, and a wit at once the most poignant, and yet the most inoffensive and agreeable, may justly raise admiration and esteem in others, as they distinguish you in so eminent a manner, and constitute your personal happiness.

But as it is that easy graceful manner in which you enjoy them, that freedom from vanity, affectation or pride, which form your real character; so the use you make of your fortune, interest, and good sense, renders them a general blessing to all who have the happiness of being within the reach of their influence.

DEDICATION.

MADAM,

Your generosity and condescension in permitting this Address, is an instance of both, so much to my advantage, that I find it impossible, to suppress either my pride, or gratitude, on this occasion ; especially when I consider that it is an honour, that many before have solicited in vain.

That the conversation and friendship of a lady of your accomplishments, should be highly esteemed by persons of the first rank both for dignity and virtue (not to mention the noble lord to whom you are so happily allied) is no more a wonder, than that there should be among the nobility, those who are as eminent for their good sense and fine taste, as their high stations.

That you may still continue the ornament of your own sex, and the admiration of ours, must be the sincere wish of all who are any ways acquainted with your merit, but of none more than of,

MADAM,

Your grateful and obliged

humble Servant,

GEO. LILLO.

“**SILVIA**, or the **COUNTRY BURIAL**, was one of the pieces which the general vogue of Ballad Operas, occasioned by the success of the **BEGGAR’S OPERA**, brought forth into the world. It was performed at Lincoln’s Inn Fields Theatre, but with no very great applause.”

BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA, Vol. 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CHARACTERS.

NAMES.

Sir John Freeman,
Welford,
Timothy Stitch,
Gaffer Gabble,
Ploughshare,
Jonathan,
Sexton,

Mr. Walker.
Mr. Hulett.
Mr. Laguerre.
Mr. Hall.
Mr. Salway.
Mr. Hippesley.
Mr. Ray.

WOMEN.

Silvia,
Dorothy Stitch,
Lettice Stitch,
Goody Busy,
Goody Gabble,
Goody Costive,
Betty,

Mrs. Cantrel.
Mrs. Kilby.
Mrs. Vincent.
Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Rice.
Mrs. Forrester.
Mrs. Eggleton.

SILVIA,
OR THE
COUNTRY BURIAL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room in Welford's House.*

WELFORD.

NOW, now is the very crisis of our fate.—On this important hour depends the happiness or ruin of my dear and only child, and all my future peace.—Why am I thus alarmed! The event must sure be happy! I have long, with pleasure, beheld their mutual love.—The end of all my hopes and fears is near.—This happy marriage will restore my long-lost peace of mind.—After marriage, should he prove false or unkind—what means are left—what power on earth can do her justice then!—Now my pains return! thus joy and anguish alternately possess my breast, as hope or fear prevails.

AIR I. ["Since all the World's in Strife."]

Welf. The Man, by foes surrounded,
Whilst with himself at peace,
Dauntless, and unconfounded,
Beholds their rage increase.
But oh! the torturing pain,
That racks his heart and brain,

Who, hourly with himself at war,
The foe does in his bosom bear!——
Shall this tempest in my breast
E'er cease, and I have rest?
E'er cease, and I have rest?

Enter JONATHAN.

Welf. Jonathan, Sir John tarries long.

Jon. That is not to be wondered at, when he is in such good company. I know my master never thinks himself so happy, as when he is with your fair daughter.

Welf. Jonathan, I have observed, of all Sir John's servants, that you, who indeed seem best to deserve it, have the greatest share in his confidence and favour: now you are not ignorant of my friendship for your master, nor of his pretensions of love to my Silvia; both which must interest me nearly in every thing that relates to him. I have lately heard some reflections on his conduct, that much alarm me. You, if you will, can satisfy my doubts, without prejudice to your own fidelity, or your master's honour.

Jon. Aye, dear Sir, I know that any discoveries, which I might make to you, would be as safe as in my own bosom, and all the use you would make of 'em, would be to improve 'em, if possible, to my master's advantage, and not at all to my prejudice. What a wicked, censorious world do we live in! My master is certainly the most virtuous, sober, modest gentleman in the country; and, to say truth, we are a mighty regular family. For my part, I am daily edified by his good example.

Welf. This fellow mocks me. [*Aside.*] The business of my farm, and the care of my flocks call me hence. Farewel. My best respects and service to Sir John. [*Exit.*]

Jon. Ha, ha, ha! a pretty jest truly! discover my

master's secrets for nothing!—when I'm so well paid for keeping 'em.

AIR II. [“ Gami'orum.”]

Jon. The servant that betrays his trust,
 Who 's employ'd in search of beauty,
 To his master and himself unjust,
 Has neither sense nor duty.
 Priests and Lawyers, by the throng,
 Are well paid for their prattling;
 What fool then would use his tongue,
 Who loses by his tattling.—
 Gami—'orum, &c. [Exit singing.]

SCENE, *Another Room in Welford's House.*

Enter SIR JOHN FREEMAN and SILVIA.

Sil. Urge me no farther—I have said too much.
 How have you drawn from me the fond confession?

Sir John. Merely to say you would obey your father! is that too much to pay whole years spent in adoration of your charms!

Sil. What can you ask, or what can I say more?

Sir John. Can ardent love be satisfied with duty? You might have said as much to any other man, who should have gained your father's approbation. You have not yet, my charming fair, confess'd you love.

Sil. Why will you press me to pass the bounds of modesty and prudence? you know my father does not force my will.

Sir John. Why then this needless caution and reserve? your cruel coldness chills me to the heart. You never felt love's animating fire; some other motive, in which love has no part, must influence you to admit of my addresses.

Sil. Your suspicions are as groundless as unkind.

There may be men false, designing, cruel and unjust, who court and flatter only to deceive: would it be therefore just to charge the crimes of some on all? and, for your constant love, truth and sincerity, return you doubts, suspicions, and unjust reproaches? There may be women too, who, for wealth or power, would give their hands where they refuse their hearts. If you think me such a one, for my sake, and your own, desist at once: for love, that is not founded on esteem, can never yield true satisfaction, or continue long.

Sir John. Pardon, my dearest Silvia, a fault, caused only by excess of love—Thou art so great a blessing, 'twere presumption to be too secure. Long we suspect, and hardly are convinced that the treasure, on which our happiness depends, shall ever be attain'd. But now my fears are husht, and all my doubts are fled.

AIR III. ["Blithe Jockey young and gay."]

Sir John. Sweet are the joys of love,
When doubt and fears are past:

Sil. Virtue does love improve;
Truth makes it ever last.

Sir John. All virtues in thee shine,

Sil. Whate'er I am is thine.

Both. Hearts, thus united, prove
Earth has no joy like love.

Sir John. When love is sincere and constant, how does it bless and how improve mankind? yet, ambitious Statesmen, and foolish meddling Priests, would bind in fetters the noble free-born passion. Vain attempt!—Marriage ne'er yet kindled a mutual flame, where it was not, but often has extinguish'd it where it was; love is itself its own security, and needs no other bonds.

Sil. This idle talk, this common-place raillery on marriage, I think, at any time is best omitted; but sure, Sir John, 'tis most improper now. You can't expect that a maid, who is not weary of her condition, will take upon her the defence of a cause in which she is not concern'd: yet, to pleasure you, who, I presume, delight to hear me talk, tho' I thereby discover my own simplicity, this I will say, the world owes its order, kingdoms their peaceful regular succession, and private families their domestic happiness, to marriage.

Sir John. The prejudice of education only makes you reason thus. I must instruct you better.

Sil. Sir John, I understand you not——

Sir John. You shall join with me, by our example to convince the world, that love can subsist without the marriage tie.

Sil. Sir John Freeman, I have known you long, bred up under one roof from infancy together. I don't remèmbër when I knew you not. The innocent friendship, contracted in our childhood, in you improved to love, or you have been a thousand times forsworn. If I have been deceived, when may a virgin safely believe a man? I would not wrong your honour by unjust suspicions,—but if you have abused me——

Sir John. If I love thee not, or if I ever cease to love thee, may I become the most wretched and most accurst of men.—May I——

Sil. Imprecate no more. Wave this discourse, and I am satisfied.

Sir John. 'Tis time, my Silvia, to compleat our joys. [*Takes her by the hand.*] You must now quit your father's humble roof, and shine with me. My wealth, great as it is, shall be exhausted to support thy pleasures. Love, only love, shall be the Priest to join us. Enjoyment shall be our marriage.

[*She struggles.*] Each day I shall a happy bridegroom be, and you a bride. Mahomet's Paradise shall be verified in us; and all our long lives shall be but one continued transport.

Sil. Let go my hand.

Sir John. And lest you should think I mean to deceive and to forsake you, no proud heiress, that brings a province for her portion, shall be jointured as you shall be. Half my estate shall be settled on thee.

Sil. With brutal force to compel me to hear thy hated proposals, is such insolence.—Thy breath is blasting, and thy touch infectious. Oh that my strength was equal to my indignation! I'd give my hand a ransom for my body. [*Breaks from him.*]

Sir John. Stay, my charming angry fair, and hear me speak.

Sil. Would I had never heard you. Oh that 'twere possible to fly where I might never hear the voice of mankind more!—What, set a price on my immortal soul and spotless fame? Know, thou ungenerous man, I ne'er was influenc'd by thy wealth to hearken to thy vows; for notwithstanding my humble birth and fortune, I ever scorn'd riches, when compared to love, as now I do love and thee, compared to virtue. She, who capitulates on terms like these, confesses an equivalent may be had for innocence and fame, and thereby forfeits both.

AIR IV. ["Tweed Side."]

Sil. By our weakness we help the deceit,
If our virtue we balance with gold.
When dishonour's propos'd, if we treat,
We're to ruin and infamy sold.

The bird, that beholds the snares laid,
Yet presumptuously plays with the bait,
By its rashness and folly betray'd,
Repents, and grows wiser too late. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Jonathan.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. Sir.

Sir John. Order the groom to bring the horses to the gate. [*Exit Jonathan.*

Sir John. I have made a bold, but unsuccessful attempt, and by it, perhaps, have lost her for ever—perhaps not.—I would fain see her once more, methinks.—And yet there is but little likelihood of our coming to an agreement. I am resolved never to marry; and she seems as much resolved never to comply without it. Whatever is the meaning of it, I find myself more ashamed than angry at the disappointment. Tho' 'tis certain that I never did, nor ever can, love any other woman half so well. I feel a strange palpitation here! [*Sighing.*] I am not sure that I don't like her the better for refusing me.—I am sure of nothing—but that I won't marry—I must e'en have recourse to the general remedy in these cases, a less scrupulous female. For tho' that won't remove the cause, yet it is an admirable opiate, and relieves the symptoms to a miracle.

AIR V. ["Charming is your Face."]

Sir John. Wounded by the scornful fair,
Since she dooms me to despair,
Let me fly to seek for rest
On some softer gentler breast,
Whose free soul no forms enslave,
But kindly heals the wounds she gave. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Country Village.*

The Funeral, attended by Timothy Stitch, as Chief Mourner, Lettice, Ploughshare, Gaffer Gabble, Goody Busy, Goody Gabble, Goody Costive, &c. crosses the Stage. The Sexton remains.

Sex. A very pretty fancy this of being buried in her clothes. If it were once a fashion; a *Sexton* might get as much as an Overseer of the Poor. Every man is for making the most of his place. But then there is no comparison between starving the living and robbing the dead, for what should dead folks do with clothes?—But the truth of it is, in these healthy countries the poor live so shamefully long, that parish-officers get little now, beside good eating and drinking.—But I have heard that formerly such as were past their labour, used to be provided for at the expence of the Sheriff,—for then, if persons were likely to become chargeable to the parish, the whole neighbourhood would swear that they were Witches or Wizards; and so they were decently hang'd up, to save charges.—But in London, and other your great towns, an industrious man of my business may make a good penny of it still,—for there they steal bodies and all, but here we're forced to let them rot in their graves, because we can't tell what else to do with them.

AIR VI. [“ There was a Jovial Beggar-Man.”]

Sex. Strange tales some lying travellers tell,

How men on men have fed;

Of public shambles, where they sell
For food their friends when dead.

The moral of the fable thus

Men, that are wise, unfold;

No matter so you fill your purse,

Tho' living and dead be sold.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Church-Yard.*

Dorothy Stitch *in the Grave*; Timothy Stitch, Ploughshare, Gaffer Gabble, Lettice, Goody Busy, Goody Gabble, Goody Costive, Sexton, &c.

AIR VII. ["Bell Chimes."]

Tim. Neighbours all, behold with sorrow,
Whereunto we all must come;
As she to-day, so we to-morrow
May arrive at our long home.

G. Busy. Ah, poor Dorothy Stitch! Rest her soul! She was the handsomest woman in all our parish. But beauty is but skin deep, as the saying is; and you see, neighbours, what we must all come to.

Tim. Oh, my dear Wife! my dear Wife!

Let. Oh, my dear Mother! my dear Mother!

Plough. Don't cry so, Lettice; you'll spoil your pretty face.

Let. What's that to you?

Plough. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Lettice Stitch!

Let. So it is, Mr. Ned Ploughshare. I ben't afraid of your telling my Mother now. [*Goes from him.*]

G. Busy. Good Timothy Stitch, don't take on so. We did not all come together, nor must we all go together; and our loss is her gain, as we all know, neighbours.

All. Ay, ay, to be sure.

G. Busy. Since we must live by the living, and not by the dead, you ought to thank Heaven, and be contented.

AIR VIII. ["Oh, oh, I've lost my Love."]

Tim. Whom cruel death does sever! *Hum, hum.*

Dreadful thought! they part for ever. *Hum, hum.*

G. Busy. Yet herein still fortune kind is, *Fara-lall.*

When one's gone, more left behind is, *Tara lall.*

A poor woman, who has lost one husband, and is unprovided of another, has, indeed, cause enough of grief. For tho' she be ever so much afraid to lie alone, she can't, for shame, ask a man to be her bed-fellow.

G. Gab. Ay, ay, 'tis very true, Goody Busy; tho' 'tis, indeed, a very hard case. But neighbour Stitch, here, need but ask and have.

G. Busy. She is in the right of it. Timothy Stitch, we all know what a good husband you was to your last wife. Here's Goody Costive herself is a widow. But I say no more; spare to speak, and spare to speed, all the world over.

AIR IX. ["John of Bow."]

Plough. While you neglect the living,
For the dead thus grieving,
Your sorrows are encreas'd.
Joy to slight for anguish,
Fondly thus to languish,
Is fasting at a feast.
You well deserve
To pine and starve,
Who eat not when you may:
Each woman right,
Or dull, or bright,
Can give delight!
For, in the night,
Sure ev'ry cat is grey.

Tim. How could you name another wife to me? Where shall I find another like my first? Twenty winters did we live in love together, and never quarrell'd once in all our lives.

G. Busy. What he says is very true, neighbours; but he may thank himself for that. For let her say or do whatever she would, he would never quarrel with her. Not but that the woman was a very good woman in the main.

All. Yes, yes; a very good woman in the main.

G. Gab. Tho' I can't but say she had an ugly way with her, of abusing every body.

G. Cost. Ay, ay; we all know that she was the greatest scold in the parish.

G. Gab. And that she swore like a trooper.

G. Cost. And then she would run in every body's debt, and pay nobody, by her good-will;—as if she had been a gentlewoman.

G. Busy. Yet, for all that, the woman was a good woman in the main.

All. O yes! a very good woman in the main.

G. Busy. Tho' she was proud.

G. Gab. And lazy.

G. Cost. And thievish.

1 *Wom.* And impudent.

2 *Wom.* And whorish.

3 *Wom.* But, above all, a sad drunkard.

G. Gab. Ah, poor creature! that was her death; for we all know she died in her drink.

G. Cost. Ah, poor soul! we all loved her, to be sure; and would not speak any harm of her for the world.

G. Busy. Oh, no! to be sure; for it would be a wicked thing of us to speak ill of the dead, that cannot answer for themselves.

Gaff. Gab. O yes; a very wicked thing, to be sure. Tho' they do say it is all the fashion in London; the more shame for 'em, I think.

AIR X. ["Hunt the Squirrel."] B. 5.

G. Busy. The gentlefolks of London, vol. 1. of
 Infamy scattering, p. 571. 572.
 Neighbours bespattering,
 Care not who are undone,
 But blast both living and dead.

Gaff. Gab. On high and low
 They scandal throw :
 Would you the reason find ?
 'Tis, 'cause they fear
 Themselves t'appear
 The worst of humankind.

The moon is rising, 'tis time to be going home. Let the Sexton fill up the grave.

Tim. Let the grave remain uncover'd ; I'll take care of that ; for here I mean to tarry 'till the morning. Neighbours, I thank you all : Adieu.—I wish you well to your several homes.—Good night.

Gaff. Gab. Stay here in the cold church-yard all night, with thy dead wife !——Why, you are distracted, surely.

G. Gab. If he been't, that were enough to make him so.

Tim. Nay, never go about to persuade me, for here I will stay, come life, come death. Therefore, neighbours, all go home, and leave me to myself.

AIR XI. [“ Hey ho ! who's above ?”]

Gaff. Gab. Hey ho ! the man is mad !

G. Busy. Troth, if he is not, he's as bad.

Gaff. Gab. Thou'lt dye, e're morning, too I fear.

G. Busy. Leave off thy fooling, and don't stay here.

Tim. No, no.

Gaff. Gab. }
G. Busy. } Why, why ?

Tim. I'd rather stay here with my Dolly, and dye.

G. Gusy. This is the strangest vagary, to pretend to stay here with his wife, when she's dead ! when there are so few men who care for their wives company, while they are alive !

Tim. My resolution may seem stranger than it is ; I will therefore tell you the reason of it. Some time ago, my wife was very sick (that cursed Geneva often

made her so) then I fell sick with grief ; but she soon recovering, I recover'd too. On this occasion, she told me, if I died first, that she should break her heart. Yet, she is dead, and I, hard-hearted and ungrateful wretch, am here alive to speak it.

G. Busy. Poor heart ! he weeps like any rainy day. But, good Timothy, go on with your tale.

Tim. Let me but dry my eyes, and then I will. She said that she had heard of people that had been buried alive, and being troubled with fits, thought, perhaps, that might be her case.

G. Cost. Ay, ay ; we all know what sort of fits she was troubled withal——But, mum for that. [*Aside.*

Tim. And desired me, if I out-lived her, to let her be buried in her best cloaths, and to watch the grave the first night all alone, nor to let the body be cover'd 'till the morning. I promised to grant her request, and now will keep my word. Nay, tho' the ghosts of all those whose bodies have been buried here, should rise to drive me hence, I would not leave the place 'till morning.

G. Busy. O terrible ! I shake like an old barn in a windy day, to hear him talk of it.

AIR XII. [“ Oh that I was, and I wish that I were.”]

Tim. Darkness and death no fear alarms,
In them who light and life despise.

Will life restore her to my arms,
Or light reveal her to my eyes ?

Then Oh, that I were, and I wish that I were,
In the cold grave where my true love lies.

G. Gab. This is downright madness.

Gaff. Gab. And we shall be as mad as he, to let him have his will. Therefore, since persuasion won't do, force must.

All. Ay, ay ; let us carry him home by force.

Gaff. Gab. Here, some of you help to hold him, while others fill up the grave.

Tim. Hold, hold, neighbours, and hear me speak: If you fill up the grave, and force me hence before I have perform'd my promise, I will never eat, drink, or sleep more.

Let. Oh dear! why that will be the death of him.

G. Cost. To be sure.

Gaff. Gab. Nay then I'll have no hand in it.

G. Gab. Nor I.

G. Cost. Nor I.

G. Busy. Perhaps we may bring ourselves into trouble about it.

G. Gab. I think we are in a worse quandary now than we were before.

G. Cost. What must we do in this case?

G. Busy. Pray you now hear me speak.

All. Ay, ay, let us hear Goody Busy speak.

G. Cost. Ay, ay, she's a notable woman and a mid-wife, and knows what's fit as well as any woman in the parish.

G. Busy. I say it is dangerous playing with edged tools — and we ought to do as we would be done by — and it is ill meddling between a man and his wife. — And every honest man is as good as his word. — And the will of the dead ought to be perform'd. — Therefore let us leave him to keep his promise to his wife.

G. Cost. Ah, dear heart! there are not many like him. More is the pity.

All. Good night, Timothy. Heaven preserve you! Good night.

Let. O my dear father! my dear father! let me stay with you.

Tim. Nobody shall stay with me. Lettice, be a good girl, and go home. [*Kisses her.*]

Plough. Come, you will let me lead you home, sure.

Let. No sure, but I won't. I'll have nothing to say to you, nor shall you have any thing to do with me. My Father won't make me marry you, for he always us'd to say that it was pity a good-natured girl should be forced.

AIR XIII. ["The Bells shall ring."]

Gaf. Gab. The fair and young, who sigh alone,
Yet are still denying,
Were husbands all so constant grown,
Would be more complying.

G. Busy. Priss, Ciss, Sue, Marg'ry and Nan,
In the morning early,
With us shall come, to cheer the man,
Who lov'd his wife sincerely.

Cho. The bells must ring,
And the clerk must sing,
And the good old wives must wind us.
You and I,
And all must die,
And leave this world behind us.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIMOTHY *remains.*

Tim. Now from the fields the labourers homeward go; each one to kiss his wife, with sweet content. A good warm supper, and a loving spouse, make his house blest as mine, while Dolly lived. My house is now like the forsaken barn, where the blind howlet perches all the day.——The open air, cold ground, on which I sit, with none to talk to but the speechless dead, is all my comfort now. I hate my own warm thatch, flock-bed and neighbour's chat, since Dolly, the flower of all my joys, is gone.——Oh, how wretched is the state of man!

AIR XIV. ["The State of Man."]

Tim. A feeble life, with pain began,
 Expos'd to great and numerous woes:
 Such is the infant state of man,
 And with his strength his sorrow grows.
 'Till his short yet tedious glass be run;
 Then he ends with grief who with pain begun.

Dol. Oh! [*Groans in the Grave.*]

Tim. Mercy on me!—what noise was that!—
 Sure I heard something.—I think I did—per-
 haps I may hear it again—No no—nothing at
 all.—All is still.—It was only my fancy.—I'll
 return to my post.—[*Dolly upright in the Grave.*]
 O dear, O dear! what can be the meaning of this!
 why do you frighten a body so?—Was I not a
 good husband to you while living, and am I not per-
 forming my promise to you now you are dead?—
 Why don't you lie still in your grave!—What is't
 you'd have?

Dol. Hickup—Not a drop more,—if you
 love me.

Tim. It moves—and talks!—What will be-
 come of me?

Dol. I'm very cold.—Where am I?—Sure
 this is a church-yard.—This is a grave too.—How
 came I here?

Tim. O dear, O dear!

Dol. Who's that!—Timothy!—Come, help
 me out.

Tim. No, I thank you, you are dead, and a
 grave is the fittest place for you.

Dol. I don't believe that.—How came I dead?

Tim. Why you died with drinking, and was buried
 to-night.

Dol. I don't know any thing of the matter; but,
 if I was dead, I am alive again.

Tim. I wish you were.

Dol. I tell you I am. Come hither and feel me. If you would but feel me once, you would be satisfied.

Tim. She was always given to lying——I dare not trust her.——Yet if she should be alive again——I have a good mind to venture. [*Aside going towards the Grave.*]——Oh, she has me, she has me!

Dol. The Devil have you for a cowardly, cab-baging rogue as you are.——What are you afraid of your own wife, Sirrah?

Tim. Nay, now I am sure 'tis my Dolly herself, and alive. My dear, dear jewel, don't be angry. 'Twas only my fear.

Dol. Yes, yes, you would have had me dead. You were only afraid I should be alive again.

AIR XV. ["The 23rd of April.]

Dol. So unkind, and so unwilling to receive me again!

Tim. To my heart the blood's thrilling, to hear thee complain.

Dol. Will you love me!

Tim. For ever.

Can you doubt me?

Dol. No never.

Amb. Oh the pleasure and pain!

Dol. I've had a strange escape! If you hadn't stay'd here, where should I have been by this time! I can't tell indeed; but I believe 'tis better as it is.

Tim. O my dear, how can you suspect my love? I had rather have thee again, than be lord of the manor.

Dol. I would not forsake my Timothy, to be made a lady.

Tim. Will you go home with me, and love, and

live in peace; and drink no more drams, to fright me so?

Dol. Are you as glad as you seem to be! are you willing to take me again!

AIR XVI. ["I live in the Town of Lynn."]

Tim. The bark in tempests tost,
Will the despairing crew
Land on some unexpected coast?

Dol. Ay marry, and thank you too.
The maid who dreamt by night
Sh' had left her love so true,
Will she awake to him and light?

Tim. Ay marry, and thank you too.
O thou art my happy coast;

Dol. And thou art my love so true!

Tim. Return my joy;

Dol. Take me, late lost;

Amb. Ay marry, and thank you too. *Exeunt.*

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Mercy on me! I'm frighten'd out of my wits! I dropt the company going home, and came back again to see how my poor father did, and, as sure as any thing, I saw my mother's ghost go over the style; and but that I know that my father's alive and here, I could have sworn that I had seen his too. —What shall I do? My father will be very angry if he should know that I am here; and yet I must speak to him. Father, father! —Bless me, he is not here. I'm frightened worse now than I was before. Sure he is not fallen into my mother's grave. The moon shines so directly into it, that I can see him if he be. [*Looks into the Grave, and shrieks.*] Dear, dear! there's neither father nor mother! —But let me think a little. —If my mother should be

alive, after all.—Ay marry, that would fright me, worse than seeing twenty ghosts, for she'll force me to marry Ned Ploughshare. I hate work, poverty and confinement; and if I marry him, I shall have all three.

AIR XVII. ["As I sat at my Spinning Wheel."]

Let. How happy is that woman's life,
Who, fair and free, has wealth in store!
But oh, how wretched is the wife,
That's doom'd to work, and still be poor;
To wash, to brew, to card or reel,
Or still to turn the spinning wheel.

Enter SIR JOHN, and JONATHAN.

Jon. Sir, you may be as merry as you please with my cowardice, but I think still we had better have kept on our horses' backs, and have ventured our necks through the sloughs, than to have come through this plaguy church-yard at this time o' th' night.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha!—what, you're afraid of the dead?

Jon. I don't like their company.—Ah, Laud, a Ghost, a Ghost!

Sir John. Get up, you cowardly rascal, or—

Jon. O dear Sir, I can't, I can't. I'm frighten'd to death.

Sir John. Nay, if that be the case—you, and the ghost, if there be one, may be better acquainted presently. I'll not spoil good company. Farewell.

Jon. O Lud, that's worse than t'other. Pray don't leave me, and I will get up.

Sir John. Sure this fellow's folly has infected me too; for I think I see somebody yonder in white.—Take your hands from before your eyes, you dog, or I'll cut 'em off.

Jon. I will, I will.—O dear, dear Sir, there 'tis again.

Sir John. Cease your impertinence, you puppy, and let us observe it. It seems to me to be a woman; if so, she must be in distress. I'll go and speak to her.

Jon. O dear Sir, don't offer it. 'Tis certainly the devil, who knowing your constitution, has turn'd himself into this shape, on purpose to draw you into his clutches.

Sir John. Away, fool. [Goes to her.]

Jon. Poor Sir John!—Poor Jonathan!—When the devil has run away with the whore-master, what will become of the pimp! I have follow'd this master of mine to the devil, and there will leave him, to go the rest of his journey with his new acquaintance, and try to repent and save one.

AIR XVIII. ["The Oxfordshire Tragedy."]

Jon. My master's pimp and favourite too,
In liv'ry drest of various hue,
In wanton pride my days I've spent,
But now, alas, I must repent.

Methinks I do it very scurvily. If I was sure I was out of the devil's reach now, I am afraid the remembrance of my past sins would give me more pleasure than pain. And now I look again, it does not appear so frightful as it did. They are very close.—My master has it by the hand. If it should be a woman after all—as it certainly is—I have made a fine piece of work on't truly. Now will they strike up a bargain without me, and I shall lose my fee for extraordinary services, my place as pimp in ordinary, and my reputation for ever. Aye, aye, it is so—thus it goes.

AIR XIX. ["You Love and I Love."]

In a Man's Voice. Charming lovely woman, I am in
love with thee;

In a Woman's. Nay Sir, pish Sir, fye Sir, sure that
ne'er can be.

In a Man's. You're so fair and charming,

In a Woman's. You're so kind and free,

Alternatively. You love, and I love, and you love,
And I am in love with thee.

They are at it still. He palms her, she suffers it;
he swears, she lies; he storms, she yields; Victoria,
Victoria, huzza!

Sir John. I see and pity your distress; but, unless
you consent to go along with me, how can I relieve
you?

Let. O dear Sir, you are the kindest gentleman,
I shall never have it in my power to make you
amends.

Sir John. To serve any person in distress, much
more a woman, rewards itself. And if you are but
half so kind as you are fair, you'll always have it in
your power to lay me under the greatest obligations
in the world.

Let. I don't know what you mean by that, but I
shall be very willing to be instructed, for I hate in-
gratitude.

Sir John. I hope you are single, for it is a prin-
ciple with me, never to ask any favour of a married
woman. For he who pays his liberty for a woman,
deserves to have her to himself.

Let. Nay, for that matter, I think, the fools that
are married are fit for nobody but one another. For
my part, I do, and always did, hate the thoughts of
a husband.

Sir John. The most beautiful woman, with the

best natured principles, that ever I met with in the whole course of my life.

Let. How he squeezes my hand! I understand him——He is a fine gentleman.——But I must not seem too forward neither. *[Aside.]*

AIR XX. ["Young I am, and yet unskill'd."]

Let. Young I am, and sore afraid :
Will you hurt a harmless maid ?
In this place I fear to stay,
Fear with you to go away.
Tell me, kind Sir, tell me true,
What you will, and I must do :
How shall I say, Yes or No ?
Can I stay, can I stay, or dare I go ?

AIR XXI. ["Flocks are sporting."]

Sir John. Faint denying 's half complying ;
Whilst the strife 'twixt love and shame
Fans the fire of desire,
Fans the fire of desire,
'Till it crowns the lover's flame.
'Till it crowns the lover's flame.

Jon. What should you be afraid of, Madam? If you and my master should break a commandment together, there's no manner of harm done; for Sir John has a right to sin scot-free himself, and make his neighbours pay for it, as he's a Justice of Peace.

Let. A Justice o' Peace! O dear, I'm so afraid now that my father should come and spoil my fortune. *[Aside.]*

Jon. Bear up, Sir, and I warrant we carry her off betwixt us.

Sir John. But what shall we do with her? Let us get off as fast as we can, for it is certainly the

devil, who, knowing my constitution, assumes this shape, as the most likely way to draw me into his clutches.

Jon. Pox on his memory. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Give me leave to lead you to the stile at the end of the church-yard, where my horses wait, and then——

Jon. Mount, whip, spur and away. Ha, Sir!

Let. O dear Sir!—— What am I doing? Whither am I going? Well, well, carry me where you will, and do with me what you please, for sure you are a civil gentleman.

AIR XXII. [“ Once I lov’d a Charming Creature.”]

Let. O should wanton fancies move you,
Should you prove a naughty man,
I shall think you never lov’d me;
I shall hate you—if I can.

But for my down, down, derry down,
But for my down, down, derry down.

Sir John. Should your charming beauty move me,
’Twould but prove that I’m a man.
You should believe I better lov’d you:
Try, then hate me if you can.

Jon. Then for her down, down, derry down,
Hey for her down, down, derry down.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *a Grove.**Enter SILVIA.*

AIR XXIII. ["O the Charming Month of May."]

Sil. Silent night yields no repose,
 Silent night my anguish knows :
 And the gay morning
 Now returning,
 Only lights me to new woes.

Tim.within. Only lights me to new woes.

Sil. Silent night yields no repose.

Tim.within. Silent night yields no repose.

Sil. Sure Echo's grown enamour'd with my sorrows, that thus she dwells upon the plaintive sound.

Tim.within. Silent night yields no repose.

Sil. Ha, this is something more! Perhaps, some wretched maid, like me by love undone, has chose yon gloomy thicket to complain in; and kindly joins her sympathizing notes with mine. I'll try again.

Long must I this torture bear,
 Long must I love and despair;
 What life denies us
 Death supplies us;
 Friendly death, come end my care.

Tim.within. Friendly death, come end my care.

Sil. Long must I this torture bear.

Tim.within. Long must I, &c.

Sil. It seems, indeed the voice of one complaining; but one of that false, deceitful sex, which only seems unhappy, when it would make ours so indeed. Perhaps some busy, prying wretch, has stole, un-

heeded, on my sorrows, and with scornful repetitions,
mocks my real woes,

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. Forgive, fair maid, an unhappy man, who has wandered all the long night, not knowing where he went, nor where to go. Tired with my misery and fruitless labour, unable to go farther, I laid me down in yonder thicket to complain. But, hearing your voice, I have with much difficulty crept hither to enquire of you, after my lost daughter; as I must of all I meet, till I have found her.

Sil. Is it a child you have lost!

Tim. A dearly beloved and a loving child.

Sil. That is a loss indeed.

Tim. My wife was buried last night, and came to life again, and while I went home with her, my daughter was carried away.

Sil. Your story is very strange.

Tim. But very true.

Sil. I only said that it was strange, not that it was not true. I have heard of people, who, seeming to be dead, have yet revived. That may have been her case.

Tim. I can't tell——It may be so——My daughter is about your age, but not so tall——Have you heard of any such person?

Sil. No, indeed.

Tim. She's lost for ever, and I am the most miserable man in the world.

AIR XXIV. ["Parson upon Dorothy."]

Tim. To love my wife, to lose my wife,
To find my wife again,
Was peace and strife,
Was death and life,
Was pleasure and was pain.

In hopes, and fears,
In smiles, and tears,
Our days inconstant flow ;
But no end I see
Of my misery,
Since fortune proves my foe.

Sil. You apprehend your misery much greater than it is ; for, if she be virtuous and prudent, she will find the means to return.

Tim. She may be kept by force. She's very handsome——What may she not be forced to ?

Sil. Fear it not. Innocence is the care of heaven. Virtue will give her resolution to resist temptation, and strength to oppose violence should it be offered : Duty will teach her such artifices as will be sufficient to break thro' all difficulties and dangers, that fraud or force can raise to obstruct her in her return.——How fare you, friend ? Your colour changes, and you look not well.

Tim. Indeed I'm very sick, and faint.

Sil. Alas, poor man ! lend me your arm, and let me lead you to yonder bank ; there you may repose yourself a while : My father, who lives at a farm hard by, will soon be here, who will, I'm sure, assist you with any thing, that his poor house affords, or power commands.

Tim. This kindness to a stranger, heaven will reward.

Sil. Acts of humanity reward themselves.

Tim. I give you too much trouble.

Sil. They shew themselves unworthy of their kind, who seeing their fellow-creatures in distress, take not a pleasure in relieving them. Are not all exposed to time and chance ? there's oft not the distance of an hour betwixt the height of happiness and depth of misery.

AIR XXV. ["Polwart on the Green."]

Sil. The sweet and blushing rose
Soon withers and decays.

Tim. Short are the joys life knows,
And few our happy days.

Sil. The fairest day must set in night;

Tim. Summer in winter ends;

Ambo. So anguish still succeeds delight,
And grief on joy attends.

Enter to them, WELFORD and Servant.

Sil. Here is my father. A good morning to you, Sir.—Your blessing.

Welf. Heaven bless my child.

Sil. Sir, here is an object, that claims your pity, and assistance. An honest man distress; so sick and weak he is, that it would be too much trouble to him now to repeat the tale of his misfortunes.

Welf. 'Tis enough that you, my Silvia, think he needs my pity, to command all that's in my power. Come, friend, accept of this lad to guide and assist you—I'll follow presently—you shall find a hearty welcome, and all the assistance I, or my family, can lend you.

Tim. With many thanks I accept your kindness.

[Exit with Servant.]

Welf. Silvia, your lover tarried late last night—I have not seen you since till now. Nay, never blush, and turn away—he proposed marriage, did he not?

Sil. O father, why did you ever suffer him to talk of love, or me to hear him?

Welf. There is no shame in virtuous love. The most modest virgin may hear, and may return it too, without a blush.

Sil. Oh!

Welf. Why weeps my child? What mean these sighs, and all these agonies of grief, as if thy heart would burst?

Sil. O, I have cause to weep, despair, and die; for I have heard from the man, who swore a thousand times he loved me, the man I loved, the man you bid me love, such vile proposals.—

Welf. O! I am all on fire—say, Silvia, what did he propose?

Sil. What is not fit for you to hear, nor me to speak.

Welf. Then the villain has dared to attempt thy innocence and virtue?

AIR XXVI. [“ Now, now comes on the glorious Year.”]

Welf. When tempting beauty is the prize,
Intemperate youth, rash and unwise,
Laws human and divine despise,
Not thinking what they're doing;
But did they make the case their own,
A child, or sister thus undone,
With horror struck, they sure would shun,
Nor tempt such dreadful ruin.

Sil. Vain of his wealth, and his superior birth, with bold, licentious freedom he rail'd on Marriage; then talked to me of love, enjoyment, and eternal truth; endeavouring, by imposing on my simplicity, to render me vile as his own ends. More he talked of estates and settlements, and I know not what; and more he would have talked; but I, with just indignation fired, flew from his hated presence.

AIR XXVII. [“ One Evening as I lay.”]

Sil. Ah me! unhappy maid,
How wretched is my fate!
Deceived thus, and betrayed,
To love where I should hate.

When hope has fled our breast,
 Why should desire remain?
 To rob us of our rest,
 And give incessant pain.

Welf. I will revenge thee, thou excellent maid;
 I will revenge thee on him, myself, and all that
 ever wronged thee.

Sil. Alas! Sir, I want no revenge; or if I
 did, what could you do against a man so powerful?
 —the attempt would prove your ruin.—Let
 me not see him—let him not insult me with
 his presence—by that means to be secured
 from new injuries, is all the vengeance I desire.

Welf. He never shall, unless he comes with deep
 remorse and humble penitence to ask your pardon,
 and make you reparation.

Sil. Let him not come at all. The man, who
 takes advantage from a maid's mean condition to at-
 tempt her virtue, can never make her reparation.

Welf. I fear you hate him then.

Sil. Why should you fear it? You methinks should
 wish it rather. 'Twas long before my heart was
 taught to love him, and by the pain his cruelty gives me
 I fear 'twill be much longer e're it will learn to hate him.

Welf. I'll go and give orders that care be taken
 of the stranger, and then I'll see this mighty man,
 who, by a vile abuse of his power, has dared to
 wrong me thus. Thou'st reason indeed for thy anger;
 but grieve not, my Silvia, I can and will defend thee.

AIR XXVIII. ["At Rome there is a terrible Rout."]

Welf. For our poultry and flocks we oft break our re-
 pose,

To defend them from foxes and kites, their known foes;
 We our children must guard from worse vermin than
 those,

Which nobody can deny, &c. [Exit.

Sil. My father bad me not to grieve——happy for me could I in that obey him. In all the height of his passion he never commanded me to hate the injurious author of my woes. Indulgent parent! He knows that 'tis not in my power, and would not impose on me a task impossible. Answer his kindness then with equal fortitude, and bear, without reproach, those ills thou canst not cure. To assert the dignity of injured virtue, tho' in an humble state, be then my care, and leave the rest to Heaven.

AIR XXIX. ["Fond Echo."]

Sil. As wretched and mean, we despise,
 The vicious, their wealth, and high state;
 The lowest, in virtue, may rise,
 'Tis virtue alone makes us great.
 The hoarse Peacock, tho' gaudy and gay,
 Sweeps the earth with his train, tho' so bright;
 While the Lark, in his humble array,
 Soars warbling to regions of light. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Room in Sir John's House.*

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Sir John lies beyond his usual hour——he likes his new bed-fellow. O the impudence of some people!——Here, in his own house——under my nose, as 'twere——to bring his trollops. Nay, to oblige me to wait upon her too——warm the bed for 'em!——What, make a bawd of me?——O, I could fire the house, to be made a bawd of at these years. The impudent creature too——to lie with a man the first time he ask'd her.——I wonder Sir John is not ashamed of himself!——to take up with such a forward drab——At first, I'm sure, he did not find me so easy.——Well, I've been a fool;——but, if it was to do again——

AIR XXX. ["Young Philander woo'd me long."]

Betty. Harmless maids, of men beware,
 When they're tempting you to evil;
 Tho' their flatt'ries charm the ear,
 To be forsaken is the devil.
 Un-wed, ne'er consent to do it;
 Trust no false designing fellow:
 Virgins pluckt, like other fruit,
 Lose their relish, and grow mellow.

Enter JONATHAN.

Betty. O Jonathan! Sir John is a barbarous man to me; but you remember, I hope, before you know what passed, you bid me fear nothing, for you were ready to marry me at any time.

Jon. Ay, ay, very likely, child. But did Sir John promise nothing, before you know what passed, but what he has since performed?

Betty. Yes, he did, to be sure.—He promised to love me always. But, what o'that? if he be a gentleman, and above keeping his word, I hope that it is no shame for poor people to be honest?

Jon. The greatest in the world, child. Why, it would be downright impudence in us to pretend to be wiser than our betters. Besides, you are mine of course, and must not pretend to talk of terms now. —I have an equal right to my master's cast clothes and mistresses.—You are part of my perquisites.

AIR XXXI. ["Great Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse."]

Jon. At table thus my master feeds;
 'Till he has done, I look on;
 When the second course succeeds,
 The first is left, like you.

As I in love my master serve,
 Sure, I don't so ill deserve,
 Tho' enough remains, to starve?
 I seize you as my due.

Betty. O Jonathan, sure you won't use me as my master has done!

Jon. I can't tell; I'll use you as well as I can; perhaps you may have no reason to repent of the exchange.

Betty. Because I've been my master's fool, do you think I'll be yours?

Jon. Yes.

Betty. You're impudent, and——

Jon. You like me the better for't.

Betty. Now I'm downright angry with you.

AIR XXXII. ["Dear Pickaninny:"]

Betty. Be gone, Sir, and fly me.

Jon. How can you deny me?
 Be kind, and once try me.

Betty. Ne'er talk of it more.

Jon. Come, grant my desire.

Betty. I your rudeness admire.

Jon. To your chamber retire.

Betty. Sir, there is the door.

They sing the following Stanza together.

Jon. Come, grant my desire.

Betty. I'll not grant your desire.

Jon. I your beauty admire.

Betty. I your rudeness admire.

Jon. To your chamber retire.

Betty. By yourself, pray, retire.

Jon. Love, there is the door.

Betty. Sir, there is the door.

[Exit *Betty*, on one side, shutting the door upon
Jonathan, who goes off on the other.]

Enter LETTICE.

AIR XXXIII. ["Mrs. Le Gard's Dance in Perseus and Andromeda."]

Let. When youthful May adorns the year,
The Earth is gay, the Heav'ns are clear,
And the long days scarce yield to night:
The groves with vernal music ring,
Beneath our feet fresh odours spring,
All nature revels in delight:
In life, youth is the bloom of May;
We laugh, we sing, we sport, we play;
And every rolling hour supplies,
Some new, and some untasted joys,
And all the various scenes are bright.

Let. How fine I am? All over lace, and holland,
and silk, and silver!——How pretty I look, too!
Nay, I always thought myself too good for a Taylor's
daughter. And since I find what my favours are
worth, I'll be cunning, and get as much for 'em as I
can, that I may never work, nor be poor again.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Don't you wonder at your own beauty?
Dress'd, or undress'd, night, or day, you're always
charming.

Let. Let me alone: Why do you stare upon a
body so? I can't bear to see you, I am so asham'd.

Sir John. Kind innocent, yet charming creature,
that has the art to please beyond all her sex, that I
ever knew, yet seems to know nothing of it. Last
night——ye wanton rogue——

Let. Oh! you're a sad man.

AIR XXXIV. ["Alas! what mean I, foolish Maid?"]

Let. O fy! how could you serve me so?
 You naughty man, pray, let me go,
 That from you I may run;
 But should I go, I fear 'twere vain,
 For soon I should return again,
 To be by you undone.

Sir John. Never were tempers better suited. This girl is as much a libertine in the affairs of love, as myself; only she don't seem so well acquainted with her own constitution, as to be able to give any account of the matter.—It's pure nature in her; like some lucky quacks, who, tho' they know nothing of the theory, yet practise with surprising success.

AIR XXXV. ["Musing, I late on Windsor Terrace sat."]

Sir John. The lovely, blooming creature,
 Charming in ev'ry feature;
 Loving, moving,
 Joys improving,
 When she yields to nature:
 But O! the pleasing smart,
 That thrills thro' ev'ry part,
 When possessing,
 Kissing, pressing,
 Passion is improv'd by art.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. Sir, your honour's tenant, Farmer Welford, is come to wait upon you.

Sir John. Ha! I might well expect him, indeed
 —I am strangely shock'd—Yet I must see him.
 —Tell him, I am coming down. [*Exit Jonathan.*]

Sir John. My Dear, my affairs force me to leave

you for the present ; in the mean time my servants shall attend you——Your servants they are now, and as such command them.

Let. But, will they obey me?

Sir John. Ay, or you shall change them for such as will.

Let. Then I shall be a Mistress indeed.

Sir John. Thou art the Mistress of my life and fortune ; for a moment, dear creature, farewell.

Let. Dear Sir, good by t'ye. [*Exit Sir John.*]

Let. I'm now a lady indeed. A fine house, fine clothes, and servants to command. And this Sir John is the finest, handsomest gentleman——Not that I care for him, any more than I should for any body else, that would but make a gentlewoman of me. But I must take care never to let him know that, for it is for my interest that he should love me. Besides, now I am a gentlewoman, I find, I should like mightily to be admired by every body, and care for no body.

AIR XXXVI. [“ When Cloe we ply.”]

Let. We women appear
Now kind, now severe,
As interest for either doth call ;
If we stay, and comply,
If we fly, and deny,
It is all artifice, all ; 'tis artifice, artifice all.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Madam, breakfast is ready for you.

Let. Is it so, Mrs. Minks ? but how do you know whether I am ready for that ?

Betty. I suppose Sir John knows, Madam. He order'd me to get it ready as soon as I could.

Let. Where is it? How did you know but that I would have had it here in my own chamber.

Betty. Nay, if that be all, Madam, I can soon fetch it, for that matter.

Let. Come back; where is the wench going? You're mighty ready to obey without orders, and to run without being sent. [Exit.]

Betty. My chamber!—and Minks!—How the awkward Trapes takes upon her already? Sir John acts like a gentleman, truly.—To suffer me to be huff'd, and abus'd by this—I don't know what to call her bad enough. I'll not bear it, that's poz. I have let Farmer Welford know what a life my master leads.—That will make pure mischief; for he loves the daughter so well, that he dares not disoblige the father. Ay, there's a girl, who, tho' but the daughter of a poor Farmer, by her prudence in keeping the fellows at a distance, has as many admirers as there are gentlemen in the county. Upon that single point turns the happiness or misery of a woman's life. But how few of us have the wit to find this out 'till it is too late!

AIR XXXVII. [“ Room, Room for a Rover.”]

Betty. Frail's the bliss of woman,
 Fleeting as a shade;
 While we pity no man,
 Goddesses we're made:
 If our favours wanting,
 To their wants we're kind;
 Ruin'd by our granting,
 We no favour find.
 Birds, for kind complying,
 Love their females more;
 We're lov'd for denying,
 Scorn'd when we implore.

While on ev'ry tree,
Cherry, cherry, sing the small birds ;
Terry, terry, sing the black birds ;
Happier far than we. [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN and WELFORD.

Welf. Sir John, tho' from your late behaviour I'm convinced that you look upon me as a wretch, whom in the wantonness of your wealth and power you may injure without danger, yet, I must tell you, that 'tis base to wrong a poor man, merely because he is so ; and not always so safe as you may imagine.

Sir John. I little expected such an accusation from any man, much less, Welford, from you ; whatever other faults I may have, pride and cruelty, I thank Heaven, are strangers to my nature. If you are uneasy that your lease is unrenewed, the fault is in yourself, you might have had it done at any time, upon your applying to me.

Welf. It is not that which I complain of ; tho' your refusing it be the ruining me and my whole family, yet as it is a matter of courtesy, not right, you are at your liberty.—But that is not what I now come to speak of.

Sir John. My love of pleasure has not so far wasted my estate, or debauched my principles, as to tempt me to wrong any man, much less the poor. The less they have a right to, the greater necessity there is of preserving them in the quiet possession of that right.

Welf. Are not our children the best and dearest part of our properties ? Is there a Monarch in the universe that does not esteem an heir to his crown dearer than the crown he wears ? Nature is alike in all. The meanest wretch, who daily labours for the bread with which he feeds his poor offspring, loves them as much as the greatest king can his.

AIR XXXVIII. ["On yonder high Mountain."]

Welf. The powerful law of nature
 Doth savage tygers bind ;
 What fierce or cruel creature,
 But to its young is kind
 By hunger strong oppressed,
 They forego their needful prey ;
 Love confessing,
 Still caressing :
 Shall man do less than they ?

Welf. I have a daughter.

Sir John. You have, a fair one.

Welf. True, she is fair; but her beauty is her least perfection.

Sir John. In the bloom of youth she hath wisdom, prudence, and modesty, beyond what I have observed in the most venerable old age.

Welf. And to crown all, an inflexible virtue, that sets her as much above temptation from flattery, wealth, or power, as they are beneath her true value.

Sir John. She is, indeed, the Phoenix of her sex.

Welf. 'Tis no boasting, but modest truth in a father to say she is. Then where is your judgment, or gratitude? Have I not preferr'd you to many gentlemen of superior merit and fortune, in your addresses to my Silvia ?

Sir John. I own the obligation, and—— but that I am resolved never to marry.

Welf. Not marry, Sir ! Why 'tis a debt due to your ancestors——you are the medium 'twixt them and posterity, which in you must fail unless prevented by a prudent and timely choice; and an ample estate, obtained by their industry, be possessed by strangers to their blood.

Sir John. As to my ancestors, they have had their time, as I now have mine; they lived to please themselves, and so will I. As to posterity, I shall not trouble myself about what I know nothing of, and which may or may not be, notwithstanding all the care we can take about it.

Welf. Since I find, what I hoped had been only the warmth of youth, to be principles with you, you are justly accountable for their consequences.

Sir John. Notwithstanding your present circumstances, I look upon you as a gentleman. In your youth, as a soldier of fortune, you had opportunities of knowing the world beyond most men; which, joined to your good sense and just observation, qualifies you to give advice the best of any man I know. And I appeal to your own experience, whether marriage be not a state of life, attended with innumerable cares, disappointments, and inquietudes.

Welf. 'Tis true I have found it so; and you, by your living so many years in my house in your youth, was frequently an eye-witness of this sad truth: And I further confess that my secret troubles (which were the greater for being so) far exceeded all that ever were visible; but those are not essential to a married state, but might have been prevented by a more prudent choice. But as it was, one darling child, not only made them easy, but far o'er-paid them all. [Tho' Heaven knows that child is now my greatest trouble. *[Aside.*

Sir John. It is not the lot of every man to be father to a Silvia. The inconveniences of marriage are certain, the advantages precarious, therefore I determine to persevere in my freedom.

AIR XXXIX. ["A Country Life is sweet."]

Sir John. Free from confinement, and strife,
I'll plough thro' the ocean of life.
To seek new delights,
Where beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
The man that is free,
Like a vessel at sea,
After conquest and plunder may roam ;
But when either's confin'd,
By wife, or by wind,
Tho' for glory design'd,
No advantage they find,
But rot in the harbour at home.

Welf. How falsely do you reason? Lewdness is a gulph which swallows up the lives and fortunes of all who venture into it. And such will be your fate, if you pursue the course you are now engaged in.

Sir John. I shall run the hazard, spite of your wise admonitions.

Welf. At your own peril be it then. Have I suppressed my just resentment thus long, to expostulate with thee for this? You would be thought a man of humanity and honour—was not your late villainous attempt upon my daughter's virtue a notorious instance of both? Nay, Sir, you may start, and frown, and bite your lips, if you please,—I repeat it again, your villainous attempt.

Sir John. Considering who I am, and what you are, supposing I had been to blame, 'twould have become you to have clothed your complaints in softer language.

Welf. No words are strong enough to express your baseness and my wrongs.

Sir John. Had the worst you seem to apprehend been accomplished——

Welf. Confound thy prophane tongue for such a supposition.

Sir John. Your insolence and outrage would tire the patience of an angel. Is not your daughter virtuous and chaste as ever?

Welf. The excellency of her virtue, whom you would have ruin'd, but aggravates thy guilt.

Sir John. The mighty ruin you talk of was but to have devoted my life and fortune to her pleasure, which sure was sufficient to have kept her from contempt, and her beauty would still have been as much admired as ever.

Welf. After the loss of virtue, beauty and fortune, like a fair and sumptuous monument erected upon a bad man's grave, serve only to perpetuate infamy, and make it more extensive.

Sir John. What is it that you'd wish your daughter?

Welf. I wish her innocence, peace, fortune with fame on earth, and everlasting happiness hereafter; but you'd make them all impossible to her.

Sir John. She may still be happy.

Welf. And shall, in spite of thee. Fond fool that I was! I thought to have made you the happy instrument to have advanced her to that lustre and rank in life her merit claims; but you have rendered yourself unworthy of that happiness and honour; and notwithstanding all my dotage on thee, you now force me to curse the parent that begot thee, the womb that bore thee, and the hour that gave thee to the light; for thou hast added to the wrongs of Silvia, hast pierced her heart with new unthought of sorrows.—I have seen her flowing tears, heard her sad sighs and soft complaints for thy ingratitude, unworthy as thou art.

Sir John. O Welford! Father! did she weep and

sigh for me? O let me fly to throw me at her feet! I cannot bear to hear her sorrows told. But oh! to see her——surely I shall die with tenderness before her! I could not have thought I had been so happy, or so wretched.

Welf. Whither would you go?

Sir John. Whither but to Silvia? to Silvia much wronged, but more beloved; to the loving, mourning Silvia.

Welf. To what end?

Sir John. To implore her pardon, to expel her griefs, to vow eternal love, eternal truth.

Welf. And if she consents, to ratify those vows by marrying——Ha! he starts; a crimson blush o'er-spreads his guilty face. Would'st thou again abuse my fond credulity? I here renounce all friendship with thee, and forbid all future converse with my Silvia. If by my consent you ever see her face again, may Heaven renounce me; if to revenge her wrongs and punish you, I spare myself, may——

Sir John. O stop thy imprecations, thou rash old man; for know, I cannot, will not live without my Silvia's sight. Unsay what thou hast sworn——I never will again abuse my trust——never again will I repeat my offence.

Welf. With me you've sinned past all forgiveness.

Sir John. Tho' I ever lov'd thy charming daughter, yet till this hour I never knew how much. Make me not desperate, for if you do, by all the pains I feel, there's no revenge so cruel, but I'll pursue, to make thy misery, if possible, to equal mine; eject thee from thy farm; expose thee to want, and wretchedness, and——

Welf. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir John. Fury and madness! my submission rejected! my pains insulted! and my just resentment laugh'd at!

AIR XL. ["Gillian of Croydon."]

Sir J. Since you despise my power,
 Tho' doubly press'd with want and age,
 I'll make you curse the fatal hour,
 You scorn'd my love, and urg'd my rage.
 Shall I to my vassal bend?
 When the weak with the strong contend,
 On his own head he plucks the ruin;
 So I my just revenge pursuing,
 Will crush you, before I end.

AIR XLI. ["Heigh Boys up go we."]

Welf. In vain you storm, and threaten high;
 He's weak, whose cause is wrong:
 When we your boastive power shall try,
 You'll find that right is strong.
 A virtuous maid,
 Wrong'd and betray'd,
 Shall thy destruction prove;
 There's no defence,
 Like innocence,
 Nor curse like lawless love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Welford's House.*

Enter SILVIA and BETTY.

Betty. Nay, for that matter, I've told your father already, and he seem'd so little concerned at it, that it put me out of all patience. So thought I, perhaps he won't tell Mrs. Silvia, and, just as I thought, so it happened; so thought I, I'll e'en go and tell Mrs. Silvia myself.

Sil. Oh! [*Aside.*]

Betty. Madam.

Sil. Alas!

Betty. What did you say?

Sil. Did I say any thing?

Betty. I thought you did.

Sil. Not that I know of. Oh! how shall I conceal my tortures from this busy, prying creature?

[*Aside.*

Betty. But, Mrs. Silvia, don't you think this Sir John a horrible sort of man?

Sil. All appear such to me, who fall from virtue.

Betty. Virtue! Why he minds me no more than we do an old sweetheart, when we have got a new one.

Sil. The tiresome impertinent! when shall I have freedom to complain?

[*Aside.*

Betty. And then he's so fond of her—Madam must have this, and Madam must have that, and Madam must have t'other; and this isn't good enough, and that isn't fine enough, and t'other is n't rich enough for her. O it would make one distracted to see it! The impudent strumpet—I could tear her eyes out.

AIR XLII. ["Young Corydon and Phillis."]

Betty. My rage is past conceiving;

I storm and curse my fate,

To think she's still receiving

Such wealth and pleasures great,

And something else, but what I dare not,

What I dare not, what I dare not name.

But our Jonathan, by the way, is as bad as his Master;—O there's a precious couple of 'em!—but as I was saying, our Jonathan, who is Sir John's Cabinet-Counsellor, says my Master loves nobody from his heart but you; and therefore the best of it is, her reign is like to be but short.

Sil. When women do those things, for which upon reflection they ought to hate themselves, they can't expect that men will love them long.

Betty. Why as you say, Mrs. Silvia, that woman that a, a—(I don't very well understand her tho', but I suppose that means that Sir John should love nobody but herself) [*Aside.*]
—But what were you saying, Mrs. Silvia?

Sil. That she who parts with her virtue, parts with the only charm, that makes a woman truly lovely; and she may well expect, for she deserves, to be despised.

Betty. She speaks plain enough now truly. [*Aside.*]
—Yes, as you say, one can't hate that impudent creature too much.

Sil. If she be such, as you have described her, she is miserable, and, whatever she may deserve, as such I sincerely pity her.

AIR XLIII. [“ Strephon, when you see me fly.”]

Sil. Where can gentle pity meet
So fit a subject for her grief?
Sure that misery's compleat,
When time, and death yields no relief.
Death from lesser ills may save;
Shame extends beyond the grave.

Betty. Well, I'll stay no longer; she's enough to put one out of conceit with one's self. [*Aside.*] Mrs. Silvia, I hope you believe that what I have told you is nothing but the truth.

Sil. Would I could not. [*Aside.*]

Betty. But I beg you to take no manner of notice.

Sil. You may be assured I never will. May it ever remain unknown; if they are guilty, they may yet repent; which if they do, Heaven innocent and gracious will forgive; the equally guilty world, never will; if they are innocent, what injury shall I do, what guilt contract, by propagating falshood?

Betty. Yes, yes, as you say—besides I should

be turn'd out of doors; and you know 'twould vex a body to lose ones place for such a, a, a—but I've told you what she is, and so Mrs. Silvia your servant. —What a way she has of talking? She gives one such rubs, and yet does not seem to know it neither. I don't like her; but if she does but hold her tongue I'm safe enough. I've made a pure deal of mischief, I don't doubt, for I'm sure she's nettled, for all her gravity. [*Aside.*]

AIR XLIV. [“A wealthy Merchant's Son.”]

Betty. She who, when she'd please,
Finds she's mistaken,
Others pain gives her ease,
Tho' she's forsaken.
Since he disdains my love,
New beauties courting,
His lasting plague I'll prove,
I'll spoil his sporting. [*Exit.*]

Sil. She's gone, the busy impertinent is gone, whose painful presence check'd my struggling griefs; and now my swoln heart, and ready eyes, may burst with sighing, and o'erflow with tears! O Freeman, Freeman! I thought thy former baseness, thy vile attempt upon my injured honour, had given me all the pains you could inflict, or I endure; but jealousy, that burning caustic to a mind wounded by love and injuries before, to torture adding torture, pain to pain, gives agonies never to be conceived till they are felt.

AIR XLV. [“Whilst I gaze on Chloe.”]

Sil. Still to sigh, to pine, and languish,
Still to weep and wish in vain,
Still to bear increasing anguish,
Ever hopeless to complain!

Thus to sorrow never ceasing,
I a helpless victim prove;
Ever full, and still increasing,
Are the pains of jealous love. [Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a Grove.**Enter SILVIA and WELFORD.*

AIR XLVI. ["Midsummer wish."]

Sil. WHEN flatt'ring love, and stern despair,
At once invade the virgin's breast,
The meeting tides raise tempests there,
The rolling storm destroys her rest.
Bright innocence, unerring guide,
Lead me where peace serenely reigns;
If gloomy death her mansions hide,
I'll seek her there, to lose my pains.

Welf. Still sighing!—Still in tears!—In soft
and gentle murmurs still complaining! Yet she, in-
nocent even in thought of any guilt, that might de-
serve a punishment so severe, accuses not the heavens,
nor me, nor him, the cruel author of her woes. No

storm of rage ruffles her lovely face ; no thought of vengeance swells her beating breast ; virtue, love, and grief, so amply fill her mind, there is no room for any ruder guest. Never did passion in a female breast run with so deep, so strong, so smooth a stream.

Sil. My father here !

Welf. Weeping, my Silvia ! Could'st thou think how deep thy sorrows wound me, I know thou would'st endeavour to subdue them.

Sil. I did not know you was so nigh.—I had not else indulged this burst of grief. It adds to my unhappiness, to afflict so tender and so good a father.

Welf. Thy more than child-like duty and affection, thy yielding sweetness, and determined virtue, of which each hour you give me fresh examples, do so affect me, that I am torn 'twixt joy and wonder, sorrow and remorse, whene'er I look upon thee. I, I, wretched as I am, have contributed to all the wrongs you suffer.

Sil. My dearest father, do not thus aggravate our common grief ; let not your affection for me, cause you to wrong yourself. If you have permitted me to love, and I have been deceived, were not you deceived too ?

Welf. Indeed I was ; but all shall yet be well ; shortly you shall be convinced, that he's so far unworthy of your love, that gentle peace and joy shall fill your breast, and he be scorn'd at first, and soon forgot.

AIR XLVII. [“ How happy are young Lovers.”]

Welf. On some rock, by seas surrounded,
Distant far from sight of shore ;
When the shipwreck'd wretch, confounded,
Hears the bellowing tempests roar ;

Hopes of life do then forsake him,
When in this deplor'd extreme,
Then his own loud shrieks awake him,
And he finds it all a dream.

Such are your afflictions ; and they, from their excessive greatness, shall, like some dreadful vision, find their end.

Sil. Good man ! He knows not that all has been discovered to me already. [*Aside.*] Shall I deceive the best of fathers, and by hypocrisy make that my crime, which is but my misfortune ? No. Whatever discovery you make of his faults, forgive me, if I say, that I must love him still. True, virtue forbids all converse with him, and I——obey ; his crimes I hate ; his fall from virtue I lament ; his person, tho' I never see, nor wish to see again, 'tis still certain I must ever love.

AIR XLVIII. [“One Night when all the Village slept.”]

Sil. You happy maids, who never knew
The pains of constant love,
Be warn'd by me, and never do
The ling'ring torture prove.
Wisdom, here, brings no relief,
And resolution's vain ;
Opposing, we increase our grief,
And faster bind the chain.

Enter GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, &c.

G. Busy. A good day to you, Mr. Welford ; I have brought with me all my neighbours, as you requested ; and hearing you were here, with your daughter, I left them at your house, and chose with Goody Costive and Goody Gabble, to come to you, that we might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Silvia.

Welf. 'Tis kindly done of you ; there is my daughter ; I'll leave you with her, and go and bid your friends welcome.—You may follow at your leisure.

[*Exit.*

G. Busy. Do so, do so ; I must have a little talk with her. It is some years ago since I saw her,—— never since she was christened, as I remember. It is a great way, and I (Heaven help me) grow old, I don't use to be so sparing of my visits else.—Dost not know me, pretty one ?

Sil. I don't remember to have seen you before ; but, as my father's friend, I am pleased to have the opportunity to know you now.

G. Busy. Pretty sweetness ! thou'rt grown out of my knowledge too, to be sure ; but we have been better acquainted ; I was thy mother's midwife.—Let me see——you will be eighteen come the time, and not married yet ! Now out upon thy father, for a naughty man ! it must have been his fault, for you are so pretty, that you must have had offers enow.

Sil. It is soon enough to know care and trouble.

G. Busy. Now out upon it ! we have never had any good times since people talk'd so.—Was not I young myself ? and don't I know that the most troublesome and careful part of a woman's life, is from the time that she is fit for a husband, till she has got one ? Our greatest care and trouble is over then, for the men, who seldom take any before, are bound to do it then.

AIR XLIX. [“ A Dame of Honour.”]

G. Busy. A maid, tho' beautiful and chaste,
Like a cypher stands alone ;
Man, like a figure, by her plac'd,
Makes her worth and value known.

The tyrant, man, fast bound for life,
To rule she takes upon her;
Whene'er a maid is made a wife,
She becomes a dame of honour.

G. Cost. Goody Busy, you are always talking to people in praise of marriage; now I suspect you, being a Midwife, do it for your own ends.—

G. Busy. Suppose I did, Goody Costive, where is the harm of that? I am sure, times are so bad, that what with one thing, and what with another, an honest woman, in my way of business, can hardly get bread; and I never expect to see it otherwise, while matrimony is so much despised as it is; why, the men are grown so horrible cunning, that few of them will marry at all; and the women are grown so forward, that they won't stay till they are married.—But you are melancholy, Mrs. Silvia.

Sil. A little thoughtful; I hope you'll excuse me.

G. Gab. Why truly neighbour Busy, these must needs be great hardships upon you; for no marriages, no lyings-in.

G. Busy. It is that which I complain of; for, to say the truth, I don't find but that single people have as many children as those that are married; but then they are such infidels as to let their children die without Christening, and what signifies, to the Midwife, a lying-in, without a Christening?—I had once some thoughts of going to London, but I am informed that it is worse there than here; for there are, it seems, a number of women who get their livelihood by being naught with any man that will pay them for it, and yet never have any children at all.

Sil. I can't guess what my father designs by sending for these people.

[*Aside.*

G. Cost. Good lack-a-day! then they have no need of a Midwife, for certain.

G. Busy. No, no; the Surgeons do all their business.

Enter JONATHAN.

Sil. Jonathan! what comes he for?

Jon. Madam!

Sil. To me?

Jon. Yes, Madam; Sir John Freeman, by me, begs your perusal of this letter.

Sil. I am sorry Sir John has given himself the trouble, since I am under the necessity of refusing it.

Jon. My master commanded me to tell you, that it concerned the happiness of your father.

Sil. Since such is the case, I'll this instant to my father, and acquaint him of this important letter—wait you here my return. *[Exit.*

Jon. Well, she's an agreeable lady, 'faith. I wonder what Sir John means, by employing me in this affair? If his design be honourable, he knows I can be of no manner of use to him, 'tis quite out of my way; and if he has any other thoughts of her, he has less sense than I imagined he had——But who have we here! my old acquaintance, and former neighbour, Goody Busy!

G. Busy. Bless me; Mr. Jonathan! is it you! why you are strangely grown; almost out of my knowledge. But I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

Jon. I beg your pardon, but I must salute you.

G. Busy. 'Tis what we are used to at Christenings.—Pray let it go round.

Jon. With all my heart.

[Kisses the rest.

G. Cost. A pretty civil young man truly. I have known some squeamish ill-bred fellows, refuse to do their duty by a woman, because she was in years.

G. Busy. But where hast thou been all this while ; and what business dost follow ?

Jon. As you see, I serve a gentleman.

G. Busy. Are you married ?

Jon. My master is a single man, and won't keep any body that is married in his family,

G. Busy. Ay, shame take these gentlefolks ; they would have every body as bad as themselves. That must be a sad house, that has never an honest woman in it.

Jon. We live as they do in most bachelor's families, very lovingly. While my master is entertaining the house-keeper in his chamber, I am as civil to the cook-maid in the garret.

G. Busy. O sad, O sad ! what a pity it is that young men should spend their time unfruitfully with naughty women ; when, were they honestly married, they might in a lawful way do much good in their generation. If you have any thoughts of marriage, I have a widow in my eye, that would do very well for you. She has something to bring you to, and is under thirty I assure you. While her husband was in health, she brought him a child every year ; but I don't know how it fell out, he grew weary of her, and, as it is supposed, thought to have kill'd her with kindness : but as it always happens in those cases, he did his own business instead of hers, he fell into a consumption——and died about a month ago.

Jon. No, Goody Busy, that will never do for me ; a wanton young widow for a wife, and a skittish horse for a long journey, are two the most troublesome things a man can meet withal.

G. Busy. Perhaps you would rather have a maid. Truly they are ticklish things, and I don't much care to meddle or make with 'em. But I do know of a farmer's daughter, that will fit you to a hair. Her father is a sufficient man, and will stock a farm for you.

'Tis true, indeed, she has had one child; for I am a woman of integrity, and would not deceive any body in these matters for the world. They did not marry her soon enough. But she'll make an excellent stirring wife, I'll warrant her.

Jon. A maid that has had a child, is worse than a widow that's past it. I don't like any body you have proposed half so well as yourself.

G. Busy. Now out upon you, for an idle pack. Why thou naughty, wanton, young knave, what wouldst thou do with me? Heaven help me, I am old, and fit for nothing.

Jon. Let me ask you a few questions, and you'll find you are fit for every thing

G. Busy. Well, come on then.

AIR L. ["Canst thou not weave bonelace."]

Jon. Thou canst do housewife's work!

G. Busy. Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.

Jon. Whip and stitch, with a jerk?

G. Busy. Yea, as well as any one.

Jon. Canst thou not bake and brew?

G. Busy. Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.

Jon. And do the other thing too?

G. Busy. Out, you're naughty: get you gone.

Jon. Thou canst break jests, and sing?

G. Busy. Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.

Jon. Caper and dance with a spring?

G. Busy. Yea, as well as any one.

Enter WELFORD and SILVIA.

G. Busy. Come neighbours, our friends at farmer Welford's expect us.—There is something of consequence to be done; he would'n't send for us for nothing.—A wedding, I hope; old folks drop off apace, but if the young ones would marry, and be industrious, the world might still be increasing.

By honest love alone the world's upheld,
Death can't destroy so fast, as love can build.
[*Exeunt.*]

WELFORD, SILVIA *and* JONATHAN *remains.*

Sil. I have obtained my father's leave to receive the letter you have brought. Whether the contents may require or deserve an answer, I shall take time to consider. I have no more to say. [*Exit Jonathan.*]

[*SILVIA gives the Letter to WELFORD, who reads it.*]

Welf. See, my Silvia, the picture of a mind struggling between a sense of virtue, and the love of vice. Yet he entreats to see thee in such terms, as might move weak minds to pity him.

[*Gives her the letter.*]

Sil. If pity be a weakness, I am, sure, the weakest of my sex; but yet I fear to see him.

Welf. His base attempt on thee, his avowed aversion to marriage, and the ruin of the daughter of that honest stranger whom we entertain'd, all shew the justice of thy fear.

Sil. That men should know vice to be an evil, by the pain it gives, and yet cherish the monster that destroys their peace!

Welf. I have sworn never to expose thee to be again insulted by that licentious man. Yet I cannot but wish he had not rendered himself utterly unworthy of thee. But I have given him up. You shall have ample satisfaction for all the wrongs you have suffered.

Sil. If you can entertain a thought of vengeance, how are you changed, my father?

Welf. Hereafter wilt thou know me better.

Sil. Whither have you sent the stranger and his wife? whither are you going with the people that you

sent for? O Sir, forgive my fears. Urged by your love for me, you rush on to certain ruin.

Welf. Whatever becomes of me you are the care of Heaven. [Exit.]

Sil. I never saw him transported thus before. He's going to Sir John, and will certainly provoke him to his undoing. Instruct me, Heaven, what I shall do to save him?

AIR LI. ["When Flora she had deck'd."]

O gracious Heaven, lend a friendly ray,
To guide my steps, in darkness lost ;
From virtue's precepts never let me stray,
But guide me safely thro' this dreary coast.

My Love betray'd,

My duty paid,

A spotless maid,

Let me resign

My useless breath, into the hands of death ;
For while I live there is no grief like mine.

[Exit.]

SCENE. *A Room in Sir John's House. Sir John discover'd at a table reading.*

'Tis hard a rooted love to dispossess;

'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.

In this your safety does consist alone :

If possible, or not, it must be done.

A poem on a dwarf! what strange stuff is here! Hey ho!—This Welford's daughter has taken so strong hold of my mind, that books are useless to me. [*Lays aside the book.*] O Silvia, Silvia! thou hast too strongly possess'd my heart, ever to be dislodged.—The possession of other beauties only fires my imagination with those joys thou alone art capable to impart.—I have made thee an ungrateful return to a disinterested passion, and made thee suffer for what I

ought to adore thee.—That virtue which I endeavoured to subdue, has made me captive; and I know not if the grace of beauty, or the most shining ornament of thy sex, influences most.—I have wronged, thee, and am—unjust. But I'll acknowledge and repair my fault.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. Sir, I have delivered your letter.

Sir John. And what answer?

Jon. Her eyes delivered the greater part; but her tongue said it required none.

Sir. John. Ha!—Whither am I going?—whither, but to Silvia; the lovely, mournful Silvia; to implore her pardon, to expel her griefs, to vow eternal love, eternal truth.

AIR LII. ["Draw, Cupid, draw."]

Sir John. Reign, Silvia, reign;
The rebel quits his arms:
Your power's compleat,
And I submit
To your victorious charms.
The pleasing pain,
The gentle chain,
That constant hearts unite
Such joy bestows,
That freedom knows
No such sincere delight.
I shiver, and I burn,
I triumph, and I mourn,
I faint, I die,
Until I fly
Her passion to return;
But O, I fear,
Too fierce to bear.

The mighty joy will be,
And love's keen dart,
Fixt in my heart,
Prove that of death to me.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. How, Jonathan here ! This fool loves me however. I'll divert myself, by teasing him.—So Sir.

Jon. So Madam.

Betty. Captain, methinks you look very scurvily after your last defeat.

Jon. Now I think you look like a dealer in second-hand goods, who having outstood your market, repents, and would fain be turning the penny at any rate.

Betty. Ha, ha, how vex'd he is ! but it would fret any man, who going with flying colours to take possession of a fort, should find the gates shut against him.

Jon. Now you want to be attack'd, only for an excuse to surrender. But you may keep your tottering tenement 'till it tumbles about your ears, for Jonathan.

Betty. Poor fellow ! I see he's horrible uneasy. But what woman can deny herself the pleasure of tyrannizing, when she has it in her power ? To be sure, Jonathan, you can never forget your last disappointment.

AIR LIII. [“ There was a Knight was drunk with Wine.”]

Betty. He seiz'd the lass, trembling all o'er,
On storming bent, no doubt, Sir.
But she slipt herself within the door,
And the fool was shut without, Sir.

Jon. But soon repents she e'er said nay,
And finds herself the fool, Sir ;
For she that would not when she may,
She shall not when she would, Sir. [*Going.*]

Betty. But Jonathan, Jonathan.

Jon. But she that would not when she may,
She shall not when she would, Sir.

Betty. Sure you ben't in earnest.

Jon. But she that would not when she may,
She shall not when she would, Sir. [*Exit.*

Betty. O the impudent, pert, conceited puppy! to leave me before he has had me! why he's worse than Sir John. I am like to have a fine time on't truly between 'em both!

AIR LIV. ["The Sun was just setting."]

Betty. How kind was I us'd, e'er this Lettice came here!

But to be refus'd, sure no woman can bear.

By the master forsaken, I'm scorn'd by the man;

How was I mistaken in trusting Sir John?

For he kiss'd me, I grumbled,

He press'd me, I stumbled,

He push'd me, I tumbled,

But still he push'd on.

But since that slut's coming I'm left and undone.

But since, &c.

But if I don't plague him for serving me so,

May I be worse tumbled, worse push'd and worse jumbled,

Where-ever, where-ever I go. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another room in Sir John's house.*

Enter SIR JOHN, TIMOTHY, PLOUGHSHARE, and DOROTHY.

Sir John. Perhaps it may not be agreeable to the lady, to be exposed to gratify your curiosity.

Tim. Sir, the happiness of our lives depends on finding our child. And as we are informed she is here.

Enter LETTICE, singing.

Let. My Father, Mother, and Ploughshare here! What will become of me!

Sir John. Stay, child; whither are you going?

Let. O dear, dear Sir;—

Tim. Ay, here she is; and no doubt but all the rest we have been told is as true.

Plough. Ah, Lettice, Lettice, what have you been doing? You've spun a fine thread truly. We shall have the whole parish ring of you shortly.

Tim. O child, you'll break my heart.

Dor. Will she? but I'll break her neck first.

Let. O dear Sir John, save me, save me, or I shall be torn to pieces.

Plough. How fine the slut is! and how familiar with the Justice!

Dor. Ay ay, 'tis certainly so. O you impudent carrion, I'll be the death of you.

Tim. To find my girl ruined is worse than never to have found her at all.

AIR LV. ["Hear me weep and wail."]

Tim. Welcome endless grief,
Farewell my goose and sheers for ever, ever.
Can I find relief? No never, never.
For grief, from shame arising,
New pains is still devising:
All arts must fail,
Distraction prevail,
My brain 'tis now surprizing——prizing.

Sir John. Friends, have patience. What's past can't be recalled, but I'm ready to make you any satisfaction that's in my power.

Dor. Look ye, Sir, you have utterly ruin'd the wench. The blame and shame must now fall upon her own head; whereas had she been married, you know 'twould have fallen upon her husband's.

Plough. But who do you think will have her now?

AIR LVI. ["Send home my long-stray'd eyes"]

Plough. Could you return her true and chaste,
I'd meet her with a bridegroom's haste;
But since, from you, she's learn'd such ill,
To hate her spouse,
Or arm his brows,
Keep her, for me, Sir, keep her still.

Let. O dear! what must I do? My father will break his heart; my mother will beat my brains out; and that monster Ned Ploughshare, will make me the May-game of the whole parish.

Plough. Don't call me monster: I'm none of your husband: so keep your tongue to yourself.

Let. I won't; 'tis all along of you that this has happened. You always know that I hated you, and yet you would have had me whether I would or no.

Dor. Yes, hussy, he would have made an honest woman of you; but you must be a gentlewoman, must you?

AIR LVII. ["A Nymph of the plain."]

Dor. So true, and so kind,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
He had never denied;
But with joy had complied,
To have made you his wife,
And obey'd all his life;
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As well might persuade you his passion to meet.

Tim. Wife, I never approv'd of your forcing the girl's inclinations, and now you see what it's come to.

Sir John. Friend, you seem an honest inoffensive man, which aggravates my remorse for having wrong'd you.

AIR LVIII. ["Young Philoret and Celia met."]

Let. Regard my tears, dispel my fears,
I'll ne'er offend you more.

Tim. The simple groom, the steed being gone,
So shuts the stable door.

Let. Pity my pain. *Tim.* My pity's vain.

Let. My folly I deplore.

Tim. Fame that's lost, and time that's past,
What power can restore?

Both. Fame that's lost, and time that's past,
What power can restore?

Sir John. What good natured man, that was but a spectator in this scene, but must be moved? I thought, 'till now, the general love of women consistent with generosity, honour and humanity.—False and destructive principle! By this single act of mine, how many innocent persons have I injur'd? The woman too—the easiness with which she gave up her honour, makes her, tho' pitied, yet despised, even by me, the author of her ruin.

Enter JONATHAN, and whispers Sir John.

Sir John. Ha! Silvia, said you? Sure you mistake!

Jon. No, Sir; she's in the next room, and desires to see you.

Sir John. Fly then and conduct her in. Good people, an affair of consequence obliges me to beg you would leave me for the present. If you please to wait in the next room, when that's dispatched, I'll send for you again. [Exeunt.]

Sir John remains and SILVIA enters.

Sir John. She's here, whom most I wish to see; and yet, such is the power of guilt, I dare not look upon her. Could I have thought her sight would ever give me pain?——But, like a wretch removed at once from impenetrable darkness, into the mid-day blaze, I sicken at the cheerful light, and fain would shun a brightness, that glads all eyes but mine.

Sil. O Sir! pardon and pity an unhappy maid: Had Heaven required me to have died, to have shewn my duty to the best of parents, the pain had been far less; but filial piety commands me to live, and interpose between your power, and the weakness of my good, but incensed father.

AIR LIX. ["I'm Ormond the brave."]

Sil. Your heaviest resentment, ah! let me, let me bear.

In pity to his age, my reverend father spare:
Toil, want, and all you can inflict, I will not shun;
But when I think that he may be, for wretched
me, undone, Oh, ho!

Enter WELFORD.

Welf. O Silvia! Never, 'till now, had I cause to blush for any act of thine. Rise, nor offer that incense to an idol, which Heaven alone is worthy of, and which, were he not lost to shame, as well as honour, he must blush to receive.

Sil. Condemn me not: can any submission be too low to save from ruin such a parent? Still let me kneel.

Welf. Heaven, and all that's just on earth, forbid it.

Sir John. Confounded and amazed, I had not power to raise her from the earth. O Silvia!

———Welford!———could you see my heart! how deep my contrition! how sincere my sorrow! you would no longer fear, [*To Silvia*] nor you be angry, [*To Welford.*] Vice, in all its genuine deformities, I've just beheld. Virtue, in all its charms, I see in you——Receive a returning prodigal to your arms; forgive, and make me happy. Let the priest, by honourable, holy marriage, give me a just possession of thy charms, and join me to virtue, and to thee, for ever.

Sil. I came to beg your favour for my father, not a husband for myself. You once thought me mean enough to barter my innocence and virtue, for your wealth; should I now consent to marry you, might it not be justly suspected that my former resentment was not from the love of virtue, and contempt of riches, but artifice, to make the better terms? Virtue is Heaven's best gift: Nor have they more than the appearance of it, who submit to the least imputation on their fame, for wealth or power; or love, more tempting to a generous mind. Think it not pride in me, to refuse an obligation to the man who would have robbed me of all that distinguished me from the vilest of my sex.

Sir John. To have my love and admiration increased, by what gives me despair, is a punishment (tho' just) that's insupportable.

AIR LX. ["Minuet."]

Sir J. With pity, gracious heav'n possess'd
Taught mortals how 'twould be address'd:
Celestial fair,
O sooth my care!
And, as my heaven on earth I view thee;
Lovely creature,
Pride of nature,
Teach me (like Heaven) how to woo thee.

Sil. I pardon, pity, and I love thee——

Sir John. O charming sounds ! So Heaven cheers a despairing sinner, with the sweet voice of mercy.

Sil. But Heaven, when it pardons, appears above reward, by conferring obligations. That is not in my power. To refuse them is, and in that I am determined. Farewell, for ever. 'Tis hard—— but virtue, prudence, and my fame require it. Therefore, farewell for ever. If your return to virtue be sincere, you have a mistress who will ne'er forsake you; but, ever blooming, crown your days and nights with joy,—when I am dust.

Sir John. [*Falling on Welford's neck.*] O Welford, Welford ! must I lose her ? You loved me once. Is there no remains of pity left ? Can you behold me sinking, and yet refuse a friendly hand to save me ?

Welf. [*Embracing him.*] Heaven forbids me not to pity, love, and in the anguish of my soul, weep o'er thee, my now dearer than ever, tho' too unhappy son.

Sir John. Did not you call me son ? O that I were ! To be your son, is all the happiness my soul aspires to.

Welf. Too soon you'll find that name includes the worst of miseries, certain despair. But, to the business of my coming.

Enter GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, JONATHAN, BETTY, &c.

Welf. Goody Busy, and the rest of my friends who come with me, pray walk in. Now let all here attend and witness to the truths I am about to utter ; and you, unhappy youth, prepare to bear the most surprizing change of fortune, like a man. You are not whom you seem, and whom you think yourself, Sir John Freeman, Baronet, and rightful possessor of a fair estate, but an innocent impostor, and usurper of another's right, and my unhappy son indeed.

Sil. What can my father mean !

G. Busy. This is the strangest story that ever I heard of.

Sir John. Welford, to invent a tale so vile, and so absurd, to make me despair of Silvia, as being her brother, is unworthy of your good sense and former probity.

Welf. I will not thank you for your assent to the truth of what I affirm. This excellent lady is not my daughter, but the much wrong'd Angelica Freeman, the sole surviving child of the late Sir John Freeman, and heiress to his large estate. I read wonder and surprize in every face. You look for proofs. Goody Busy, you served Sir John Freeman's lady, and my wife, as midwife.

G. Busy. That I did to be sure.

Welf. How many children had each ?

G. Busy. Two, a son and a daughter, I shall never forget it : they lay-in both times together, and your wife nursed both Sir John's children.

Welf. All this is true ; but was there any thing remarkable upon the body of Sir John's son when born ?

G. Busy. No, but yours was mark'd under the left breast with a bunch of grapes, the fruit, leaves and stalks all in their proper shape and colour, as if they had been growing on the vine.

Sir John. [*Opening his breast.*] Here is the indelible mark, visible and fair, as when the seal of Heaven imprest it first, to distinguish the impostor from the rightful heir.

Welf. Too well I know it.

Sil. If this gentleman be your son, how could his birth have been concealed so long ?

Welf. That—with my own shame, I am now to discover. My wife, while unmarried, attended on the mother of this lady, then a virgin, and so far was she honoured with her confidence, that she lived with her

rather as a sister or companion than a servant ; after her marriage to Sir John, and my wife's to me, the honour of their friendship was continued ; for I was happy in Sir John's, as my wife was in his lady's.— That we had the same number of children, and of the same age and sex, and that my wife was entrusted with the care of theirs, you have heard already. Soon after the birth of this lady, a war breaking out, Sir John, who had an honourable post in the army, went for Flanders: I attended him thither, and (as I had formerly done) served under him as a volunteer. In this our absence, a fever made dreadful ravage in this part of the country. Of it died Sir John's lady, and quickly after his son, (who was then at my house) and my daughter. My wife taking the advantage of the lady's death, and our absence, reported, that the son who died was ours ; and the surviving one (truly ours) was Sir John's. Our daughter who died was buried as his ; and his, this lady, was reputed and educated as our own. The fraud was never so much as suspected by Sir John, nor any other person, myself excepted—I indeed, by observations, which none else had opportunity to make, soon found it out, and charged my wife with it ; she confessed it, and to my shame prevailed upon me to conceal what I could never approve. She died before Sir John, and never lived to see her son possessed of the honour and wealth which she by such wicked means had endeavoured to procure for him. Through Heaven's mercy I hope she rests in peace. But what have been my tortures e'er since I consented to conceal the guilty secret ! Stung hourly with remorse, I attempted to do her justice, and conceal my shame, by effecting a marriage between her and my son ; but Heaven, that refused the imperfect satisfaction, and condemn'd the fraud, has, you see, made vain the fond

attempt, nor would suffer her to receive that as another's gift, which is her own proper right.

Sir John. And long may she enjoy it. I have not so ill profited by her bright example, as to repine at a change of fortune, so just, and so much to the advantage of this wonderful pattern of all that's excellent in womankind.

Sil. Your justice, and the moderation of your son, affects me more than these unthought of, undesired riches: can I ever forget your more than paternal kindness and affection?

Welf. Spare me the confusion, that your goodness gives me; look not so tenderly, nor speak so kindly, but treat me as your injuries and my crimes deserve.

Sil. The crime was another's. Your former tenderness and present justice, tho' to the disadvantage of your son, is all your own. If you forsake me now, I am indeed an orphan——Riches have snares, and youth without a guide is exposed to many dangers——Be still my father.

Welf. Thy own worthy father, were he living, could never love thee more. But to be thy father is impossible.

Sil. This is your son. Let me be his, and you are still my father.

Sir John. Do I indeed behold her heavenly face, all clad in smiles, and kindly bent on me? Do I indeed hear her harmonious voice pronounce me happy? Or does my flattering fancy, to sooth despair, form images that have no real existence?

Welf. Bless her, bless her, Heaven! and as you have made her the best, make her the happiest of her sex. Never did I taste joys sincere till now.

Sil. This surprizing discovery unmade,——had I consented to have been yours,——the disinterestedness of my love and virtue could never have been known. Heaven has made our duty and our interest one. I

may now without reproach give my hand, where before I had given my heart. [*Betty weeps.*]

Jon. What, in tears Betty!

Betty. What have I lost for want of reflecting sooner? I'd rather have that lady's virtue, than her beauty and estate.

Jon. Poor girl! Why this is to have it. I remember on a certain occasion I made you a promise of marriage, if you think it worth claiming, give me your hand.

Betty. There it is; if you can forget what's past, you shall have no reason to complain of my conduct for the future.

AIR LXI. ["Ah how sweet's the cooling breeze."]

Sir John. Oh how sweet,
All over charms,
To bless my arms,
Thy generous virtue all vice defeating.

Sil. All compleat and pure's my joy,
Without alloy;
With transport unusual my bosom is beating.

Sir John. Dearest treasure!

Sil. O joy beyond measure!

Sir John. This truly is pleasure.
Ye follies adieu.

Both. O dearest!
All compleat and pure's my joy,
Without alloy;
With transport unusual my bosom is beating.

Sil. Love gently firing,
And softly inspiring,

Sir John. Panting, desiring, I'll virtue pursue.

Both. Oh dearest!
All compleat and pure's my joy,

Without alloy ;
White hours approach, and the black are
retreating.

G. Busy. Ay, this is as it should be——I could even cry for joy, to see that there is so much honest love left in the world.

Sir John. Reclaimed by your virtue, and restored to fortune by your generosity, I hope you'll take it as a proof of my sincerity, that I confess myself concerned for the distress brought upon an honest man and his family by my folly.

Sil. Your concern is just and generous, like the man I hope ever to find you——but have I given myself to you, and not my fortune ? All is yours ; dispose of it as you please.

Sir John. Jonathan, send Lettice and her friends hither. O Madam, the longest life would be too short to pay my obligation.

Enter TIMOTHY, LETTICE, DOROTHY, &c.

Sir John. Unhappy girl, I wish it was in my power to make you ample satisfaction for the injury I've done you ; but since that is impossible, I will settle something on your father, in trust for you, that, managed with prudence, may secure you from the fears of poverty, the rock on which you split before. You, Sir, I hope will continue with us. The farm lately tenanted by my father, with your consent, Madam, I bestow on this honest man, for the purposes before-mentioned.

Sil. And may it answer your intentions, which if it does, we may hereafter give them farther proofs of our regard for their welfare.

Tim. Dor. Let. Heaven bless you both.

Sir John. Lettice, as I shall never see you more, take this advice with you. Keep this lady's example

in view, and you may yet excel in virtue many of your sex, who having never err'd in the manner you have done, look on your fault as unpardonable. Nor shall you, Betty, or Jonathan, be forgot.

Jon. Sir, if you approve of it, Betty and I have resolved to take one another for better for worse.

Sir John. That I do approve it, you shall find by the handsome provision I'll make for you.

Welf. Son, not foreseeing this happy event, I sent for the tenants to attend, that upon making the discovery they might be ready to pay their duties to this lady, upon her taking possession of her estate.

Sir John. Madam, what think you of inviting 'em in, to partake of the general joy?

Sil. By all means.

A DANCE.

AIR LXII. ["Dutch Skipper."]

G. Gab. Such virtue possessing,
 Includes ev'ry blessing,
 Ev'ry blessing,
 Our mortal state can know.

Welf. Such bright examples firing,
 Each gen'rous soul inspiring,
 Inspiring,
 We scorn the world below.

Plough. With pleasure while we gaze,
 Transform'd our souls we raise,
 For virtue beheld the mind renews.

Tim. So the Sun, for ever bright,
 Communicates his light,
 And adorns every object that he views.

CHORUS.

Since truth to the mind her own likeness reflects,
Makes known our defects, makes known our
defects ;

Since truth to the mind her own likeness reflects,
Let none the just mirror despise.

What virtue so bright but reflection improves,
Or folly so stubborn, but what it removes ?
Reflect, be happy, and wise.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.

* * *This Opera appearing in rehearsal too long for one night's entertainment, some scenes have been shortened and several airs omitted.*

The following is as the opera was originally printed. At page 106, line 28, after the words Hey, ho !

Enter BETTY.

Betty. There he sits, poring over a book, which he no more minds, than he does me. Sir, did you call ?

[Sir John throws the book away.]

Sir John. Who's there ; Betty ? come hither. Why you look very amiable to-day, Betty.

Betty. O laud, sir, you make me blush.

Sir John. Betty fill me some wine. The large glass, and fill it up.

Betty. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. My love to you, Betty.

Betty. Thank you, Sir.

Sir John. Fill yourself, and pledge me.

Betty. He's coming about again, I see. Your health, Sir. If he would but drink a few more bumpers ; for when he had drank most, he always took most notice of me. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Leave me ; and send the lady that came home with me last night.

Betty. Sir, cou'dn't I — I — I —

Sir John. What is it you would say !

Betty. Why, Sir, that, — I don't know where to find her.

Sir John. Must I be plagued with your impertinence too ! go, send her to me, or leave the house yourself.

Betty. O fathers ! I can't bear it ! I would I could send the devil to fetch you both. *[Aside and Exit.]*

AIR LXIII. ["In Kent, so fam'd of old."]

Sir John. In vain, in vain I rove,
Wine, wit, and women prove,
My anguish to remove,
I'm still a lover.
And if, to ease my pains,
I put on the marriage chains,
Love, that constraint disdains,
Will soon be over.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jon. Sir, I delivered your letter to Mrs. Silvia.

Sir John. 'Tis well.

Enter Betty.

Sir John. You need give yourself no farther trouble
to look for the lady. I'll go and find her myself.

[*Exit.*]

N.B. AIR LII. in p. 107, "Reign, Silvia, reign,"
was at first the XL.th, and sung in the 2d
Act by Sir John, after the speech ending with
"wretched," line 5, p. 92.

A

TABLE OF THE SONGS.

A C T I.

AIR	Page
I. The man, by foes surrounded.....	51
II. The servant that betrays his trust..	53
III. Sweet are the joys of love	54
IV. By our weakness we help the deceit	56
V. Wounded by the scornful fair.....	57
VI. Strange tales some lying travellers tell	58

AIR	<i>Page</i>
VII. Neighbours all, behold with sorrow	59
VIII. Whom cruel Death does sever!	ibid
IX. While you neglect the living	60
X. The gentlefolks of London.....	61
XI. Hey ho! the man is mad	62
XII. Darkness and death no fear alarms..	63
XIII. The fair and young, who sigh alone	65
XIV. A feeble life, with pain began	66
XV. So unkind, and so unwilling.....	67
XVI. The bark in tempests tost	68
XVII. How happy is that woman's life....	69
XVIII. My master's pimp and favourite too	70
XIX. Charming, lovely woman.....	71
XX. Young I am, and sore afraid	72
XXI. Faint denying's half complying	ibid
XXII. O should wanton fancies move you..	73

A C T II.

XXIII. Silent night yields no repose	74
XXIV. To love my wife, to lose my wife ..	75
XXV. The sweet and blushing rose	77
XXVI. When tempting beauty is the prize..	78
XXVII. Ah me! unhappy maid	ibid
XXVIII. For our poultry and flocks	79
XXIX. As wretched and mean we despise ..	80
XXX. Harmless maids, of men beware....	81
XXXI. At table thus my master feeds	ibid
XXXII. Be gone, Sir, and fly me	82
XXXIII. When youthful May adorns the year	83
XXXIV. O fy! how could you serve me so ..	84
XXXV. The lovely, blooming creature	ibid
XXXVI. We women appear	85
XXXVII. Frail's the bliss of woman	86
XXXVIII. The powerful law of nature	88
XXXIX. Free from confinement and strife ..	90

AIR	Page
XL. Since you despise my power.....	93
XLI. In vain you storm, and threaten high	ibid
XLII. My rage is past conceiving.....	94
XLIII. Where can gentle pity meet	95
XLIV. She who, when she'd please,	96
XLV. Still to sigh, to pine, and languish ..	ibid

A C T III.

XLVI. When flatt'ring love, and stern despair	97
XLVII. On some rock, by seas surrounded..	98
XLVIII. You happy maids who never knew..	99
XLIX. A maid tho' beautiful and chaste ..	100
L. Thou canst do housewife's work....	104
LI. O gracious Heaven, lend a friendly ray	106
LII. Reign, Silvia, reign.....	107
LIII. He seiz'd the lass, trembling all o'er	108
LIV. How kind was I us'd, e'er this Lettice came here	109
LV. Welcome endless grief.....	110
LVI. Could you return her true and chaste	111
LVII. So true, and so kind	ibid
LVIII. Regard my tears, dispel my fears ..	112
LIX. Your heaviest resentment.....	113
LX. With pity, gracious Heaven possess'd	114
LXI. Oh how sweet.....	119
LXII. Such virtue possessing	121

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

LXIII. In vain in vain I rove	124
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If the Music originally printed with this Opera be still in existence the publisher would be glad to treat for the purchase thereof.





THE
LONDON MERCHANT
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
GEORGE BARNWELL
A
TRAGEDY
ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL
IN
DRURY LANE

*Thurston,
delineavit.*

FRONTISPIECE.

*Clennell,
calavit.*

Barnw. Lift up your dying eyes, and view your Nephew in
your Murderer.—*Act III. Scene the last.*

Learn to be wise from others harm
And you shall do full well

Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

THE
B A L L A D
OF
GEORGE BARNWELL,

Collated by Dr. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore,
with a copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford;
entitled, "An excellent Ballad of George Barn-
well, an apprentice of London who thrice robb'd
his master & murdered his uncle in Ludlow"

The Tune is "The Merchant"

The Bishop observes, "The Ballad was printed at
least as early as the middle of the 17th Century:
the tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact;
but when it happened I have not been able to
discover."

The stanza wherein George Barnwell is said to have
visited Millwood on Sunday "Having a mighty
sum of money in my hand" seems to fix the pe-
riod of writing the ballad some time previous to the
Civil Wars, before which Sunday was not strictly
observed in England.

THE FIRST PART.

"All Youths of Fair England"	
"That dwell both far & near,"	
"Regard my story that I tell,"	
"And to my song give ear."	4
"A London lad I was,"	
"A Merchants'prentice bound;"	
"My name George Barnwell; that did spend"	
"My Master many a pound."	8
"Take heed of harlots then,"	
"And their enticing trains;"	
"For by that means I have been brought"	
"To hang alive in chains."	12

- “ As I upon a day,”
“ Was walking through the street”
“ About my Master’s business,”
“ A wanton I did meet.” 16
“ A gallant dainty dame,”
“ And sumptuous in attire;”
“ With smiling looks she greeted me,”
“ And did my name require.” 20
“ Which when I had declar’d,”
“ She gave me then a kiss,”
“ And said, if I would come to her,”
“ I should have more than this.” 24
“ Fair Mistress, then quoth I,”
“ If I the place may know,”
“ This evening I will be with you,”
“ For I abroad must go,” 28
“ To gather monies in,”
“ That are my Master’s due:”
“ And ere that I do home return,”
“ I’ll come & visit you.” 32
“ Good Barnwell, then quoth she,”
“ Do thou to Shoreditch come,”
“ And ask for Mistress Millwood’s house,”
“ Next door unto the Gun.” 36
“ And trust me on my truth,”
“ If thou keep touch with me,”
“ My dearest friend, as my own heart”
“ Thou shalt right welcome be.” 40
“ Thus parted we in peace,”
“ And home I passed right;”
“ Then went abroad and gather’d in”
“ By six o’clock at night,” 44
“ An hundred pound & one:”
“ With bag under my arm”
“ I went to Mistress Millwood’s house,”
“ And thought on little harm ;” 48

- " And knocking at the door,"
 " Straitway herself came down ;"
 " Rustling in most brave attire,"
 " With hood and silken gown." 52
 " Who through her beauty bright,"
 " So gloriously did shine,"
 " That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,"
 " She seemed so divine" X 56
 " She took me by the hand,"
 " And with a modest grace,"
 " Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,"
 " Unto this homely place." 60
 " And since I have thee found"
 " As good as thy word to be ;"
 " A homely supper ere we part,"
 " Thou shalt take here with me." 64
 " O pardon me, quoth I,"
 " Fair Mistress, I you pray ;"
 " For why, out of my master's house"
 " So long I dare not stay." 68
 " Alas, good sir, she said,"
 " Are you so strictly ty'd,"
 " You may not with your dearest friend"
 " One hour or two abide ?" 72
 " Faith, then the case is hard,"
 " If it be so, quoth she ;"
 " I would I were a 'prentice bound,"
 " To live along with thee :"
 " Therefore my Dearest George,"
 " List well what I shall say," 76
 " And do no blame a woman much,"
 " Her fancy to bewray." 80
 " Let not affection's force"
 " Be counted lewd desire,"
 " Nor think it not immodesty,"
 " I should thy love require." 84

- “ With that she turn’d aside,”
“ And with a blushing red,”
“ A mournful motion she bewray’d”
“ By hanging down her head.” 88
“ A handkerchief she had,”
“ All wrought with silk and gold :”
“ Which she to stay her trickling tears”
“ Before her eyes did hold.” 92
“ This thing unto my sight”
“ Was wondrous rare & strange,”
“ And in my soul & inward thought,”
“ It wrought a sudden change ;” 96
“ That I so hardy grew,”
“ To take her by the hand :”
“ Saying, sweet Mistress, why do you”
“ So dull & pensive stand ?” 100
“ Call me no Mistress now”
“ But Sarah, thy true friend,”
“ Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,”
“ Until her life hath end.” 104
“ If thou would’st here alledge,”
“ Thou art in years a boy ;”
“ So was Adonis, yet was he”
“ Fair Venus’ only joy.” 108
“ Thus I, who ne’er before”
“ Of woman found such grace,”
“ But seeing now so fair a dame”
“ Give me a kind embrace,” 112
“ I supt with her that night,”
“ With joys that did abound ;”
“ And for the same paid presently,”
“ In money twice three pound.” 116
“ An hundred kisses then,”
“ For my farewell she gave ;”
“ Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I”
“ Again thy company have ?” 120

- " O stay not hence too long,"
 " Sweet George, have me in mind."
 " Her words bewicht my childishness,
 " She utter'd them so kind;" 124
 " So that I made a vow,"
 " Next Sunday without fail,"
 " With my sweet Sarah once again,"
 " To tell some pleasant tale." 128
 " When she heard me say so,"
 " The tears fell from her eye;"
 " O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,"
 " Thy Sarah sure will dye." 132
 " Though long, yet loe ! at last,"
 " The appointed day was come,"
 " That I must with my Sarah meet ;"
 " Having a mighty sum" 136
 " Of money in my hand,"
 " Unto her house went I,"
 " Whereas my Love upon her bed,"
 " In saddest sort did lye." 140
 " What ails my heart's delight ;"
 " My Sarah dear, quoth I ;"
 " Let not my love lament & grieve,"
 " Nor sighing pine & dye." 144
 " But tell me, dearest friend,"
 " What may thy woes amend,"
 " And thou shalt lack no means of help,"
 " Though forty pound I spend." 148
 " With that she turn'd her head,"
 " And sickly thus did say,"
 " Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,"
 " Ten pound I have to pay" 152
 " Unto a cruel wretch ;"
 " And God he knows, quoth she,"
 " I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,"
 " And take it here of me." 156

- " Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,"
 " Shall make my love decay."
 " Then from my bag into her lap,"
 " I cast ten pound straightway" 160
 " All blithe & pleasant then,"
 " To banqueting we go;"
 " She proffered me to lye with her,"
 " And said it should be so." 164
 " And after that same time,"
 " I gave her store of coyn,"
 " Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;"
 " All which I did purloyn." 168
 " And thus I did pass on;"
 " Until my Master then"
 " Did call to have his reckoning in"
 " Cast up among his men." 172
 " The which when as I heard,"
 " I knew not what to say;"
 " For well I knew that I was out"
 " Two hundred pound that day" 176
 " Then from my Master straight"
 " I ran in secret sort;"
 " And unto Sarah Millwood there"
 " My case I did report." 180
 But how she us'd this youth,
 In this his care & woe,
 And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
 The SECOND PART may showe. 184

 THE SECOND PART.

- " Young Barnwell comes to thee,"
 " Sweet Sarah, my delight :"
 " I am undone unless thou stand"
 " My faithful friend this night," 4

- " Our Master to accompts,"
 " Hath just occasion found ;"
 " And I am caught behind the hand,"
 " Above two hundred pound :"
 " And now his wrath to 'scape,"
 " My love I fly to thee,"
 " Hoping some time I may remaine"
 " In safety here with thee."
 " With that she knit her brows,"
 " And looking all aquoy,"
 " Quoth she, What should I have to do"
 " With any 'prentice boy?"
 " But seeing you have purloyn'd"
 " Your Master's goods away,"
 " The case is bad, and therefore here"
 " You shall no longer stay."
 " My dear, thou know'st, I said,"
 " How all which I could get,"
 " I gave it, and did spend it all"
 " Upon thee every whit."
 " Quoth she, Thou art a knave,"
 " To charge me in this sort,"
 " Being a woman of credit fair,"
 " And known of good report."
 " Therefore I tell thee flat,"
 " Be packing with good speed,"
 " I do defie thee from my heart,"
 " And scorn thy filthy deed."
 " Is this the friendship that"
 " You did to me protest ?"
 " Is this the great affection which"
 " You so to me exprest ?"
 " Now fie on subtle shrews !"
 " The best is, I may speed"
 " To get a lodging any where"
 " For money in my need."

8

12

16

20

24

28

32

36

40

- " False woman, now farewell,"
 " Whilst twenty pound doth last,"
" My anchor in some other haven"
 " With freedom I will cast." 44
" When she perceiv'd by this,"
 " I had store of money there :"
" Stay George, quoth she, thou art too quick :"
 " Why, man, I did but jeer :"
" Dost think for all my speech," 48
 " That I would let thee go ?"
" Faith no, said she, my love to thee"
 " I wiss is more than so." 52
" You scorne a 'prentice boy,"
 " I heard you just now swear,"
" Wherefore I will not trouble you—
 " —Nay, George, hark in thine ear ;"
" Thou shalt not go to-night," 56
 " What chance soe're befall :"
" But man we'll have a bed for thee,"
 " Or else the Devil take all." 60
" So I by wiles bewicht,"
 " And snar'd with fancy still,"
" Had then no power to put away,"
 " Or to withstand her will." 64
" For wine on wine I call'd,"
 " And cheer upon good cheer ;"
" And nothing in the world I thought,
 " For Sarah's love too dear." 68
" Whilst in her company,"
 " I had such merriment ;"
" All, all too little I did think,"
 " That I upon her spent." 72
" A fig for care & thought!"
 " When all my gold is gone,"
" In faith, my girl, we will have more,
 " Whoever I light upon." 76

- " My Father's rich, why then"
 " Should I want store of gold?"
 " Nay with a father sure, quoth she,"
 " A son may well make bold." 80
 " I've a Sister richly wed,"
 " I'll rob her ere I'll want,"
 " Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well
 " Consider of your scant." 84
 " Nay, I an Uncle have,"
 " At Ludlow he doth dwell:"
 " He is a grazier, which in wealth"
 " Doth all the rest excell." 88
 " Ere I will live in lack,"
 " And have no coyn for thee:"
 " I'll rob his house & murder him."
 " Why should you not? quoth she." 92
 " Was I a man, ere I "
 " Would live in poor estate,"
 " On Father, Friends & all my Kin,"
 " I would my talons grate." 96
 " For without money, George,"
 " A man is but a beast:"
 " But bringing money, thou shalt be"
 " Always my welcome guest." 100
 " For shouldst thou be pursued"
 " With twenty hues & cryes,"
 " And with a warrant searched for"
 " With Argus' hundred eyes," 104
 " Yet here thou shalt be safe,"
 " Such privy ways there be,"
 " That if they sought an hundred years,"
 " They could not find out thee." 108
 And so carouzing both
 Their pleasures to content:
 George Barnwell had in little space
 His money wholly spent. 112

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy Uncle there;
His minion would it so. 116
And once he thought to take
His Father by the way,
But that he fear'd his Master had
Took order for his stay. 120
Unto his Uncle then
He rode with might & main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain. 124
One fortnight's space he stayed,
Until it chanced so,
His Uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go. 128
His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took :
When coming home again, 132
Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head ;
So sore he crackt his crown. 136
Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed. 140
Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine & brave. 144
Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone :
When means to get them any more,
I wiss poor George he had none. 148

Therefore in railing sort,
 She thrust him out of door :
 Which is the just reward of those, }
 Who spend upon a whore. 152
 O! do me not disgrace
 In this my need, quoth he :
 She call'd him thief & murderer,
 With all the spight might be : 156
 To the constable she sent,
 To have him apprehended ;
 And shewed how far in each degree
 He had the laws offended. 160
 When Barnwell saw her drift,
 To sea he got straightway ;
 Where fear & sting of conscience
 Continually on him lay. 164
 Unto the Lord Mayor then,
 He did a letter write ;
 In which his own & Sarah's fault :
 He did at large recite. 168
 Whereby she seized was,
 And then to Ludlow sent :
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd & hang'd, } x
 For murder incontinent. 172
 There dyed this gallant quean,
 Such was her greatest gains :
 For murder in Polonia,
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains. x 176
 Lo! here's the end of youth,
 That after harlots haunt ;
 Who in the spoil of other men,
 About the streets do flaunt. 180

THE END.

N.B.—This BALLAD has of late years served as the subject for some Novels & catch-penny Pamphlets, the makers of which have deviated still further from the original, than Mr. Lillo did.

CRITICISMS
ON
"GEORGE BARNWELL."

THIS Play was first acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane with great success. Although 'tis written in prose, and the language consequently not so dignified as that of the buskin is usually expected to be, yet it is well adapted to the subject, and exalted enough to express the sentiments of the characters, which are all exhibited in domestic life. The plot is ingenious, the catastrophe just, and the conduct of the whole affecting: and no lesson surely can be more proper or indeed more necessary to inculcate among that valuable body of youths, trained up to the various branches of mercantile business, so eminently estimable in a land of commerce such as England; and who must necessarily have large trusts confided to their care, and consequently large temptations thrown in the way of their integrity; than warning them how much greater strength will be added to those temptations, how almost impossible it will be for them to avoid the snares of ruin, if they suffer themselves but once to be drawn aside into the paths of the harlot, or permit their eyes once to glance on the allurements of the wanton, where they will be sure to meet with the most insatiable avarice to cope with on one hand, and an unguarded sensibility originally proceeding from the goodness of their own hearts, on the other, which will excite the practice of the most unprincipled artifices on the

part of an abandon'd woman, to impose on, and plunge the unwary youth headlong into vice, infamy, and destruction. This warning is strongly, loudly given in this play ; and indeed 'tis to be wish'd that the performance was more frequent, or at least that the managers of the different Theatres would make a rule constantly to have it acted once at least in each house during the course of every period of those holidays in which the very youths to whom this instruction is addressed almost always form a considerable part of the audience.

It has often been disputed whether Tragedies, in which the plots are taken from domestic life, should be written in prose or metre ; the success of the present performance, and Mr. Moore's *Gamester*, must incline us very strongly in favour of the former. A great author, however, appears to have been of a different opinion. Mr. Gorges-Edmund Howard says, that upon communicating his play of the *Female Gamester* to Dr. Samuel Johnson, that gentleman observed, " that he could hardly consider a prose tragedy as dramatic ; that it was difficult for the performers to speak it ; that let it be either in the middling or in low life, it may, though in metre and spirited, be properly familiar and colloquial ; that many in the middling rank are not without erudition ; that all have the feelings and sensations of nature, and every emotion in consequence thereof, as well as the great ; that even the lowest when impassioned raise their language ; and that the writing of prose is generally the plea and excuse of poverty of genius."

Biographia Dramatica, vol. 2.

*Substance of some Critical Remarks on this
Tragedy, by a Living Authoress.*

Mr. Lillo being a tradesman, was perhaps thereby influenced to describe scenes in humble life; beyond which his knowledge could only exist in theory; and the popular ballad of George Barnwell supplied him with an excellent subject for indulging his taste, while it's moral tendency duly accorded to his own private character.

Though not founded on the distresses of the great, yet Colly Cibber eagerly received this Pathetic Drama, which was soon patronized by the Mercantile Interest, and after its first run of 20 successive nights in the summer, was also frequently represented to crowded houses during the following winter.

Mr. Pope allowed that the Fable was well conducted; the Language natural, and if sometimes elevated above the simplicity of the characters yet it never was mean, nor deviated from propriety of style calculated to affect the heart.

False notions of elegance in woe had of late years reduced this tragedy almost to only a holiday warning for journeymen and apprentices, against the arts of profligate women, but what brought it nearly into absolute contempt was giving the part to actors whose appearance did not bear any resemblance to the bashful youth Barnwell is represented to have been; and who, from that cause, could not excite pity for his crimes!—arising partly from the difficulty of finding a performer young enough to represent a merchant's stripling-clerk, and at the same time able to express the various and tumultuous passions supposed to agitate his unexperienced bosom, which obstruction was not fully removed till

Mr. Charles Kemble elevated this play to the rank it formerly so justly held, by undertaking the principal character, in which he first appeared when about the age Barnwell is related to have been.

The opinion said to have been given by Dr. Johnson, "That he could hardly consider a prose "tragedy as dramatic" was delivered to the Author of an indifferent prosaic tragedy laid before the Doctor for his opinion, and was probably a gentle way of condemning that performance.

[Observations similar to the remainder of those made by the Lady have already been fully detailed in the preceding criticism copied from the *Biographia Dramatica*.]

TO

SIR JOHN EYLES, BARONET,

*Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of the
City of London, and Sub-Governor of the South-
Sea Company.*

SIR,

IF Tragic Poetry be, as Mr. Dryden has somewhere said, the most excellent and most useful kind of writing, the more extensively useful the moral of any tragedy is, the more excellent that piece must be of its kind.

// I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate that this, to which I have presumed to prefix your name, is such; that depends on its fitness to answer the end of tragedy, the exciting of the passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their nature, or through their excess. Whether the following scenes do this in any tolerable degree, is, with the deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candid and impartial judgment. //

// What I would infer is this, I think, evident truth; that tragedy is so far from losing its dignity, by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of mankind, that it is more truly august in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the numbers that are properly affected by it. As it is more truly great to be the instrument of good to many, who stand in need of our assistance, than to a very small part of that number. //

If Princes, &c. were alone liable to misfortunes, arising from vice, or weakness in themselves, or others, there would be good reason for confining the characters in tragedy to those of superior rank; but, since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the remedy to the disease.

I am far from denying that tragedies, founded on any instructive and extraordinary events in History, or well-invented Fable, where the persons introduced are of the highest rank, are without their use, even to the bulk of the audience. The strong contrast between a Tamerlane and a Bajazet, may have its weight with an unsteady people, and contribute to the fixing of them in the interest of a Prince of the character of the former, when, through their own levity, or the arts of designing men, they are rendered factious and uneasy, though they have the highest reason to be satisfied. The sentiments and example of a Cato, may inspire his spectators with a just sense

of the value of liberty, when they see that honest patriot prefer death to an obligation from a tyrant, who would sacrifice the constitution of his country; and the liberties of mankind, to his ambition or revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the province of the graver kind of poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler hand. Plays, founded on moral tales in private life, may be of admirable use, by carrying conviction to the mind, with such irresistible force, as to engage all the faculties and powers of the soul in the cause of virtue, by stifling vice in its first principles. They who imagine this too much to be attributed to Tragedy, must be strangers to the energy of that noble species of poetry. Shakspeare, who has given such amazing proofs of his genius, in that as well as in Comedy, in his Hamlet, has the following lines :

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have; he would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

And farther, in the same speech,

..... // I have heard,
..... That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions. //

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable time with my remarks; only give me leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly persuaded of the power of a well wrote piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that, than a messenger from the other world, though it assumed, as he expresses it, his noble father's form, and assured him, that it was his spirit. I'll have, says Hamlet, grounds more relative,

. The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Such Plays are the best answers to them who deny the lawfulness of the stage.

Considering the novelty of this attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to say something in its excuse; and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of saying something of the usefulness of Tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther improvement of this excellent kind of poetry.

Sir, I hope you will not think I have said too much of an art, a mean specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your favour and protection. A mind, conscious of superior worth, as much despises flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in myself an inclination to so contemptible a vice, I should not have chose Sir John Eyles for my

patron. And indeed the best writ panegyric, though strictly true, must place you in a light, much inferior to that in which you have long been fixed, by the love and esteem of your fellow citizens; whose choice of you for one of their representatives in parliament, has sufficiently declared their sense of your merit. Nor hath the knowledge of your worth been confined to the city. The Proprietors in the South-Sea Company, in which are included numbers of persons; as considerable for their rank, fortune, and understanding, as any in the kingdom, gave the greatest proof of their confidence, in your capacity and probity, when they chose you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a time when their affairs were in the utmost confusion, and their properties in the greatest danger. Nor is the Court insensible of your importance. I shall not therefore attempt your character, nor pretend to add any thing to a reputation so well established.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication wherein there is so much said of other things, and so little of the person to whom it is addressed, I have reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it on that very account.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

GEO. LILLO.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Cibber, Jun.

THE Tragic Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distress, and scenes of royal woe ;
In awful pomp, majestic, to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate :
That scepter'd chiefs may by example know
// The strange vicissitude of things below : //

What dangers on security attend :
How pride and cruelty in ruin end :
Hence Providence supreme to know ; and own
Humanity adds glory to a throne.

In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,
With native grandeur thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our stage indeed, with wish'd success,
You've sometimes seen her in a humbler dress ;
Great only in distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,
The absent pomp, with brighter jems, supply.
Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In artless strains, a tale of private woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old song, that bears his name.
We hope your taste is not so high to scorn
A moral tale, esteem'd e'er you were born ;
Which for a century of rolling years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand eyes with tears.
If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age
From vice destructive, well becomes the stage ;
If this example innocence secure,
Prevent our guilt, or by reflection cure ;
If Millwood's dreadful guilt, and sad despair,
Commend the virtue of the good and fair,
'Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail,
Indulge th' attempt in justice to the tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CHARACTERS.

Thorowgood,
Barnwell, (Uncle to George)
George Barnwell *He appears in*
Trueman, *See Act 1*
Blunt, *with a sword*

NAMES.

Mr. Bridgwater.
Mr. Roberts.
Mr. Cibber, Jun.
Mr. W. Mills.
Mr. R. Wetherilt.

WOMEN.

Maria,
Millwood,
Lucy, *See Act 1*

Mrs. Cibber.
Mrs. Butler.
Mrs. Clarke.

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

SCENE, *London, and an adjacent Village.*

THE
LONDON MERCHANT,
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
GEORGE BARNWELL.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[*Gives letters.*]

Thor. Heaven be praised, the storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty and laws, is for a time diverted; the haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow return of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his purposed invasion of our happy island; by which means time is gained to make such preparations on our part as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.

Sir, may I know by what means—if I am too bold—

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable ; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness ; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may with honest scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man.

[Trueman bows respectfully.]

Nay, I'm not offended. // As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him ; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity. // But to answer your question,—The bank of Genoa had agreed at excessive interest and on good security, to advance the King of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast Armada,—of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city, who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done, the state and bank of Genoa, having maturely weighed and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London, to that of a monarch, who proudly stiles himself King of both Indies.

Tr. Happy success of prudent councils ! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved ! Excel-

lent Queen ! O how unlike to former princes, who made the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects, by taxes great and greivous to be borne.

Thor. Not so our gracious Queen, whose richest Exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

Tr. On these terms to defend us, is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance.—Sir, have you any commands for me at this time.

Thor. Only to look carefully over the files to see whether there are any Tradesmen's Bills unpaid ; and if there are, to send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[*Exit Trueman.*]

Enter MARIA.

Th. Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment ? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best ; that the courtiers, though they should deny us citizens politeness, may at least commend our hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution, I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Ma. Sir ! I find myself unfit for conversation at present. I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Ma. Company will but increase it. I wish you would dispense with my absence ; solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board ; should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is that she is yours. . The man of quality, who chuses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, yet intend me no disrespect at all ; for tho' he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time, when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Ma. Your's no doubt was as agreeable to her ; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no heir, no child but thee ; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine ; now it would give me pleasure great as my love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you, but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that by observation I should learn which way your inclination tends ; for as I know love to be essential to happiness in the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Ma. What can I say ? how shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of parents : But you are without example ; yet

had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the croud of courtiers, that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Ma. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause I know not; but, I find high birth and titles do not recommend the man, who owns them, to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my inclinations, but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, so love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire.

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A room in Millwood's house.*

MILLWOOD. *Lucy, waiting.*

Mill. How do I look to day, Lucy?

Lucy. O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible! But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest, would be new indeed !

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every day,—but to me. Well ! 'tis what I'm never to expect, —unfortunate as I am : but your wit and beauty——

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so.—Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side in this argument : Is not the expence all theirs ? And I am sure it is our own fault if we hav'nt our share of the pleasure.

Mill. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly ; for we lay them under contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no property ; no, not even in themselves. All is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam,

Mill. I would have my conquests compleat, like those of the Spaniards in the new world ; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government : I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mill. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile : and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinions ? Then is it

not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so. But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who having never injured woman, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I've passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made.

Lucy. About——

Mill. Eighteen——

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen. you'll be vastly happy. Why if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him; and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, asked him his name: he blushed, and bowing very low, answered George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house: he swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. [*knocking at the door.*] Somebody knocks,——d'ye hear; I am at home to nobody to-day, but him. [*Exit Lucy.*]—Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am

strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—what manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to shock him at first. But then, if I have any skill in phisiognomy, he is amorous, and, with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty. I'll trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman, I know nothing of nature.

Enter BARNWELL bowing very low, LUCY at a distance.

Mill. Sir! the surprise and joy!

Barn. Madam.

Mill. This is such a favour,—— [*advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, madam,——

Mill. So unhop'd for,—— [*still advances.*

[*Barnwell salutes her and retires in confusion.*

To see you here.——Excuse the confusion.——

Barn. I fear I am too bold.

Mill. Alas, Sir! All my apprehensions proceed from my fears of your thinking me so.—Please, Sir, to sit.—I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprized at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me. I promised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprizing; few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All, who are honest, are.

Mill. To one another: But we silly women are

seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in your remembrance.

[*laying her hand on his, as by accident.*

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heaven! how she trembles! What can this mean! [*Aside.*

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular affair.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject; I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your thoughts of love?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet: But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world whose happiness I do not wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my Uncle, and my Master, but, above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation.

Barn. We live in one house together, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth! who e'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this youth. [*Aside.*] What have I lost, by being formed a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a

man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it:—But as it is,——Oh!——

Barn. I never observed women before, or this is sure the most beautiful of her sex, [*Aside.*] You seem disordered, madam! may I know the cause?

Mill. Do not ask me,—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause;—I wish for things impossible:—I would be a servant, bound to the same master as you are, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are? And the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before; I must be gone, while I have power to go, [*Aside.*] madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not sure leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour that you designed me;—But my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service: he is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I never should forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go then thou proud hard-hearted youth. But know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do! How shall I go or stay!

Mill. Yet do not, do not, leave me. I wish my sex's pride would meet your scorn: But when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes, Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes speak. This flood of

tears to that will force their way, and declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am; her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it: and can I leave her then? Oh, never, never. Madam, dry up those tears. You shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy. So! she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, 'till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself. [Aside.

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Aye, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash, and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. [Aside.

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all defects.—My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Barnwell.*

Blunt. What is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow!

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. What is our mistress turned fool at last! she's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not,—but she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has; and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, as men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves: but that I dare say will never be the case with our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: should she trifle away her time with a young fellow, that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that, for I am sure she has no view in this affair, but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. O, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, BARNWELL and MILLWOOD at an entertainment with music and singing.

Barn. What can I answer!—All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish, by plunging

into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mill. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great: if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of Heaven will not be reversed; and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mill. To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us!

Barn. To hear you talk,——though in the cause of vice,——to gaze upon your beauty,——press your hand,——and see your snow-white bosom heave and fall,——enflames my wishes; my pulse beats high,——my senses all are in a hurry, and I am on the rack of wild desire; yet for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all,——

..... Come on with me and prove,
No joy is like woman kind, nor Heav'n like love.

Barn. I would not,——yet I must on.——

Reluctant thus, the merchant quits his ease,
And trusts to rocks, and sands, and stormy seas;
In hopes some unknown golden coast to find,
Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the wind,
Longs much for joys to come, yet mourns those left
behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.**Enter BARNWELL.*

Barn. How strange are all things round me! like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, fearful I enter each apartment of this well known house. To guilty love, as if that was too little, already have I added breach of trust. *(A thief!)* Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Tho' hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity; like me disconsolate he wandered, and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

Tr. Barnwell! O how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our master and his gentle daughter, who during your absence often inquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone, his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. *[Aside.]*

Tr. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you cannot conceive how much you are beloved; but why thus cold and silent? when my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Aside.*

Tr. Not speak nor look upon me!

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*

Tr. I cannot bear this usage from a friend, one whom till now I ever found so loving, whom yet I love, though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

Tr. Heavy they look indeed, and swoln with tears;—now they o'erflow;—rightly did my sympathising heart forbode last night when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone, you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

Tr. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief I felt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return; even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus, friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus, ungenerous and ungrateful youth farewell,—I shall endeavour to follow your advice,—[*Going.*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash,

and angry when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act;—'tis vile and base to move his temper thus; the best of friends and men. [*Aside.*]

Tr. I am to blame, prythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind, and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself: my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast, O give it vent and let me share your grief, 'twill ease your pain should it admit no cure; and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed, should the cause be known they would exceed all bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. O torture insupportable! [*Aside.*]

Tr. Then why am I excluded, have I a thought I would conceal from you.

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange,—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

Tr. Shall our friendship still continue.

Barn. It is a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*]

Tr. Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace.

Barn. Will yesterday return? We have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant rolled, once stopped his rapid course, and once went back: The dead have risen; and parched rocks poured forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst: the sea divided, and formed walls of water, while a whole nation passed in safety through its sandy bosom: hungry lions have refused their prey: and men unhurt have walked amidst consuming flames; but never yet did time once past, return.

Tr. Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till lost in eternity it ends there where it first begun; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, he who trusts heaven ought never to despair. But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [*Exit Trueman.*]

Barn. I might have trusted Trueman to have applied to my uncle to have repaired the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? must I expose her too? ungenerous and base! then heaven requires it not. But heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never see her more! Does heaven require that,—I hope I may see her, and

heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope,——dearly already have I proved my frailty; should I once more tempt heaven, I may be left to fall never to rise again. Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion; can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented; that modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame: when we have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease: If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.* O sir! you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive 'em. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this concern shows you are convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind;——some youthful folly which it were prudent not to enquire into.——When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason, weak at the best when opposed to inclina-

tion, scarce formed, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored ; and the more so because they see it not ; they being then to danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their defence. [Aside.

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will ; so heaven confirm to me the pardon of my offences. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life ; now, when the sense of pleasure is quick, and passion high, the voluptuous appetites raging and fierce, demand the strongest curb ; take heed of a relapse : when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me then on my knees confess.

Thor. I will not hear a syllable more upon this subject ; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended ; whatever is your fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. [Exit.

Barn. Villain, villain, villain ! basely to wrong so excellent a man : should I again return to folly —detested thought ;—but what of Millwood then ?—Why, I renounce her ;—I give her up ;—the struggle is over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked for generosity has saved me from destruction. [Going.

Enter to him a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two ladies, from your uncle in the country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon them. [*Exit Footman.*]

Methinks I dread to see them.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me?—Now every thing alarms me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Another room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter MILWOOD and LUCY, and to them a Footman.

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.—I thank you.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood.

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome guest; I fear'd as much,—the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect directed here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more, I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left me. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so;—yet think not that time or absence ever shall put a period to my grief,

or make me love you less ; though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you ? No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it ; 'tis just,——'tis necessary,——I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [Aside.

Barn. Before you came I had determined never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion ! [Aside.

Lucy. Ay ! we are all out ; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part, they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [Aside.

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still ; but to find, though fortune had been kind, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off.——This, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame in me, a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met.

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell ; am I deformed or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment ? nay, look again, am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex ? whose hand, trembling with extacy, you prest and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed.

Barn. No more, let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why ?

Barn. Such is my frailty that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part ?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

Barn. No,——no,——I never said I did,——O my heart!——

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do,——I do,——indeed, I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour, though it would be the last? [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice,——farewell for ever.

[*Exit with Lucy.*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer, I have conquered. Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Mill. One thing I had forgot,——I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that perhaps was needless.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now I am gone for ever.

[*Going.*]

Barn. One thing more;——sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise?——

Mill. Alas! [*Weeping.*]

Lucy. We are right I find, that's my cue. [*Aside.* Ah; dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well;

why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible; it was no small matter you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Where e'er I wander through wilds and desarts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake! O tell me how; which way am I so cursed as to bring such ruin on thee?

Mill. No matter, I am contented with my lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this uncertainty.

Mill. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why you must know, my lady here was an only child; but her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune, (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman, who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; —but what are riches when compared to love?

Lucy. For a while he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants; —but you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows.

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish, till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her: now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was she could never endure him; in short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him.—

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

Lucy. Now she having neither money, nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertained at her house, and stayed with her all night, he came this morning raving, and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage; so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in, that's happily spent with you; and now I go.

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold, unhoused to wander friendless through the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge, would'st thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity, there can be no way found out.

Barn. O where are all my resolutions now; like early vapours, or the morning dew, chased by the sun's warm beams they're vanished and lost, as though they had never been.

Lucy. Now I advised her, Sir, to comply with the gentleman, that would not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away. I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him; I will myself prevent her ruin, tho' with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately.

[*Exit.*

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept with nothing.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. What am I about to do! Now you, who boast your reason all sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether it's right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young sinners think every thing in the ways of wickedness so strange,—but I could tell him that this is nothing but what's very common; for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son: but he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough.

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again.

Barn. Answer me not,—but fly,—least, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

Barn. What have I done. Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made,—why then has heaven suffered me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names? Or do they depend on accidents, beyond our power to produce, or to prevent,—wherein we have no part, and yet must be determined by the event? But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse; I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why—

X Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness, and of pain.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a room in Thorowgood's house.*

THOROWGOOD *and* TRUEMAN *sitting at a table with account books.*

Thor. Methinks I would not have you only learn the method of merchandize, and practise it hereafter, merely as a means of getting wealth. 'Twill be well worth your pains to study it as a science. See how it is founded in reason, and the nature of things. How it has promoted humanity, as it has opened and yet keeps up an intercourse between nations, far remote from one another in situation, customs and religion; promoting arts, industry, peace and plenty; by mutual benefits diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

Tr. Something of this I have considered, and hope, by your assistance, to extend my thoughts much farther. I have observed those countries, where trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to destroy, but to improve mankind, by love and friendship; to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage, to teach them the advantages of honest traffick, by taking from them, with their own consent, their useless superfluities, and giving them, in return, what, from their ignorance in manual arts, their situation, or some other accident they stand in need of.

Thor. 'Tis justly observed: the populous east, luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls, aromatick spices, and health-restoring drugs: The late-found western world glows with unnumber'd veins of gold and silver ore. On every climate, and

on every country, heaven has bestowed some good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's business to collect the various blessings of each soil and climate, and, with the product of the whole, to enrich his native country.—Well! I have examined your accounts: they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. He, who neglects it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplexed, uncertain, and in danger. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection; he does not use to be the last on these occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I'm now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return, I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARIA with a book, sits and reads.

Ma. How forcible is truth? The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fix'd and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing: such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven. Small are his sufferings, great is his reward; not so the wretch, who combats love with duty; when the mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless opposes its own desires. What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures, such as these.

Enter TRUEMAN.

Tr. O, Barnwell! O, my friend, how art thou fallen?

Ma. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say what of Barnwell.

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd.—I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who knew him.

Ma. Defend us heaven!

Tr. I cannot speak it. See there.

[Gives a letter, Maria reads.]

TRUEMAN,

I know my absence will surprize my honour'd master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again: though this might have been known, by examining my accounts; yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Tr. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue—justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was life more regular than his; an understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous, manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected and engaging.

Ma. This and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

Tr. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See the fairest and happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruin'd Barnwell!

Ma. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Ma. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

Tr. O! that there were. But few men recover reputation lost. A merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

Tr. That's impossible.

Ma. What's the sum?

Tr. 'Tis considerable. I've mark'd it here, to show it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Ma. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father.

Tr. Nothing more easy: but can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue, as Maria's. Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

Tr. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you, the judges of this action, I appeal, whether I have done any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

Tr. Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's slightest breath; and therefore as this must be a secret from my father, and the world, for Barnwell's sake; for mine let it be so to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Millwood's house.*

Enter LUCY and BLUNT.

Lucy. Well! what do you think of Millwood's conduct now!

Blunt. I own it is surprizing; I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd or his real passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her: but his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he don't want understanding; but you men are much easier imposed on, in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in love with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And all circumstances consider'd, to make as much money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue in that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it.—Had it

been his own, it had been nothing.—Were the world his, she might have it for a smile:—But those golden days are done;—he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there, are at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd, by his master, to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before! How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect.—She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his impudence,—and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before,—that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved, and, at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making toward the door, show'd a bag of money, which he had stolen from his master,—the last he's ever like to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood?

Lucy. Aye, she, with her usual address, return'd to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling.—Hung on his neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest; till the easy fool, melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what follow'd was stranger still. As doubts and fears, follow'd by reconciliation, ever increase love, where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and

such anguish, that nature in him seemed sinking with the weight, and the charm'd soul disposed to quit his breast for hers,—just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd,—and reason was in the raging tempest lost; the cruel artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amazed! what can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of, as a gentleman of a large estate and fair character in the country, where he lives!

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demands this horrid sacrifice.—Barnwell's near relation, and unsuspected virtue must give too easy means to seize the good man's treasure; whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that! He is, by nature, honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous: and though his love, and her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what reluctance he has still complied! so many tears he shed o'er each offence, as might, if possible, sanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the murder of his uncle he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms, where she till then had held him, with well dissembled love and false endearments, call'd her, cruel monster, devil, and told her she was born for his destruction. She thought it

X | not for her purpose to meet his rage with rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief; rail'd at her fate, and cursed her wayward stars,—that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds, as she must needs abhor, as well as he; but told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly loved, but meant, in her necessity, to forsake her; then kneel'd and swore, that since, by his refusal, he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more; unless, to prove it true, he robb'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd! what said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he, in anguish, threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his breast; at length, with horror, not to be express'd, he cried, Thou cursed fair! have I not given dreadful proofs of love! What drew me from my youthful innocence, to stain my then unspotted soul, but love? What caused me to rob my gentle master, but cursed love? What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture, never felt on this side death before? why love, love, love. And why, above all, do I resolve, (for, tearing his hair, he cried I do resolve) to kill my uncle.

Blunt. Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

Lucy. Yes, with joy, that she had gain'd her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for

her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world was rid of such a monster.

Lucy. If we don't do our endeavours to prevent this murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We've run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself so wicked, as I find, upon reflection, we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have all been too much so. But there is something so horrid in murder,—that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that.—I would not be involved in the guilt of that for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows; therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that, to me, seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

Blunt. With all my heart. How else shall I clear myself? He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law, and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time;—I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A Walk at some distance from a Country Seat.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day; either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I'm doom'd

to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks, the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle! Yonder limpid stream, whose hoary fall has made a natural cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful accents seem'd to murmur, murder. The earth, the air, and water, seem concern'd; but that's not strange, the world is punish'd, and nature feels the shock, when providence permits a good man's fall!—Just heaven! Then what should I be! for him that was my father's only brother, and since his death has been to me a father, who took me up an infant, and an orphan; rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness; yet here I stand avow'd his destined murderer: I stiffen with horror at my own impiety? 'tis yet unperform'd. What if I quit my bloody purpose; and fly the place! [*Going, then stops.*] But whither, O whither, shall I fly! My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more, and life is not to be endured without her: she's got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway; Aye, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'Tis more than love; 'tis the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh conscience! feeble guide to virtue, who only shows us when we go astray, but wants the power to stop us in our course. Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle. He's alone. Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a vizard.*] This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven, whilst I——But what have I to do with heaven! Ha! No struggles, conscience——

Hence! hence remorse, and ev'ry thought that's good;

The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[Puts on the vizor, draws a pistol, and exit.]

SCENE, *A close walk in a wood.*

Enter UNCLE.

Uncle. If I was superstitious, I should fear some danger lurk'd unseen, or death were nigh: a heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is fill'd with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death,—when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye,—and fills the musing soul, at once, with grief and horror, pity and aversion. I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease or sicken at the view? The mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling, and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the veins, fix'd, still, and motionless, like the solemn object of our thoughts. We are almost at present—what we must be hereafter, 'till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on inquiry.

Enter GEORGE BARNWELL *at a distance.*

O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that world's exotick finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain, lost and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom,—defeated she

returns more doubtful than before ; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

[During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again ; at last he drops it,—at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.]

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible !

Uncle. A man so near me, arm'd and masqu'd !

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

[Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.]

Uncle. Oh ! I am slain ! All gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying servant. Bless, with thy choicest blessings, my dearest nephew ; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.]

Barn. Expiring saint ! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle ! Lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer.—O do not look so tenderly upon me. Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By heaven, he weeps in pity of my woes. Tears,—tears, for blood. The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.—O, speak your pious purpose,—pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you.—He would, but cannot. O why, with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand ! What ! will you kiss me ! *[Kisses him.]*

[Uncle groans and dies.] Life that hover'd on his lips but till he had seal'd my pardon, in that sigh expired. He's gone for ever,—and oh ! I follow. *[Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.]* Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth ? Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath

the wholesome air! Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd saint, and me the murderer. And, if his vengeance spares,—let pity strike and end my wretched being. Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides. Cain, who stands on record from the birth of time, and must to its last final period, as accursed, slew a brother, favour'd above him. Detested Nero, by another's hand, dispatch'd a mother, that he fear'd and hated. But I, with my own hand, have murder'd a brother, mother, father, and a friend; most loving and beloved. This execrable act of mine's without a parallel. O may it ever stand alone,—the last of murders, as it is the worst.

The rich man thus, in torment and despair,
Preferr'd his vain, but charitable prayer.
The fool, his own soul lost, would fain be wise
For others good; but heaven his suit denies.
By laws and means well known we stand or fall,
And one eternal rule remains for all. [Exit.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter MARIA.

Ma. How falsely do they judge who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here. I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge myself with any crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, that should provoke just heaven to mark me out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely to accuse ourselves, heaven must abhor, then it is just and right that innocence should suffer; for heaven must be just in all its ways. Perhaps by that they are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, or more improved in virtue: Or may not the lesser ills that they sustain, be the means of greater good to others? Might all the joyless days and sleepless nights that I have past, but purchase peace for thee——

Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain,
Small were the loss, and infinite the gain:
Tho' to the grave in secret love I pine,
So life, and fame, and happiness were thine.

Enter TRUEMAN.

Ma. What news of Barnwell?

Tr. None. I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Ma. Doth my father yet suspect the cause of his absenting himself?

Tr. All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should; but his absence will no longer be conceal'd. Your father's wise; and though

he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses, I would make for Barnwell; yet, I am afraid, he regards 'em only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Ma. How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him! yet I can never repent what we have done. Should he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach from a malicious unforgiving world.

Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, (and bating some circumstances) too probable account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth, [*To them.*] Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money; now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation,—too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Ma. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed, that I must retire.—Providence opposes all attempts to save him. Poor ruin'd Barnwell! Wretched lost Maria! [*Aside. Exit.*]

Thor. How am I distress'd on every side? Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life. Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss.—O Trueman! this person informs

me, that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

Tr. O execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not; that he ever wronged me, I know is false, the rest may be so too, there is all my hope.

Tr. Trust not to that, rather suppose all true than lose a moment's time; even now the horrid deed may be a doing; dreadful imagination; or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What ho! without there! who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare himself to set out with speed. An affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant.* For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.* Trueman, you I am sure would not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit.*

Tr. He only who is a friend can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE; *Millwood's house.*

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design; the attempt without success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too

much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, in pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done, then, and then only I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all? But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody hands show he has done the deed, but show he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Enter BARNWELL bloody.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mill. Dismiss those fears; though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being enter'd here you are safe as innocence; I have such a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you if any danger's near.

Barn. O hide me from myself if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid, where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawned, 'twere all in vain. For that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder; and execute me with never ending torments. Behold these hands all crimson'd o'er with my dear uncle's blood! Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow; or what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from heaven's omniscient eye?

Mill. No more of this stuff; what advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? did you secure the keys of his treasure, those no doubt were about him; what gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer; alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer; how would you have wish'd as I did, tho' you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one hour. But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done, nor could I to have gain'd the empire of the world, have violated by theft his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining preposterous canting villain, to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted; and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay my life to entertain you?

Barn. Oh! Millwood! this from thee;—but I have done, if you hate me, if you wish me dead; then are you happy, for Oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin;—we are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both,—then to preserve myself. [*Pauses.*] There is no other way, 'tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. It must be done.

[*Stamps.*]

Enter a Servant.

Fetch me an officer and seize this villain, he has confess'd himself a murderer, should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. O Millwood! sure thou dost not, cannot mean it. Stop the messenger, upon my knees I beg you, call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will, for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will, I am willing to live; and live secure; which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard-galling fetters, an awful trial, and ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd? After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping croud. This I could bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! here, Sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of murder; and will appear to make good my charge. [*They seize him.*]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain; I'll not accuse her, the hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide; yet heaven that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live, perhaps to punish others; tremendous mercy!

so fiends are cursed with immortality, to be the executioners of heaven.

Be warn'd ye youths, who see my sad despair,
 Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair,
 By reason guided, honest joys pursue,
 The fair to honour, and to virtue true,
 Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
 By my example learn to shun my fate,
 (How wretched is the man who's wise too late?)
 Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,
 Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.
[Exit with Officers.]

Mill. Where's Lucy, why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too, Lucy will soon be here, and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent! this to me.

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.
[Exit.]

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct, and mean to take this opportunity to set up for themselves.—My ruin is resolved; I see my danger, but scorn it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments.
[Going.]

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is this scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Who do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners bely your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain; which I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I don't understand you, Sir! If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness. When innocence is banished, modesty soon follows. Know, sorceress, I am not ignorant of any of your arts, by which you first deceived the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wiles, even forced him to commit, and then betrayed him.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage of me, and accused me first, unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [Aside.]

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction, for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, though man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action.

Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, from a gentleman of your appearance, without cause, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and, some way or other, accessory to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange! but who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal accident, which I lament as much as you: 'Tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house; if she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but I always thought it innocent; I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies—it must be so, I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it: I'll have her and a man servant, that I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

[*Offers to go.*]

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and

the credit of your name, to skreen such guilty wretches. Consider, Sir! the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do,—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I (struck with the horror of his crimes) have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares; the powerful magick of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since. Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had, by her artful story, been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [*Aside.*] Those whom subtly you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and what proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to have prevented it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have such a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections. [*Exit.*]

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, Officers, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you.—This way—[*to Thorewgood*] and note her behaviour; I have observed her, she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Enter MILLWOOD with a pistol. Trueman secures her.

Tr. Here thy power of doing mischief ends ; deceitful, cruel, bloody woman !

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man ! thou can'st not call me that.

Tr. To call thee woman, were to wrong the sex, thou devil !

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Tr. Think not by aggravating the fault of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them, ere I knew their worth ; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd, and yet disdains, dependance and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtain'd, I saw secured the worst of men from both ; I found it therefore necessary to be rich ; and, to that end, I summon'd all my arts. You call them wicked, be it so, they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

Mill. Men of all degrees and all professions I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities ; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From suburb-magistrates, who live

by ruined reputations, as the unhospitable natives of Cornwall do by ship-wrecks, I learned that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection; for to skreen the guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are suspected, and detraction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all distinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but such as, by their office, they are sworn to punish: With them not to be guilty, is the worst of crimes; and large fees privately paid, are every needful virtue.

Thor. Your practice has sufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine; no wonder then that you should hate the officers of both.

Mill. I hate you all, I know you, and expect no mercy; nay, I ask for none; I have done nothing that I am sorry for; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you does every day. All actions are alike natural and indifferent to man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Thor. What pity it is, a mind so comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, should be a stranger to religion's sweet, but powerful charms.

Mill. I am not fool enough to be an Atheist, though I have known enough of mens hypocrisy to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practised by mankind, it has caused the evil you say it was designed to cure. War, plague, and famine, has not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour Heaven, were to turn the present world into Hell.

Thor. Truth is truth though from an enemy, and
VOL. I. T

spoke in malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious bigots, how will you answer this?

Mill. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour; the instrument and skreen of all your villainies, by which you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. The judge who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceived, harrassing, and plaguing, and destroying one another; but women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts, first taught by you.
O may, from hence, each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd;
When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name;
To right their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind.
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *A room in a Prison.**Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT and LUCY.*

Thor. I HAVE recommended to Barnwell a reverend divine, whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with; nor has Millwood been neglected, but she, unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

Lucy. This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him, and I and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present would have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he pass'd, drew tears from every eye: When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin; who dauntless and unconcerned stood by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who all with sympathising sorrow wept for the wretched youth. Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and a bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind; but what could that avail? she was condemned, and is this day to suffer with him.

Thor. The time draws on, I am going to visit Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded instruments of vengeance, to suffer in her shame, and sympathise with her in all she suffers, is the tribute we must pay for our former ill spent lives, and long confederacy with her in wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against Millwood I know proceeded from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from interest, malice, or revenge. Proselytes to virtue should be encouraged. Pursue your proposed reformation, and know me hereafter for your friend.

Lucy. This is a blessing as unhop'd for as unmerited, but Heaven that snatch'd us from impending ruin, sure intends you as its instrument to secure us from apostacy.

Thor. With gratitude to impute your deliverance to Heaven is just. Many, less virtuously disposed than Barnwell was, have never fallen in the manner he has done,—may not such owe their safety rather to Providence than to themselves. With pity and compassion let us judge him. Great were his faults, but strong was the temptation. Let his ruin learn us diffidence, humanity and circumspection; for we,—who wonder at his fate,—perhaps had we like him, been tried,—like him, we had fallen too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp.*

BARNWELL *reading.* Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. See there the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged. Severe reflections, penitence and tears.

Barn. My honoured injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect,—indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well, I hope you were better employed in viewing of yourself;—your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent.—I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that it is not my interest only, but my duty to believe and to rejoice in that hope;—So shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

Thor. Go on.—How happy am I who live to see this?

Barn. 'Tis wonderful,—that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience;—but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt,—and trembling I rejoice.—I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way.—Joy and gratitude now supply more tears, than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance, the only preparatory—certain way to everlasting peace.—O the joy it gives to see a soul formed and prepared for Heaven!—For this the faithful minister devotes himself to meditation, abstinence and prayer, shunning the vain delights of sensual joys, and daily dies that others may live for ever.—For this he

turns the sacred volumes over, and spends his life in painful search of truth.—The love of riches and the lust of power, he looks on with just contempt and detestation; who only counts for wealth the souls he wins; and whose highest ambition is to serve mankind.—If the reward of all his pains be to preserve one soul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours over paid.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? but though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee.—Farewell.

Barn. O! Sir, there's something I could say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a friend,—'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous example might persuade;—could I not see him once before I go from whence there's no return.

Thor. He's coming,—and as much thy friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his sorrow,—too soon he'll see the sad effect of this contagious ruin.—This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me,—I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*]—Much loved,—and much lamented youth,—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee—eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewell;—while I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not;—thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished; bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever. [*Exit.*]

Barn. I find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death, and spight of conscious

shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN *and* KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, there's the prisoner. *[Exit.*

Barn. Trueman,—my friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him. *[Weeps.*

Tr. O Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! for death, but not for this, was I prepared.

Tr. What have I suffered since I saw you last?—what pain has absence given me?—But oh! to see thee thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul; but I was born to murder all who love me. *[Both weep.*

Tr. I came not to reproach you;—I thought to bring you comfort,—but I'm deceived, for I have none to give;—I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My sense of guilt indeed you cannot know;—'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can never conceive;—but other griefs at present I have none, but what I feel for you.—In your sorrow I read you love me still;—but yet methinks 'tis strange,—when I consider what I am.

Tr. No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues,—thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state and present misery.—O had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been! breach of friendship was my first and least offence.—So far was I lost to goodness;—so devoted to the author of my ruin;—that had she insisted on my murdering thee, I think I should have done it.

Tr. Prythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should!—thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

Tr. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so sooth my just remorse. Are those honest arms, and faithful bosom, fit to embrace and to support a murderer.—These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me;—[*throwing himself on the ground*] even these too good for such a bloody monster.

Tr. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined! Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee, [*Lies down by him.*] Upon this rugged couch then let us lie, for well it suits our most deplorable condition. Here will we offer to stern calamity,—this earth the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice.—Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault. Our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine, [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that you promised? You have taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cannot approach me while I am here! This too is the work of Heaven, who, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. O take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty power, how have you made us capable to bear, at once, the extremes of pleasure and of pain?

Enter KEEPER.

Keeper. Sir.

[*Exit.*

Tr. I come.

Barn. Must you leave me ! Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O my Barnwell, there is yet another task behind : again your heart must bleed for others woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on earth ! What is there more for me to do or suffer ?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known !
Maria——

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter !

Tr. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that lovely maid ! Preserve her, Heaven, from every ill, to show mankind that goodness is your care.

Tr. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a lie, and would not trifle with his dying friend. This is, indeed, the bitterness of death !

[*Aside.*

Tr. You must remember, for we all observed it, for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown ; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled flame blazed out. She wept, she wrung her hands, and tore her hair, and, in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the pain I feel restore thy ease, lovely unhappy maid ? [*Weeping.*] Why didn't you let me die and never know it ?

Tr. It was impossible ; she makes no secret of her

passion for you, and is determined to see you ere you die; she waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit.*]

Barn. Vain busy thoughts be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been,—I now am,—What I have made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene: this is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to shameful death.

Ma. To this sad place then no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and see the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind; yet that so perfect, that beauty and death, ever at enmity, now seem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not. Just Heaven, I am your own; do with me what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below?—as though thoud'st give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due. Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh! say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are: how vast your fortune, and how bright your fame: have pity on your youth, your beauty, and unequalled virtue, for which so many noble peers have sighed in vain. Bless with your charms some honourable lord. Adorn with your beauty, and, by your example improve, the English court, that justly claims such merit; so shall I quickly be to you as though I had never been.

Ma. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women, like Millwood, if there be more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

Tr. Lovely, ill-fated maid ! Was there ever such generous distress before ? How must this pierce his grateful heart, and aggravate his woes ?

Barn. Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled, and when my youthful hopes were at the highest ; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me never to have been pardoned, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her blush who, professing love, invades the freedom of your sex's choice, and meanly sues in hopes of a return. Your inevitable fate hath rendered hope impossible as vain. Then why should I fear to avow a passion so just and so disinterested ?

Tr. If any should take occasion, from Millwood's crimes, to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, here let them see their error. The most distant hopes of such a tender passion, from so bright a maid, might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud. Yet here 'tis lavished in vain : Though by the rich present, the generous donor is undone, he, on whom it is bestowed, receives no benefit.

Barn. So the aromatic spices of the east, which all the living covet and esteem, are, with unavailing kindness, wasted on the dead.

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death ? from such a death ? O terrible idea ! What is her misery and distress, who sees the

first last object of her love, for whom alone she'd live; for whom she'd die a thousand, thousand deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her arms? Yet she is happy, when compared to me. Were millions of worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her condition. The most consummate woe is light to mine. The last of curses to other miserable maids, is all I ask; and that's denied me.

Tr. Time and reflection cure all ills.

Ma. All but this; his dreadful catastrophe virtue herself abhors. To give a holiday to suburb slaves, and passing entertain the savage herd, who, elbowing each other for a sight, pursue and press upon him like his fate. A mind with piety and resolution armed, may smile on death.—But publick ignominy, everlasting shame, shame the death of souls, to die a thousand times, and yet survive even death itself, in never dying infamy, is this to be endured? Can I, who live in him, and must, each hour of my devoted life, feel all these woes renewed; can I endure this!

Tr. Grief has impaired her spirits; she pants, as in the agonies of death.

Barn. Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes, [*bell tolls.*] I am summoned to my fate.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. The officers attend you, Sir. Mrs. Millwood is already summoned. [*Exit.*]

Barn. Tell them I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell, [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort the best you can this mourning fair. No more. Forget not to pray for me; [*turning to Maria.*] would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine, [*she inclines towards him; they embrace.*] Exalted goodness! O turn your

eyes from earth, and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon has reached the summit. Ere nature has finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time that others begin to stray, my course is finished; though short my span of life, and few my days; yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages. Justice and mercy are in heaven the same: Its utmost severity is mercy to the whole,—thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.

If any youth, like you, in future times,
Shall mourn my fate, tho' he abhor my crimes;
Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear:
'To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,
Would gracious heaven this benefit impart,
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then must you own, you ought not to complain;
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The place of execution. The gallows and ladders at the further end of the stage. A crowd of spectators.*

BLUNT and LUCY.

Lucy. Heavens! what a throng!

Blunt. How terrible is death when thus prepared!

Lucy. Support them, Heaven; thou only can support them; all other help is vain.

Officer within. Make way there; make way, and give the prisoners room.

Lucy. They are here: observe them well. How humble and composed young Barnwell seems! but Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, confounded and amazed.

Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, Officers and Executioners.

Barn. See, Millwood, see our journey's at an end. Life, like a tale that's told, is past away; that short but dark and unknown passage, death, is all the space between us and endless joys, or woes eternal.

Mill. Is this the end of all my flattering hopes? were youth and beauty given me for a curse, and wisdom only to insure my ruin? they were, they were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or if thou hast in store some untried plague, somewhat that's worse than shame, despair and death, unpitied death, confirmed despair and soul-confounding shame; something that men and angels cannot describe, and only fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on this devoted head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid defiance to thy utmost power.

Barn. Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulph of death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting woe, O bend your stubborn knees and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine. Who knows but Heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow that grace and mercy which your life despised.

Mill. Why name you mercy to a wretch like me? mercy's beyond my hope; almost beyond my wish. (I can't repent, nor ask to be forgiven.)

Barn. O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable; nor with vain pride oppose a power, that's able to destroy you.

Mill. That will destroy me: I feel it will. A deluge

of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp stinging scorpions, molten lead, and seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. O add not to your vast account despair : a sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you've yet committed.

Mill. O ! I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy.

Barn. O say not so : 'tis blasphemy to think it. As you bright roof is higher than the earth, so and much more does Heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. O what created being shall presume to circumscribe mercy, that knows no bounds ?

Mill. This yields no hope. Though mercy may be boundless, yet 'tis free : and I was doomed, before the world began, to endless pains, and thou to joys eternal.

Barn. O ! gracious Heaven ! extend thy pity to her : let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams to chase her fears and heal her wounded soul.

Mill. It will not be. Your prayers are lost in air, or else returned perhaps with double blessing to your bosom, but me they help not.

Barn. Yet hear me, Millwood !

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee : I tell thee, youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful instance of its power to punish. [*Barnwell seems to pray.*] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself not me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and both ascend to Heaven ! that Heaven, whose gates are shut with adamant bars against my prayers, had I the will to pray—I cannot bear it—sure 'tis the worst of torments to behold others enjoy that bliss that we must never taste.

Off. The utmost limit of your time is expired.

Mill. Incompassed with horror whither must I go ?

I would not live—nor die—That I could cease to be !
or ne'er had been !

Barn. Since peace and comfort are denied her here, may she find mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her hell. From our example may all be taught to fly the first approach of vice ; but if o'ertaken

By strong temptation, weakness, or surprize,
Lament their guilt and by repentance rise.
Th' impenitent alone die unforgiven !
To sin 's like man, and to forgive like heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

Blunt and Lucy remain. Enter TRUEMAN.

Lucy. Heart-breaking sight. O wretched, wretched Millwood.

Tr. You came from her then : how is she disposed to meet her fate ?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable woe ?

Lucy. She goes to death encompassed with horror, loathing life, and yet afraid to die ; no tongue can tell her anguish and despair.

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her fears ; may she prove a warning to others, a monument of mercy in herself.

Lucy. O sorrow, insupportable ! break, break my heart.

Tr. In vain

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes we show
A humane gen'rous sense of others' woe ;
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And by avoiding that—prevent our own.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by Colley Cibber, esq. and spoke by Mrs. Cibber.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth;
By all the laws of love and honour, now;
I'm free again to chuse,—and one of you.

But soft,—with caution first I'll round me peep,
Maids, in my case, should look, before they leap:
Here's choice enough, of various sorts, and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawney Jew.

Suppose I search the sober gallery;—No,
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all a row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so.
[*Pointing to the boxes.*]

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:—but you,
Fine powder'd sparks;—nay, I'm told 'tis true,
Your happy spouses—can make cuckolds too.
'Twixt you and them, the diff'rence this perhaps,
The cit's asham'd whene'er his duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your hats, and take no shame at all.

What if some favour'd poet I could meet,
Whose love would lay his laurels at my feet?
No,—painted passion real love abhors,—
His flame would prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer pause,
In short, my heart, to this conclusion draws,
I yield it to the hand, that's loudest in applause.

F I N I S.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JURY

THE COURT now calls upon you to consider the evidence and to render your verdict.

You are to consider the evidence as presented to you by the parties, and to render your verdict on the basis of the facts as you find them.

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THE
CHRISTIAN HERO

A
TRAGEDY

ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN
DRURY LANE

OLD EDITION

RECORD

IN THE COURT OF THE DISTRICT

OF THE DISTRICT

A
BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
GEORGE CASTRIOT
KING OF EPIRUS AND ALBANIA
COMMONLY CALLED
SCANDERBEG.

THOUGH the life of Scanderbeg is certainly as full of the most surprizing events, his actions as wonderful, and his character as perfect and exalted, as any of the ancient heroes of Greece or Rome; yet for want of a Homer or a Virgil, a Plutarch or a Livy, to celebrate his praise, or write his life in a manner worthy of him, there are great numbers, who are conversant with the classic as well as other writers, who know very little of Scanderbeg, besides his name: so necessary to the fame even of the greatest men, is an elegant poet or faithful historian.

The tragedy of the Christian Hero is founded on that wonderful and important circumstance in the life of Scanderbeg, his raising the siege of Croia, after

it had been invested near six months by the numerous troops of the Turkish Sultan, Amurath the Second ; who died, after infinite vexation and disappointment, of grief and rage under the walls of the city. We think it therefore necessary to give some account, collected from the most authentic authors, of the life and character of this excellent prince ; that those, who are as yet unacquainted with the story, may by reading this, besides the instruction and entertainment they may find in it, be the better able to judge of the play.

It may give light to the following history to observe that Albania, the country of Scanderbeg, is in that part of Greece which lies between Dalmatia and Achaia, on the Adriatic and Ionian seas ; and includes in it some parts of the ancient kingdoms of Epirus and Macedon, and of the provinces of Liburnia, Dalmatia and Illyria, and is supposed to have taken its present name, which is but modern, from a colony of Albanians, a people of Asia ; who coming into Europe and settling there, in time communicated their name to the country.

After the conquest of Greece by Paulus Æmilius and others, Albania, though not then known by that name, was incorporated with some adjacent countries, and became part of a Roman province under the government of the *præfectus prætorio* of Illyrium. At the division of the Empire it was allotted to the emperors of Constantinople, and so remained till the

decline of their power ; when the government of it fell to the family of the Castriots, who were generally called kings of Epirus, as a country of the greatest antiquity and fame, but Albania was certainly the most powerful and wealthy part of their dominions, and Croia, its metropolis, the seat of their residence.

John Castriot and Voisava, a prince and princess celebrated by the historians of that age for their uncommon perfections of mind and body, were the parents of our hero. They had besides him three sons and five daughters. The untimely fate of the three elder sons, whose names were Reposito, Stanissa and Constantine, we shall mention hereafter : of the daughters we find little more recorded than that they were married to Christian princes and noblemen suitable to their rank. George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, which last name was given him by the Turks, and is the same by which Alexander the great is known amongst them, the fourth and youngest son, was born at Croia, in the year 1405.

The overthrow of Bajazet by Tamerlane seemed for a time to have put an end to the spreading empire of the Ottomans ; but after the death of that victorious prince, Mahomet the Second, the son of Bajazet, recovered his father's kingdom, which his son Amurath the Second vastly increased by his conquests both in Asia and Europe. He was a prince of courage enough, and set no bounds to his ambition ; but upon the least disappointment exceeding

fretful and impatient, especially in his old age; zealous in his religion, a profound politician, a commander of great experience, and for the most part successful in his enterprizes; the most beloved by his subjects, and the most faithful observer of his word, of any of the Turkish sultans either before or after him; not that he was always a slave to it (his perfidiousness to the Castriots is a notorious instance of the contrary.) No, that was not to be expected from an arbitrary prince and an orthodox Mahometan, as Amurath was. The bigot and the tyrant, how good soever the natural disposition may be, will sometimes get the better of the man.

Amurath, in the beginning of his reign, met with some opposition; first from an impostor who pretended to be Mustapha, the son of his grandfather Bajazet: and soon after from his own younger brother of the same name. But his courage and good fortune having put an end to these domestic troubles by the death of both the Mustaphas, he quickly convinced the neighbouring princes, who had assisted his competitors, that he was not to be offended with impunity. The Mahometan king of Caramania in Asia paid his life for his temerity; so did the Christian prince of Smyrna; which city, with its district, Amurath conquered and added to his other acquisitions in Asia. Greece next felt the effects of his resentment, or rather of his ambition, which incessantly urged him to seize all advantages to enlarge

his dominions. His numerous troops with almost incredible celerity subdued Achaia, Thessaly and Macedon. Athens, perhaps unprepared for resistance, tamely submitted to the intolerable yoke of Turkish bondage; and Thessalonica, after a brave defence, being taken by storm, suffered all the misery that an enraged and barbarous enemy, licenced to plunder, massacre and enslave, could possibly inflict. John Castriot, king of Epirus and Albania, who saw with grief the supineness of the Greek emperor, resolved to guard against surprize. He knew Amurath was preparing to attack him, and prudently chose rather to meet him on the borders of Macedon, than to wait for him in Albania. This wise conduct not only preserved his dominions from being the seat of war, but enabled him to annoy the enemy with little loss on his part; the mountains, which part Macedon from Epirus, being a very happy situation for that purpose. Amurath, soon weary of a war that was likely to prove so tedious and expensive, and which in the mean while put a stop to the career of his victories, was easily induced to hearken to terms of accommodation, and yielded at length to leave Castriot the free and quiet possession of his crown and kingdom, and to make a perpetual peace with him: conditions not to be refused by a prince comparatively so weak as the king of Epirus, and which the haughty Sultan would certainly have denied to the emperor of Constantinople. There was but one

difficulty to overcome, and that to a prince less generous than Castriot had been insuperable. Amurath demanded his four sons as hostages. It is easy to judge how bitter this proposal must be to an affectionate father: but considering what he owed to his brave and loyal subjects, whom the least misfortune would have exposed to inevitable ruin, and trusting to the Sultan's honour, who though known to be a vindictive and implacable enemy, was nevertheless esteemed an inviolable regarnder of his word, the afflicted king complied. Amurath received the royal pledges, and ending the war carried them with him to Adrianople. We do not find that Castriot had any difference with the Sultan afterwards, and must therefore conclude that these princes, during the life of their father, were used with all the respect and honour due to their rank and characters.

George Castriot, though not above eight years of age when he came to Adrianople, was quickly distinguished and admired by the Sultan, and the whole seraglio. His extraordinary beauty, majestic deportment, wit, vivacity and greatness of mind charmed all who had the opportunity of being acquainted with him. Amurath, pleased with his promising genius, appointed him a retinue, a table and tutors to instruct him, in the same manner as his own sons, in the Mahometan religion, and all the sciences as far as they were known in the Turkish court; and being determined, as it afterwards ap-

peared, never to part with him, he forced him to submit to circumcision, and gave him the magnificent name of Scanderbeg, or Alexander: hoping no doubt, considering his tender age, by these means to extinguish in him the very memory of the Christian religion, his father's house, and native country. Scanderbeg's improvement, especially in martial exercises, so pleased the Sultan, that having wars in Natolia, he took him with him, where he gave such proofs of his wisdom and courage, that, at nineteen years of age, Amurath gave him the command of five thousand horse, and soon after the title of Bassa. Returning himself into Europe, he left him to command all his troops in the Lesser Asia; which he did with so much success, that from thence Amurath used frequently to call him his right eye, his right hand, his defence, and the augments of his dominions.

Scanderbeg, in his return to Adrianople, killed a gigantic Tartar, esteemed invincible, in single combat; and some time after, being with Amurath at Bursa in Bithynia, he encountered two Persian champions, famous for their strength and courage, and who had publicly challenged any two men in the Sultan's army, with the same success.

However pleasing to a youthful, courageous and high spirited prince, honour and fame may be, yet Scanderbeg's love of truth was superior to these temptations. He was constantly attended, when in the field, by some Christian soldiers, natives of Al-

bania, by whom he was secretly instructed and confirmed in the Christian religion: the maintaining of which and the civil liberty of his country was his governing principle, during the whole course of his laborious and important life. It is no wonder therefore, that being sent with a numerous army against the Hungarians he avoided all occasions of giving them battle. He behaved however with such prudence and circumspection, that he lost no reputation, nor drew upon himself the least suspicion from the subtle and mistrustful Sultan.

Soon after Scanderbeg's return from the Hungarian war, Amurath received an account of the death of John Castriot, the father of our hero; upon which he dispatched Sebalia, a Bassa of great courage and experience, with a powerful army into Albania; who immediately took possession of the whole kingdom, telling the people, who were surprized and without a leader, that he came as a friend by the Sultan's order only to prevent innovations, and secure the country for the interest of the hostage prince, on whom the succession was devolved; and to whom, on his arrival, which they were shortly to expect, it should be safely delivered. In the mean time Amurath, who intended nothing less, caused the three elder brothers of Scanderbeg to be secretly destroyed by poison, and reduced this Christian kingdom to the miserable condition of a Turkish province. The liberty which this brave people had so long enjoyed under the pa-

ternal care of their native princes, seemed now to be lost for ever; their churches were turned to mosques, their laws subverted, and their estates and persons become the property of the barbarous and foreign tyrant. It is much easier to imagine than describe the grief and indignation of Scanderbeg on this occasion; which, great as they were, he was so much master of himself as to conceal. He knew Amurath too well to express the least resentment whilst he was in his power, and wisely reserved himself till time should give him an opportunity to free his country and revenge the injuries done to himself and his family. Amurath, who really loved him, and was therefore unwilling to take his life, vainly imagined by heaping new honours on him at present, and promising him more and greater proofs of his favour hereafter, to extinguish the memory of his wrongs, or make him think that those done to his brothers and his country were none to him. He was not however absolutely free from suspicion. He would sometimes talk to Scanderbeg of restoring him to his father's kingdom, to discover whether he entertained any such hopes; but all to little purpose: for Scanderbeg, who knew the success of his designs depended on their secrecy, was not to be overreached.

The war between the Turks and Hungarians being renewed with greater violence than ever, the Sultan, notwithstanding his fair speeches and seeming con-

fidence in Scanderbeg, did not think it proper to trust him with the sole command of his army, but set over him the Bassa of Romania. The Christian army under the command of the great Hunniades, meeting the Sultan's near the river Moravia, a fierce and bloody battle ensued; wherein victory declared for the Christians. The Turks lost forty thousand men. In this battle Scanderbeg, with his countrymen the Epirots, to whom he had before communicated his design (contrary to their custom) were the first who fled, which so discouraged the Turkish army, that the rout soon became universal. In this confusion Scanderbeg and his followers seized the Turkish secretary, and having bound and conveyed him to a private place, compelled him to write an order, as from the Sultan, to the governor of Croia, to deliver to Scanderbeg, now appointed governor, the charge of that city. Their own preservation compelled them to dispatch the secretary; after which they set forward with all possible expedition, towards Albania. As soon as they arrived there, Scanderbeg sent his kinsman Amasie, a young prince of an enterprising genius (though afterwards a traitor and an apostate) with his counterfeit credentials to the governor of Croia; who without suspicion quitted the city, of which Scanderbeg immediately took possession. But though the Turkish governor was gone, the garrison remained. Scanderbeg therefore gave secret orders

to those who had followed him from Hungary, to enter the city by small numbers at a time, to prevent suspicion; who in the dead of the night, being joined by the citizens, fell with such fury on the Turks, that in a few hours the whole garrison was cut off, except some few who submitted to the government of Scanderbeg and embraced the Christian faith.

Croia being thus happily recovered, messengers were dispatched to all parts of the kingdom to proclaim the king, and excite the people to take arms for the recovery of their liberty: but fame had already filled all parts of the country with Scanderbeg's return and the reduction of Croia. The Epirots, who had long wished for such a day, were every where in arms asserting their right and taking vengeance of their oppressors; and that with such fury, that in a few days there was not a Turk to be found in Epirus, except in a few garrisons, all which were soon subdued. Amurath heard of Scanderbeg's revolt and success with the utmost rage and indignation, but being embarrassed with the Hungarian war, affected to make light of it, and for the present spoke of it as a matter of little consequence.

Scanderbeg being now at leisure, in an assembly convened for that purpose, restored the civil government of his kingdom to its former order; and soon settling its tranquillity began to think it time

to annoy his enemies ; and entering Macedon, where he met with little opposition, he made the Sultan's subjects pay for the depredations his own had suffered, during their master's usurpation of his country. The news of this so enraged Amurath, that though the Hungarian war was not yet ended, he ordered Alibeg, a Bassa, of whose conduct and courage he had a high opinion, to invade Epirus with forty thousand men, to bring Scanderbeg to him either alive or dead, and to reduce the whole country once more to his subjection. The Epirots, who justly feared falling a second time into the hands of the Turks, and terribly alarmed at the preparations, flocked from all parts of the country to their king at Croia ; who entertained them with his usual chearfulness and affability, but without the least sign of fear. The Epirots, who were afterwards better acquainted with their prince's conduct and intrepidity, were surprised to see him behave in a manner so very improper, as they thought, considering the present danger that threatened himself and people. But how was their wonder increased, when they saw that out of the multitude that attended and offered to serve him, strangers as well as Epirots, he took only eight thousand horse, and seven thousand foot, (when he might have had twice that number) and dismissed the rest. With this small army he marched to the lower Dibra, on the borders of Macedon, about eighty miles from

Croia; where, in a narrow pass, defended by mountains on one hand, and a wood on the other, he encamped and waited for the Turkish army; upon its approach, he ordered Amasie, with three thousand men, to conceal himself in the wood till the armies should be engaged, and then, as opportunity offered, to attack the Turks in the rear. The Bassa did Scanderbeg the justice to admire the order of his little army, but confiding in his numbers, came on with great resolution and assurance of success. Scanderbeg, at the head of his troops, with invincible courage sustained the attack; and beginning the battle himself with his own hand made terrible slaughter amongst the Turks. His soldiers following the example of their leader, the Turks were soon put to a stand. Alibeg, seeing this, retreated, in hopes that Scanderbeg would have followed him into the open country, where he might by his numerous army easily have encompassed and destroyed him: but being disappointed by the prudence of Scanderbeg, the Turks returned with greater fury than before: upon which, Scanderbeg retreated in his turn, which drew his enemy into the strait as he designed; where being attacked by Amasie behind, and Scanderbeg before, their great numbers were not only useless, but hastened their destruction by trampling one another to death. Upon this every one began to shift for himself. The Bassa and some few others

escaped with much difficulty, and left behind him twenty two thousand slain, two thousand prisoners, twenty-four standards, with all his ammunition, tents, and baggage. This glorious victory cost the Christians but three hundred men. Scanderbeg having mounted his seven thousand foot, with horses taken from the Turks, entered the Sultan's dominions : which having plundered, and with the spoils greatly enriched his followers, without reserving any thing for himself, he returned triumphantly to Croia.

The loss of this battle, with that before mentioned gained by Hunniades, so reduced the power of Amurath, that he was forced, though with great reluctance, to sue to the Hungarians for a peace ; which they, upon terms that seemed indeed advantageous enough for themselves, too easily granted ; and thereby lost an opportunity which has never since returned nor perhaps ever will ; for had they assisted Scanderbeg with all their forces, instead of making peace with Amurath, as in justice and policy they ought to have done, the Turks might in all probability have been utterly driven out of Europe, and all the miseries they have since brought upon the Christian world been prevented. A peace was however made and solemnly sworn to by Uladislaus king of Hungary on the Evangelists, and by Amurath on the Koran. The old Sultan, ever melancholy and impatient, got weary of the world upon these disappointments, and after revenging

himself on the king of Caramania, who had taken the advantage of his troubles to endeavour to throw off his yoke, he resigned his crown to his son Mahomet, and retired to Magnesia. Julian, Cardinal St. Angelo, the pope's legate at the court of Hungaria, being informed that the Turkish affairs were in the utmost confusion under the government of the young Sultan, persuaded Uladislaus to break the peace, and absolved him from the oath given to Amurath; or, in other words, gave him a dispensation to be perjured. Scanderbeg's assistance was asked; who being under no obligation to the contrary, and having resolved to omit no opportunity of distressing the common enemy, raised an army of thirty thousand men, a greater than he ever brought into the field either before or after; designing to march them through Servia in order to join the Hungarians; but Providence, that purposed, as it afterwards appeared, to vindicate its justice and make that faithless king an instance of its severity, prevented Scanderbeg from coming to his assistance. The Despot of Servia, whose daughter Amurath had married, denying him a passage, a dispute arose, in which the Despot was a sufferer; yet so much time was lost, that the battle of Varna was fought whilst Scanderbeg was on the borders of Servia. These dangers roused Amurath from his stupidity. He quitted Magnesia, re-assumed the government; and passing over from Asia to Europe with a numerous army, joined his Bassa, and marched to seek the Hungarians.

The two armies met near the city of Varna in Bulgaria, where a terrible battle ensued, in which Amurath proved victorious; Uladislaus, the king of Hungaria and Poland, lost his life, with two thirds of his army, and the flower of his nobility. Hunniades, the valiant prince of Transilvania, sometime after king of Hungaria, very hardly escaped; and the pope's legate, the impious promoter of this perfidious war, after being stripped and wounded, and enduring the utmost indignities and reproaches from some of those whom he had seduced, justly perished in the storm that he had raised.

The following circumstance from Knolles's account of this battle is too remarkable to be omitted. Amurath seeing the great slaughter of his men, who were forced to retreat, and even ready to fly, took the writing out of his bosom, wherein the late league was comprised, and holding it in his hand with his eyes raised towards Heaven, said, "Behold, thou crucified Christ, this is the league thy followers have, in thy name, made with me; which without cause they have violated: now if thou art God, as they say thou art, revenge the wrong done to thy name and me; shew thy power upon this perjured people, who in their deeds deny thee." Amurath, who was observed after this battle to be as gloomy and discontented as ever, being asked the cause, answered, that he desired no more victories at such a price: and indeed it cost him the greatest part of his numerous army.

Having given orders for the government of his empire, he once more retired to Magnesia ; but his restless mind, and thirst of revenge on Scanderbeg, soon made him weary of this unactive life ; he quitted his devotions, and returning to Adrianople, took the management of the public affairs again into his own hands, to the no small mortification of his ambitious son, to whom he had a second time committed them. Intent on the destruction of Scanderbeg, and hoping to ruin him by a fallacious peace, he sent Ayradin, a man of subtlety, as his ambassador, to Croia. He carried with him letters from Amurath full of cruel reproaches, threats, flattery, promises and artful insinuations ; calculated to work upon all the passions, especially ambition and terror ; promising him, on condition he would return to his obedience and embrace the Mahometan faith, his eternal friendship, with a vast accession of wealth and power ; but threatening him and his, if he refused, with utter ruin and extirpation. Scanderbeg, who detested and despised these proposals and him that sent them, dismissed the ambassador with an answer that became his own courage and the justice of his cause. The Sultan reading it, was so provoked, that stroking his white beard according to his custom when he was angry, he cried out ; “ Thou desirest, vain wretch, an honourable death ; well, take thy wish ; I will attend the funeral of my foster-son : yes, though unbidden, I will honour in person the funeral pomp of the great king of Epirus.”

To keep Scanderbeg employed and waste his strength by degrees, Amurath sent Ferises with nine thousand horse to the borders of Epirus, while he himself prepared to follow him with his whole force. Scanderbeg had dismissed his army raised for the Hungarian war, and had with him only his usual complement, which was one thousand five-hundred foot and two thousand horse. Ferises attacked him with a great deal of vigour; and hoping to gain immortal honour and end the war at once by the death of Scanderbeg, with more courage than prudence sought for him (where he was always to be found) in the front of the battle; Scanderbeg met and dispatched him by a single blow with his sabre, in the sight of both armies; which so disheartened the Turks that they took to their heels, but were so closely pursued by the Epirots, that few of them escaped to carry the news to Adrianople.

The Sultan, who imputed the overthrow of Ferises to his own rashness, sent Mustapha, a commander not less valiant but more prudent, with a fresh supply of troops to the borders of Epirus; but charged him not to hazard a battle on any occasion whatever, but only to harass the frontiers, and constantly retire upon the approach of Scanderbeg; telling him he should take it for good service if he should hear, that “the trees and fruits of Epirus had felt the effects of his anger.” Mustapha so well observed his orders, that having strongly intrenched his army

on the mountains that part Macedon from Epirus, he from thence, by small parties sent forth from time to time, grievously infested the country; burning the villages, destroying the vineyards, and doing all the mischief in their power. Scanderbeg had too much love for his suffering people, as well as regard for his own honour, to hear of these devastations with patience. He did every thing that policy could suggest to draw them from their entrenchment; but finding all attempts of this kind ineffectual, he resolved, if possible, to drive them out by force; which he thus effected. Scanderbeg observing a small party of Turks foraging, according to their daily practice, at some distance from their camp, surprized them with four thousand horse and one thousand foot, and drove them to their trenches; which his troops entering with the fugitives, the whole camp was instantly filled with terror and confusion. The Christians, provoked with the ruin of their country, made dreadful havoc of the Turks. Mustapha, seeing all was lost, escaped by the port nearest to Macedon. Five thousand Turks fell on the spot, and the rest fled; many of whom being afterwards found in Epirus were either killed or made prisoners.

Notwithstanding these triumphs, Scanderbeg had, like other great and good men, his portion of affliction. Amasie, his kinsman, seduced by the flattery of Amurath, and his own ambition, deserted his cause and fled to Adrianople; where he embraced Maho-

metanism, and was ever after a concealed traitor or an open enemy to Scanderbeg. Lech Zachary, who possessed a small territory in Albania under the protection of Scanderbeg, who was by covenant to succeed him if he died without issue, being basely murdered by his unnatural kinsman, Lactucagne; the Venetians, upon some frivolous preteuces, claimed part of this inheritance, and seizing upon the city Dayna, which lay convenient for them, fortified it against Scanderbeg. Upon this a war ensued, in which Scanderbeg had greatly the advantage. He subdued almost the whole province of Scutaria, and defeated an army of the Venetians near the river Dryne, took many prisoners, and amongst them some of great eminence, but shed as little blood as possible. As this was a war into which he was forced against his inclination, and in which conquest itself gave him no pleasure, he was ever ready to end it upon honourable terms; which he did as soon as they were offered.

During the war Mustapha, obtaining another army of the Sultan, returned into Epirus, and met with worse success than before. He now lost ten thousand men, with his own liberty and that of twelve principal officers, whose ransom cost Amurath twenty five thousand ducats and many valuable presents; which with the plunder of the Turkish camp and the contributions raised in Macedon, greatly enriched the Epirots. This victory cost Scanderbeg only three hundred men.

Amurath having again defeated Hunniades, in a battle which lasted three days, on the plains of Cossova, resolved to go against Scanderbeg in person, and execute the vengeance with which he had so long threatened him; for this purpose he assembled an army at Adrianople of one hundred and sixty thousand men. Scanderbeg, who had early information of his proceedings, and foresaw where the storm would fall, prepared for his defence. He ordered those who lived in the open country in farms and villages to quit their habitations and take with them every thing that was moveable; the rest he entirely destroyed, that the enemy, on their arrival, might have nothing to subsist on. The women and children, and such as infirmities and old age had rendered useless, were sent into fortified places in the remotest parts of the kingdom; or into the Venetian or other neighbouring Christian dominions, where they remained till the danger was over. This, however necessary, was very grievous to the Epirots. It was a moving scene to see aged parents taking leave of their children, and affectionate wives of their husbands, almost despairing ever to see them again, so terrible were their apprehensions of the Sultan's power. They had now long enjoyed, under their indulgent and fortunate king, liberty, safety and prosperity: he indeed had perpetual wars, but wars more advantageous to his people than peace itself. All these blessings they thought must now be lost;

some perhaps feared for themselves, but all trembled for their king and country. Scanderbeg alone was himself on this occasion: he laboured for their preservation without partaking of their fears; he ordered the fortifications of Croia to be repaired and improved; and sending thence all who might be useless or burthensome, he supplied it with provisions and ammunition for twelve months, added one thousand three hundred men to the inhabitants for its defence, and appointed Uraconties governor, a man every way equal to so important a trust. Of all that were able to bear arms he chose only ten thousand men, with which small army he remained in the open country, and sent the rest to defend the cities, and other defensible places in his dominions. Amurath, who travelled slow by reason of his great age, sent forty thousand light horse before him to besiege Scitigrade on the borders of Macedon, the second city for strength in Epirus; whilst he himself followed with the bulk of his army. The Turks were no sooner encamped before that city, but Scanderbeg cut off two thousand of them, to give them a taste of what entertainment they were to expect in Epirus. A few days after Amurath arrived and besieged the city with his whole force, but with no appearance of success, being repulsed with great loss in all his attacks. At length a villain poisoned the fountain which supplied the whole city with water, which obliged the garrison to surrender. Amurath, as he

promised, bountifully rewarded the traitor, but had him secretly made away with soon after.

The Sultan, having once more recruited his army, prepared for the siege of Croia; not doubting but that the reduction of the capital would be followed by the submission of the whole kingdom. Croia is situated on an ascent in the plain of Tyranna, and in two places only accessible, being every where else defended by impregnable rocks. The numerous troops of Amurath not only blocked up the city, but covered the plains to the mountains of Tumenestra, where Scanderbeg lay with his forces to observe the enemy. The Sultan, who knew his vigilance, first took care to fortify his own camp, and then summoned the city: but receiving a resolute answer from the governor, he mounted his cannon and battered the walls with such fury, that a breach was soon made. Encouraged by this success he commanded his troops to an assault, but was forced, after the loss of eight thousand Janissaries, to retreat with shame and confusion to oppose Scanderbeg, who had entered the trenches, fired the camp in several places, and with dreadful havoc and confusion drove all before him. The old Sultan, being deeply affected with the distractions of his people, gave himself up a prey to melancholy. The whole army was dispirited: the council and officers, more anxious for their master's life than the success of the war, neglected every thing but the care of his person.

His son Mahomet only, who gave early proofs of his savage disposition, drove the unwilling soldiers to the breach, where they were slaughtered on heaps without gaining the least advantage, and many received their death from the hand of that cruel prince for flying to avoid it. Scanderbeg, who never slept above two hours at a time during this siege, and even then armed, with his horse and weapons by him, gave the Turks no rest night or day, but by assailing them sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, kept them in perpetual fear. Mahomet, burning with rage, left the trenches with a great number of troops, resolving at all events to ascend the mountains, and engage his enemy there. Scanderbeg, who never failed of the best intelligence, being informed of this, left five hundred men with an able officer to guard the passage, which they did so effectually that Mahomet spent a great deal of time and lost abundance of men to no purpose. Scanderbeg in the mean while with eight thousand men marched round to the opposite side of the Turkish camp, where he was least expected, and forcing their trenches made such terrible slaughter of the enemy that their former losses seemed nothing in comparison to this. Mahomet, who had no reason to boast of his success, hearing this, returned with his troops to oppose Scanderbeg and save the rest of the camp, being pursued by the five hundred Epirots to his very entrance into the

trenches, which Scanderbeg then quitted, having prevented Mahomet's design, destroyed a vast number of his enemies, and plundered their camp, with very little loss on his own side. The least alarm, or even the name of Scanderbeg, which the Epirots frequently made use of in their attacks to terrify their enemies, was now sufficient to strike a panic through the Ottoman army, and put the whole camp into confusion. Instead of battering the city, they placed their cannon on the lines that encompassed their camp to defend themselves; but this availed them little, for Scanderbeg continued to infest and destroy them, almost at his pleasure. To add to their misfortunes, their provisions began to fail. To remedy this evil, Amurath sent to Desia, a city of the Venetians; where for money, his agents were furnished with a great quantity of provisions; but Scanderbeg intercepted the convoy and sent it all to his own camp, leaving the Sultan to supply himself from his own dominions or where else he could. Amurath, to leave no means unattempted to make himself master of Croia, ordered it to be undermined; but the rock on which the city was founded, could not be sufficiently penetrated. He then tried to corrupt the governor, or raise a mutiny in the city by the force of his bribes; but being disappointed in both he was prevailed upon to offer peace, desiring only a small yearly tribute to save his honour; but Scanderbeg absolutely refusing, he abandoned himself to

despair, tore his white beard, and cursed his destiny that had reserved him to this shame in his old age. He would sometimes boast of his former glory, and count over the battles he had fought and the victories he had gained, and so aggravate his present miseries by the memory of his past triumphs. Finding himself near his end he sent for his son and the chief officers of his army, to whom he complained bitterly, and with many tears, of his hard fortune in being compelled to resign his breath in an obscure country and in the sight of an enemy; and turning towards his son, intreated him to revenge his death. After which being speechless he struggled for some time in extreme agonies, and so expired. The Sultan's fate determined the siege of Croia. Mahomet with his broken and dejected troops took the shortest way out of Epirus; but being closely pursued by Scanderbeg, who treated them after his usual manner, that miserable army was much more reduced before they entered their new master's dominions. What thanksgiving to the Giver of Victory, what praises of their king's wisdom and magnanimity, what mutual congratulations on their deliverance filled the mouths and hearts of the Epirots on this occasion we need not describe: the thoughts of every reader, who knows the value of liberty, will more than supply that omission.

Scanderbeg, now at leisure, to the great joy of his subjects, married the daughter of Aranthès Conino,

prince of Durazzo; a lady of incomparable beauty, and adorned with every possible virtue in its highest perfection. After which, accompanied with his fair queen, he visited every part of his kingdom to comfort and glad the hearts of his people, whose delight he justly was, after their afflictions. In his progress he administered justice with mercy; and indeed so prudent was his government at all times, that during his whole reign, except when the Turks infested the country, persons loaded with gold might have travelled from one end of Epirus to the other without being molested. He was so far from oppressing his subjects, that it became a proverb amongst the neighbouring princes, that the Turks dominions are Scanderbeg's revenues.

Mahomet, who succeeded his father, proved a very victorious but a very impious prince. His mother, the daughter of the Despot of Servia, was a Christian; and it was thought by some, that he would be a favourer of that religion, but he deceived their expectations and professed Mahometanism, but was secretly a contemner of both. Ambition was his god, and his practice was suitable to his faith. He conquered the two empires of Constantinople and Trapezond, twelve kingdoms and five hundred cities, and was therefore called Mahomet the Great. And yet this mighty conqueror, during the life of Scanderbeg, could never subdue Epirus, nor any part of it, nor even keep the city of Setigrade, which was recovered

from the Turks soon after the death of Amurath. Not that he was wanting in his endeavours ; he had nothing more at heart : all his acquisitions cost him less perhaps than his unsuccessful attempts upon this little kingdom. After he was established in his throne he had almost continual wars with Scanderbeg : he tried flattery as well as force, and invited that prince to his court under pretence of love and admiration of his person and courage, and a desire to see him and renew their former acquaintance. He twice invaded Epirus in person, each time with two hundred thousand men ; but was both times forced to return with infinite shame and loss. Nay he descended to the meanest and worst of villanies ; he hired two traitors to assassinate Scanderbeg, who, to the eternal infamy of their abettors, were discovered and justly punished.

If any thing can be more wonderful than the actions of this great man's life, it is that he should be preserved amidst so many dangers to which his own courage and the malice of his enemies continually exposed him, to die in peace. Being with his wife and son at Lyssa, he was attacked with a violent fever ; and apprehending it to be mortal, he recommended to the princes his confidents, and the Venetian ambassador, unanimity and the care of his son, who was then in his minority, and to whom he gave much excellent advice : but above all things charged him, if he should live to undertake the government of

his kingdom, so to rule as to be rather beloved than feared by his subjects: whose fidelity to himself he praised, and for whom he expressed the greatest affection. While Scanderbeg was thus setting his house in order and preparing for death with the piety of a Christian, and the resolution of a hero, news was brought him that the Turks had entered the dominions of the Venetians. Upon which, dying as he was, he rose and called for his armour; but the strength of his body not answering the vigour of his mind, he fainted, and was by his weeping attendants carried again to his bed. Recovering his speech he bid his officers hasten to the assistance of his friends, and tell the Turks, that "he was detained for the present at Lyssa, but that he would be with them to morrow." These words of Scanderbeg, spoken in his weakness before he had recovered the perfect use of his reason, being reported by his officers, reached the Turkish camp that evening, and filled it with such terror, that expecting every moment to be attacked, the whole army remained all night under arms, and at the approach of day quitted their station and fled as if Scanderbeg had been indeed at their heels, to the mountains of Scutaria, where the greater part of them miserably perished. While the Turks were flying when none pursued, with fervent devotion and perfect resignation to the divine pleasure, Scanderbeg died. His afflicted kingdom and Christian confederates sustained this irreparable loss on the 17th of January 1467, in the

63rd year of his age. He was interred with great magnificence in the cathedral church of St. Nicholas at Lyssa. This city about nine years after was taken by the Turks; who, though they hated him living, with much reverence took up his bones; which with great contention (every one striving for a part though ever so small) they divided amongst them; and after every one had set his portion in silver or gold, and adorned it with jewels according to his fancy or ability, they superstitiously wore them as sacred charms or amulets against cowardice and ill fortune.

Scanderbeg was of a fair complexion; his features regular, and his countenance manly and majestic. In short, his face was perfectly handsome without the least unbecoming softness. His stature was high, his limbs proportionably large and exquisitely well made. His constitution naturally good, was so improved by temperance and exercise, that he could bear the extremest vicissitudes of heat and cold and the greatest labour without any apparent inconvenience. His strength was wonderful; of which we have in several authors many surprising instances: as his cutting two men asunder with a single stroke of his scimitar; his cleaving a man at one blow from head to chine; his cutting through head pieces of iron, his killing a wild boar at one stroke, and cutting off the head of a wild and fierce buffalo at another, &c. Mahomet the Great, hearing of these and other instances of the like nature, desired to see Scanderbeg's

scimitar, imagining there must be something extraordinary in it; but finding it like others, he complained that Scanderbeg had deceived him, who had sent him word, that "he was ready at any time to convince him of the goodness of his weapon, but then it must be in his own hand, which he could not yet spare from the defence of himself and his country."

The excellency of his mind, his surprizing genius and exalted virtue, are so visible not only in the whole course but almost every action of his life, that it is only repetition to say he was pious, wise, liberal, just and merciful, cautious, not soon offended and easily appeased. Of his forgiving temper take this instance. A kinsman of his, who had basely betrayed his counsels and joined with his enemies the Turks, after some time returned; and with a halter about his neck threw himself at his feet: Scanderbeg not only raised him from the ground and embraced him with great tenderness, but immediately restored him to his former command and share in his confidence and favour. That his judgment was perfect in his youth without the help of experience, witness his conduct under Amurath and his artful recovery of his native dominions: and that time did not in the least abate the ardor of his courage, we have the strongest proof from his behaviour when in the hour of death. It is asserted from the undoubted evidence of those who served under him, that in his wars with the

Turks he killed above three thousand of them with his own hands, and that his troops were never defeated in any battle in which he was present. He did not use to say to his soldiers, 'go on,' but 'follow me.' In battle he exerted himself with such violence, that the blood has been seen to burst from his mouth and other parts of his face. He was never known to retreat from a single adversary but once; and that in the following manner. Scanderbeg giving some orders to his army, a private soldier, with more petulance perhaps than malice, contradicted him; which he so resented as to draw his sabre; upon which the fellow rode away as fast as he could and Scanderbeg after him, till they came to the brink of a river; when the soldier turned about and drawing his sabre, told Scanderbeg "that he was sorry to oppose his prince, but nature bid him defend his life." This respectful but resolute behaviour so charmed Scanderbeg, that he retired and told the soldier, "he had much rather have such a man for his friend than enemy," and returning with him to the camp immediately advanced and esteemed him ever after. Prosperity never made Scanderbeg vain, nor adversity dejected: he had learned both how to want and how to abound. He had no ambition, no avarice, no luxurious appetite to gratify: he fought not for power but liberty; he spoiled his enemies to humble them, and to subsist his own people, not to enrich himself. When his affairs would permit he

kept a sumptuous table for his officers and friends ; but he himself eat but once a day, and that sparingly. He never slept more than five hours in the twenty-four, and in times of danger would satisfy himself with two. His soldiers were richly habited, but their king generally very plain, though upon proper occasions he would appear drest and attended with the utmost magnificence.

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CRITICISM

ON

“THE CHRISTIAN HERO.”

—

The Tragedy of the Christian Hero is founded on the history of the famous George Castriot, commonly called Scanderbeg, King of Epirus. It was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, with but very little success. The editor of Whincop's Scanderbeg seems, in a preface to that play, to hint at some ungentle behaviour in Mr. Lillo, with regard to it. But as it is well known, that disappointment on one side is sometimes the occasion of injustice towards the other, I cannot think the reality of the accusation in this case seems perfectly authenticated.

Biographia Dramatica, vol. 2d.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Cibber.

SACRED to virtue, liberty and truth,
 The Muses bloom in everlasting youth,
 Press'd, like the palm, they rise beneath their weight,
 And soar above the reach of time, or fate.
 When brass, or marble, faithless to their trust,
 No longer bear the name, nor guard the dust
 Of kings, or heroes, to their charge consign'd,
 But yield to age, and leave no track behind;
 The Poet's pen, with never-dying lays,
 Preserves their fame and celebrates their praise.
 Let artful Maro, or bold Lucan tell,
 How regal Troy, or Rome, more awful, fell;
 Nations destroy'd revive, lost empires shine,
 And freedom glows in each immortal line.
 In vain would faction, war, or lawless power,
 Which mar the patriot's scheme, his fame devour;
 When Bards, by their superior force, can save
 From dark oblivion and defeat the grave.

Say, Britons, must this art forsake your isle,
 And leave to vagrant apes her native soil?
 Must she, the dearest friend that freedom knows,
 Driv'n from her seat, seek refuge with her foes?
 Forbid so great a shame, and save the age
 From such reproach, you patrons of the stage.

Since well we know, there's not a theme so dear
 As virtuous freedom, to a British ear;
 T' indulge so just a taste, to night we sing
 A pious hero, and a patriot king;
 By nature form'd, by providence design'd
 To scourge ambition, and to right mankind:

Such Castriot was. O might it but appear,
 That he retains the least resemblance here !——
 Should but the smallest portion of that fire,
 Which fill'd his ample breast, our scenes inspire :
 The abject slave, to his reproach, shall see,
 That such as dare deserve it may be free :
 And conscious tyranny confess, with shame,
 That blind ambition wanders from her aim ;
 While virtue leads her votaries to fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TURKS.

CHARACTERS.

Amurath,
 Mahomet,
 Hellena,
 Osmyn, the Visier,
 Kisler Aga,
 Cleora,

NAMES.

Mr. Quin.
 Mr. W. Mills.
 Mrs. Thurmond.
 Mr. Berry.
 Mr. Hewit.
 Mrs. Pritchard.

CHRISTIANS.

Scanderbeg,
 Aranthès,
 Althea,
 Amasie,
 Paulinus,

Mr. Milward.
 Mr. Mills.
 Mrs. Butler.
 Mr. Cibber.
 Mr. Winston.

Guards, Mutes, Eunuchs and Attendants.

*SCENE, The Plain and Mountains near Croia, the
 Metropolis of Albania.*

THE
CHRISTIAN HERO.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Royal Pavilion.*

*Hellena on a Sofa in a melancholy posture.
Cleora attending near her. Eunuchs, Mutes,
Singers and Dancers.*

SONG.

The regent of night with her beams
Had chequer'd each valley and grove,
And swell'd with her influence the streams,
When Fatima, pining for love;
To the ocean, despair for her guide,
Repair'd for relief from her pain;
Where plunging, receive me, she cried,
I'm fair, young and royal in vain.

HELLENA rises and comes forward.

Hellena.

NO more, Cleora! I accept thy love,
But thy officious kindness is in vain.
It is not music, nor the sprightly dance,
The harmony of motion, or of sound,
That can assuage my grief.

Cle. Let all retire. [*Exeunt Eunuchs, &c.*

How long, my royal mistress! will you sooth
This secret, pining grief? How long averse
To ev'ry dawn of joy, thus seek retirement;
And shun the gay delights, the pomp and power,

That ever wait the daughter of our sultan,
And first of womankind?

Hel. How long shall love
And torturing despair, like ling'ring fevers,
Feed on the springs of life, and drink my blood?
How long shall Amurath, my awful father,
Tho' press'd and overwhelm'd with disappointments,
Provoke the malice of his adverse stars,
And urge his own destruction; whilst in vain
With unrelenting hatred he pursues,
Whom Heav'n protects, th'ever victorious hero
Of Epirus.

Cle. Thus do you always talk,
Of love and death, despair and the Epirot.
Why will you ever strive to hide the cause,
The cruel cause of all this mighty anguish?
Believe me, Princess! 'tis better to intrust
A faithful slave, than keep the secret thus
To rack your breast; 'twill ease those pains——

Hel. That death
Alone can cure; but yet, my best Cleora!
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness and love,
I can deny thee nought. Yes, thou shalt know
All thou desir'st, and share the very heart
Of sad Hellena.—You must think I love.—
What else could make thy Princess far more wretched
Than the meanest slave, and who but Castriot
Could merit so sublime a flame as mine?

Cle. 'Tis as I fear'd: she's lost beyond redemption. [*Aside.*

Hel. A royal hostage to my father's court
When young he came, who lov'd him as a son;
I as a brother; so I fondly thought,
Nor found my error, 'till the fatal flame,
That now consumes me, cherish'd by my weakness,
Was grown too great, too fierce to be controll'd.
O matchless Prince! who can display thy worth?

Thou favourite of Heaven, and first of men ;
 In courts more soft, more lovely, more attractive
 Than those fair youths who with eternal bloom
 Enjoy the fragrant mansions of the blest ;
 In council wiser than a whole divan ;
 In anger awful ; and in war as fierce
 As those bright ministers, whom Heav'n sends forth
 To punish the presuming sons of men ;
 In justice th' image of that sacred power,
 Whom he still serves with most unfeign'd devotion ;
 Like him in mercy too, in bounty like him ;
 Excelling in magnificence the princes
 Of th' East, yet temperate and self-denying
 As a dervise.—Who know, and love thee not,
 Avow their malice and contempt of virtue. [whom
Cle. Think, Princess ! think what 'tis you say ; of
 It is you speak. Can he, that cruel Christian,
 That enemy t'our prophet and your father,
 Deserve such praise from you ?

Hel. Unjust Cleora !

To call him cruel—But thou know'st him not ;
 Or sure thy gentle nature would abhor
 To wrong him thus. And wherefore dost thou urge
 His diff'rent faith to me ? Love busies not
 Himself with reconciling creeds, nor heeds
 The jarrings of contentious priests : from courts
 To shades, from shades to courts he flies
 To conquer hearts, and overthrow distinction,
 Treating alike the monarch and the slave ;
 But shuns the noisy school, and leaves the race
 Of proud, litigious men to their own folly ;
 Who wise in words alone, consume their days
 In fierce debate, nor know the end of life.

Cle. Now I no longer wonder you condemn'd
 Amasie and his flame.

Hel. O name him not,
 The most detested traitor ; who, tho' next

In blood, and late the dearest friend of his
Indulgent prince, without a cause renoun'd
His faith, his country and his vow'd allegiance.

Cle. Say not without a cause, his love to you——

Hel. Insolent slave! Ambitious, bloody traitor!
To claim my love for cruelty and fraud!
Must I have been a recompense for murder!
For regicide, the murder of his king!
But his defeat has freed me from that danger:
My father now retracts his former promise,
And treats him with aversion and contempt.

Cle. May treason ever meet the like reward.——
But see the man we speak of comes this way.

Hel. I would avoid him, do thou hear his message;
His name is hateful, but whene'er I see him,
My blood runs back, my sinews all relax,
And life itself seems ready to forsake me. [Exit.

Enter AMASIE.

Cle. What would you, prince?

Ama. I am inform'd the Sultan
Past this way, and came in hopes to have found him
With the Princess.

Cle. Your hopes deceived you, sir.

Ama. May I not see
The Princess?

Cle. No.

Ama. I bring her happy news.

Cle. Nor happiness, nor truth can come from thee;
For ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought of thine
Are full of deep deceit, and threaten mischief. [Exit.

Ama. Seen and avoided!—rated by her slave!——
Suspected by the Sultan!—Scorn'd by all!——
Is this the gratitude of Turkish courts?
This my reward for Heav'n and honour lost?——
Soul poisoning envy, eldest born of hell,
Thou sin of devils, and their torment too,

To what contempt, what mis'ry hast thou brought me ?
 Ill-tim'd reflection!—I shall still succeed——
 Love and ambition, hatred and revenge——
 There's not a wish my restless soul has form'd, [guish ?
 But shall be quickly crown'd—Then whence this an-
 Sure 'tis much harder to attain perfection
 In ill, than to be truly good.—The Sultan !——

Enter AMURATH and VISIER.

Am. Away ; my fame is lost ; my laurels won
 With pain and toil and water'd with my blood,
 That well I hop'd would flourish o'er my grave
 When I that planted them should be but dust,
 Are wither'd all. O ! wherefore did I tempt,
 In the declining winter of my age,
 The vigour of a youthful rebel's arms ?
 Whose curst success, 'gainst such prodigious odds,
 Makes credibility doubt what she sees,
 And truth appear like falsehood.

Ama. Mighty Sultan !——

Am. What would'st thou, slave !
 Thou renegade, thou spy !
 Hence from my sight : avaunt, perfidious traitor.

Vis. My ever gracious lord, you wrong the Prince ;
 None can be more devoted to your service.

Am. 'Tis false. Did he not lead my spahies forth
 With hate profest, and boasts of sure revenge
 On Scanderbeg ; then leave my gallant troops
 To swell the triumph, and to glut the rage
 Of that damn'd, damn'd destroyer of the faithful ?

Vis. O righteous Heav'n ! when will thy judgments
 cease ?

For six revolving moons have we in vain
 Besieg'd yon city, proud, imperious Croia ;
 With famine, pestilence, and Scanderbeg
 More terrible than both, like threat'ning meteors,

Hov'ring o'er our heads. Our strength's consum'd:
 By painful watchings and incessant toils.
 Do not our numbers ev'ry hour decrease?
 Are we not all devoted to destruction?
 Those that escape the plague, of hunger die;
 Or saved from famine, perish by the sword.
 Yet to behold you thus, burning with rage,
 And tortur'd by despair, afflicts us worse
 Than all our other griefs. Why will you still refuse
 The only help your present state admits,
 That sov'reign balm for minds like yours diseas'd,
 And cure for ev'ry ill—All healing patience.

Am. Name patience again while th' Epirot lives
 And lives victorious, and thou art thyself
 A base, insulting traitor. Hear me, Allah,
 If thou art ought beside an empty name,
 If thou dost still exist, as priests affirm,
 Decree our fate, and govern all below,
 Behold, and aid a cause so much your own.
 To slaves, to subjects and to priests give patience,
 But if it be within your power to grant
 Ought that is worthy of a monarch's prayer,
 Give me revenge, or I'll renounce thy worship. [*Shouts.*
 Ha! whence those loud, those joyful acclamations.

Ama. But that it pleas'd my lord to strike me dumb,
 I had ere this inform'd him of the cause.
 Just Heav'n, at length indulgent to your wishes,
 Has blest you with the power to end our woes,
 Or wreck your vengeance on the man you hate.

Am. Ha! what say'st thou? take heed thou
 triflest not:

A second time thou'st rais'd my expectation;
 If thou deceiv'st it now, as at the first,
 Death is the lightest ill thou hast to fear:
 But if, beyond my hopes, thou tell'st me truth,
 Thou shalt no longer droop beneath our frown,
 (Your service slighted, and your love despis'd;)

Our former lavish grant shall be renew'd,
And my Hellena be thy rich reward.

Ama. (kneeling) Bounty immense! thus let——

Am. Rise, and proceed;

Make it appear that vengeance may be had;

Let it be merely possible, —— O Allah!

I ask no more, —— and leave the rest to me.

Ama. Ever invincible, you're not to learn
That Arantes, prince of Durazzo, who derives
His high descent from Charlemagne, that most
Illustrious Frank, Santon and King; has long
Approv'd himself aspiring Castriot's friend,
And firm ally. His wisdom, wealth and power
May well in dear him to that haughty rebel;
But yet a tie much stronger binds their friendship:
The fair Althea, daughter to Arantes,
Beholds the youthful conqueror her slave:
Nor are his ardent vows preferr'd in vain;
With conscious virtue, join'd with true affection,
With majesty and mildness sweetly temper'd,
The charming maid (for all who see her must
Confess her charms,) returns his constant flame.
This friend and mistress, the partner and hoped
Reward of all his toils, are in your power.

Am. Prophet, thou'rt just; where are his conquests now?

Anguish has left my soul to live in his.

Perhaps ere this the news has reach'd his ears:

His promis'd joys are come to swell my heart;

I have 'em all, but doubled by his pain.

Haste and inform us by what means, Amasie,

These precious pledges came into our hands.

Ama. This morning from Durazzo, they set forth
Slightly attended for the Christian camp,
Fearing no danger, for they knew your army
Had been for months immur'd within these plains;
The neighb'ring mountains being all possest

By their rebellious minion's conquering troops.
 Of this inform'd, not daring to approach
 Your sacred presence, I inform'd your son,
 Your empire's second hope, the brave prince Mahomet.
 Strait with two thousand horse guided by me,
 Who, as a native here, best knew the route
 The little troop must take, he left the trenches ;
 The foe was quickly found ; tho' few in number
 They yet resisted long, and dearly sold
 Their liberty or lives : Arantes last
 Yielded himself and daughter to our power. [*Shouts.*]

*Enter MAHOMET, ARANTES, ALTHEA, Lords
 and Ladies in Chains.*

Ma. Long live great Amurath, my royal father ;
 O may his days for ages yet roll on,
 And ev'ry day encrease his fame like this ! [*fame,*

Am. Rise to my arms ; thou bring'st me life and
 And what my soul much more desir'd, revenge.
 When from the womb they brought thee to these
 arms,

The first dear fruit of my Maria's love
 And heir to all my kingdoms ; ev'n then
 I clasp'd thee with less joy, than at this moment.—
 But let us view the captives thou hast brought.

Now by our prophet's head, a noble troop ;
 A fairer purchase never grac'd my arms.
 This must be Arantes, and this his daughter.

They seem to scorn their fortune : conscious majesty
 Frowns on his brow, and beauty smiles on hers.
 Proud Christian, now where is your prophet's power ?

Ar. Where it was ever, Sultan ; in himself.

Am. If it be such as vainly you suppose,
 Why art thou fallen thus beneath my power ?
 Whose eyes ne'er pitied, and whose hand ne'er spar'd
 The followers of his sect.

Ar. Presumptuous man !

Shall finite knowledge tax eternal wisdom?
Or, shameless guilt dare, with invidious eyes,
To search for spots in purity itself,
And call impartial justice to account!
Impious and vain! It is enough we know
Such is his will, who orders all things right,
To make ev'n these thy chains, insulting king,
Easy to us; and well content we bear 'em.

Am. Ill doth it suit with your reputed wisdom
T'abet a rash rebellious boy.

Ar. Rebellious!

By the heroic virtue of the youth,
And more, th'eternal justice of our cause,
I must retort the charge. Since first the angels
By their ambition fell, the greatest rebels,
The most accurs'd, perfidious and ungrateful,
Are those, who have abus'd the sovereign power.
Why shines the sun, why do the seasons change,
The teeming earth lavish her yearly store,
And all to bless the sons of men in vain?
O! is it not that tyranny prevails
And the true end of government is lost;
That those, who should defend each in his rig
Betray their trust, and seize upon the whole.
This, this is to rebel against that power,
By which kings reign, and turn the arms of heaven
Against itself. Then take the rebel back,
A virtuous prince, the patron of mankind,
With just contempt may hear a lawless tyrant
Arraign that conduct, which condemns his own.

Am. 'Tis hard to say whether thy insolence,
Who tho' in chains, dar'st brave me to my face,
Or the unprincely meanness of thy soul,
Who would by law restrain the will of kings,
Amaze me most. Let Scanderbeg and you,
Like fools contend, and shed your blood in vain,

While subjects reap the harvest of your toil ;
O'ercome, that you may live the slave of slaves,
I fight to reign, and conquer for myself.

Ar. A gen'rous slave would scorn the abject thought,
What should a king do then ?

Am. Think like a king,
Whose glory is his power ;

Ar. Of doing good.

Am. Of doing what he will, the other's none.

Ar. Has heaven no power because it doth no ill ?

Am. Were these the thoughts of other Christian
princes,

Would they stand neuter, and unmov'd behold
Th' Epirot and thyself sustain this war ;
Nor lend you their assistance ?

Ar. Foul dishonour !

O everlasting shame ! Would they unite,
Afflicted Europe would no longer groan
Beneath your yoke and mourn her freedom lost :
Nor Varna's nor Basilia's fatal fields
Smoke with the blood of Christians unreveng'd :
But to the scandal of our holy faith,
Some such there are, who owe their very lives,
Their peace and safety to the blood of others,
Yet think themselves born for themselves alone.

Am. 'Tis time to quit a cause so ill supported ;
And your misfortunes may inform your friend,
What sure destruction waits the desp'rate wretch,
That tempts his wrath, who rules o'er half mankind,
And strikes the rest with terror at his name.

Ar. Cease thy vain boasts, and by example learn
The frail uncertain state of human greatness.
Where are now th' Assyrians, where the Medes ;
The Persians and their conquerors, the Greeks ;
Or the stupendous power of ancient Rome ?
Has not the breath of time blasted their pride,
And laid their glory waste ?

Am. I need not boast
T'assert my power o'er thee. And yet perhaps
On Scanderbeg's submission we may grant
Your freedom, and vouchsafe to give him peace.

Ar. If by submission vainly you design
Dishonourable terms, a shameful peace,
Give up such thoughts; those his great soul must scorn;
Nor would we be redeem'd at such a price :
Hope not to triumph over him in us.

Am. Where is the majesty, that us'd to awe
My trembling slaves? Art thou in love with death?

Ar. No; nor with life, when purchas'd at th' expence
Of others happiness, or my own honour.

Am. Behold this maid, this comfort of thy age,
I, as a father, know what 'tis to love
A child like this—I have been deem'd a man,
A brave one too—The fair, sacred to peace,
Have never yet been number'd with my foes:
But if presumptuously thou dost dispute
Thy own and daughter's ransom on my terms;
Or teach thy pupil to oppose my will,
Renounce me, Heaven, if like thy bloody priests,
Those consecrated murderers of thy sect,
I cast not off all bowels of compassion,
All pity, all remorse—Her tender sex,
Her youth, her blooming beauty shall not save her.
Away; I'll hear no more. Prudence may yet
Instruct you to avoid th' impending ruin.
Amasie, we commit him to your charge.

Al. O my father! tho' torn from your embraces,
Your precepts, your example shall be ever
Present with Althea; in doubts my guide,
In troubles my support.

Ar. This wounds indeed,
'Tis hard to part and leave her thus expos'd; [child!
But Heav'n must be obey'd. [*Aside.*] Farewell my
Tho' reason and religion teach us patience

Pain will be felt and nature have her course. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Arantes.*

Am. Mourn not, bright maid ; you can have nought
to fear :

A father and a lover rule your fate.

Al. I see and scorn your arts, insidious king ;
And for your threats, pursue 'em when you dare ;
Your pride to see your cruelty despis'd,
Shall give you greater pain than you inflict,
And turn your rage to shame. O Prince belov'd !
O my affianc'd lord ! let not my danger
One moment stop the progress of your arms :
I have my wish if dying I may share
In your renown, and justify your choice.

Am. Osmin, attend the lady to Hellena.

[*Exit Amurath, &c.*

Vis. Fair princess, you shall know no more restraint
Than what is common to the sex with us.

Al. Lead me to instant death, or let me groan
Whole years in chains——dispose me as you please—
Tho' my lov'd sire and lord no more I see,
You hope in vain to conquer them in me. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Plain.*

One side lined with Christian, the other with Turkish Soldiers.

Enter VISIER and PAULINUS.

Vis. ALREADY has the trumpet's lofty sound
From either camp twice echo'd through the plain:
At the third summons both the kings appear.
May gracious Heaven in pity to mankind,
Incline their breasts to sheath the sword, to stop
The tide of blood, and give the world repose.

Paul. What may we not expect from such a
treaty?

And yet the caution us'd on either side
To guard against surprise, betrays distrust.

Vis. A thousand injuries, suppos'd or real,
With keen resentment whet each jealous chief,
And seem to urge suspicion.

Paul. Scipio,
And the fierce African, whom he subdu'd,
With greater ardor never strove t'attain
For Rome, or Carthage, universal sway,
Than your great sultan to impose the yoke
Of arbitrary power, and make men slaves;
Or our brave prince to guard their liberties,
Or break their chains and purchase freedom for 'em.

Vis. Then their known zeal for their respective
faith
Must yet much farther alienate their minds.

Paul. 'Tis hardly to be thought a youthful hero,
With victories replete, will stoop to take
Abject conditions from a beaten foe.

Vis. Or that an artful prince will fail t'improve
Ev'ry advantage to increase his power.

Paul. Fortune stands neuter, and impartial
Heaven

Holds with an equal hand the trembling beam :
Superior wisdom, fortitude and courage
Must turn the scale. [*Trumpets.*] But see their guards
appear.

The great intelligences that inform
The planetary worlds, if such there be,
With all their vast experience might attend
This interview, and pass improv'd away.

Enter AMURATH, SCANDERBEG, MAHOMET,
ARANTHES, AMASIE, &c.

Am. Doth it not swell thy fond, ambitious heart ?
Dost thou not burst with pride, vain boy, to see
The majesty of hoary Amurath,
Whose numerous years are fewer than his conquests,
Reduc'd to terms, and stoop to treat with thee ?

Scan. With gratitude and wonder I confess
Myself th' unworthy instrument of Heaven,
To scourge thy falshood, cruelty and pride,
And free a virtuous people from thy chains.
With pity I behold your fierce impatience,
Your arrogance and scorn ; ev'n while the hand
Of righteous Heaven is heavy on thy crimes,
And deals thee forth a portion of those woes,
Which thy relentless heart, with lawless lust
And never sated avarice of power,
Has spread o'er half the habitable earth.

Am. And must I answer to thy bold impeachment ?

Thou infidel relaps'd ! thou very Christian !
Without distinction and without a name
But what implies thy guilt. In vain thy flatt'ers
Proclaim thee King of Macedon, Epirus,
Illyria, Albania and Dalmatia ;
Gain'd by surprise, by treachery and fraud ;

What art thou but the more exalted traitor?

Scan. Let abject minds, the slaves of mean ambition,

Affect vain titles and external pomp!

And take the shadow for substantial glory.

Superior birth, unmerited success,

The name of Prince, of Conqueror and King,

Are gifts of fortune and of little worth.

They may be, and too often are, possess'd

By sordid souls, who know no joy but wealth;

By ri'tous fools, or tyrants drench'd in blood;

A Cræsus, Alexander, or a Nero.

The best are sure the greatest of mankind.

Our actions form our characters. Let me

Approve myself a Christian and a soldier,

And flatt'ery cannot add, or envy take

Ought that I wish to have, or fear to lose.

Am. Canst thou behold unmoved, thou steady traitor,

Thy most munificent and loving patron,

Prest with the weight of more than fourscore years,

With feeble hands compell'd to reassume

The stubborn reins of power, and taste again,

When appetite is pall'd, the bitter sweets

Of sovereign command? should I descend

To reason with thee, what couldst thou reply?

Have I not been a father to thy youth?

Did I not early form thy mind to greatness,

And teach thy infant hands the use of arms?

Tho' the unerring maxims of our state,

(The only rule of right and wrong in courts)

Had mark'd thee for destruction; still I spar'd thee.

Trusted, belov'd, advanc'd, thou hast betray'd me,

First seized the provinces you call'd your own,

Then join'd my foes to rob me of my fame;

The perjur'd Uladislaus, fierce Hunniades,

And the Venetians, who have since forsook thee,

Tho' to remote Magnesia I retired,
Quitting the toils of empire to my son,
To seek for rest and find a peaceful grave;
Yet there the cries and clamours of my slaves,
Who fled the terrors of thy dreadful name,
Forbad their old o'erlaboured king repose;
Forc'd me once more in hostile steel to clothe
These weary limbs, and rouse to their defence.
But that thy soul is lost to all remorse
Thy black ingratitude must fright thyself?

Scan. Can all your kingdoms bribe the voice of
truth?

Which, while you speak, pleads for me in your
breast;

Or rage efface the mem'ry of your guilt,
More than ten thousand witnesses against thee?
But slander, like the loathsome leper's breath,
Infects the healthful with its poisonous steams,
Unless repell'd, and bids me guard my fame.
My ancestors for ages fill'd this throne,
A brave, a virtuous, legal race of princes,
No arbitrary tyrants; the same laws,
That made them kings, declar'd their people free.
My royal father, fam'd for his success
In war, and love of peace, had govern'd long;
When with resistless force your conquering troops
Pour'd like a deluge o'er the realms of Greece;
To save his people from impending ruin,
At your request, the pious, gen'rous prince
Gave up his sons as hostages of peace.
He died—the best of kings and men. O Castriot!
I were unworthy of thy race and name
Could I unmov'd remember thou'rt no more——
I would have said, he died in firm reliance
On your promise given, your faith and honour;
But sure the memory of such a loss
May well o'er-bear, and drive me from my purpose.

Twas then, in scorn of every obligation,
 Of truth and justice, gratitude and honour,
 Of noblest trust and confidence repos'd ;
 You, like a lawless, most perfidious tyrant,
 Amidst her griefs, seiz'd on his widow'd kingdom ;
 And to secure your lawless acquisition——
 Oh ! how shall I proceed !——My bleeding heart
 Is pierc'd anew, new horrors wound my soul
 At every pause ; whenever I rehearse,
 Whene'er I think upon thy monstrous crimes——
 O Reposito ! Stanissa ! Constantine !
 My slaughter'd brothers, whose dear blood still cries
 Aloud to Heaven ;—Your wrongs shall find redress.
 Justice, deferr'd, deals forth the heavier blow.

Am. Shall the great monarchs of our sublime
 race

Cut off their brothers, when they mount the throne,
 Yet spare the lives of Christians they suspect ?
 Their death was wise, and I approve it yet,
 But curse my folly that preserv'd thy life.

Scan. What was then my life ? debarr'd of my
 right,
 And kept t'augment the number of your slaves.
 The only benefit you e'er conferr'd,
 Was that you train'd me to the use of arms :
 You had my service and was overpaid ;
 Yet those whom I oppos'd were, like yourself,
 Tyrants, who made a merchandize of men ;
 And propagate religion by the sword.
 Ever determin'd not to stain my hands
 With Christian blood, when you commanded me
 To turn my arms against th' Hungarian king
 I purpos'd from that hour, by Heaven's assistance,
 At once t'avoid the guilt and free my country.

Am. O traitor ! dost thou glory in thy shame ?
 Think not I have forgot thy vile declension.

Yes, on that fatal, that detested day,
 When deep Moravia's waves, died with the blood
 Of forty thousand of my faithful slaves,
 Losing their azure, flow'd in purple tides;
 Too well I know, thou didst forsake thy charge;
 And ere the news of thy revolt arriv'd,
 Surpriz'd my bassa that commanded here;
 Drove out my garrisons, and ravish'd from me
 This fair and fertile kingdom.

Scan. False aspersion!

The charge impos'd was ne'er accepted by me.
 I arm'd my subjects for their common rights.
 The love of liberty, that fired their souls,
 That made them worthy, crown'd them with success.
 I did my duty——'Twas but what I ow'd
 To Heaven, an injur'd people and myself.

Am. You will be justified in all that's past:
 But I shall bend thy stubborn temper yet——
 I know the worth of those dear pledges now
 Within my power. Thou know'st me too——Then
 think

And yield in time, while mercy may be had.

Scan. I know your mercy by my brothers fate.

Am. Then you may judge the future by the past.

Scan. Though pity be a stranger to your breast,
 Your present dang'rous state may teach you fear.

Am. Danger and I have been acquainted long;
 Full oft I've met her in the bloody field,
 And drove her back with terror on my foes:
 Your other phantom, fear, I know her not;
 Or in thy visage I behold her now.

Scan. I fear not for myself.

Am. Yet still thou fear'st.

Confess thyself subdu'd and sue for favour.

Scan. When I submit to guilt,——I'll own your
 conquest.

Am. Think on your friends.

Scan. Afflictions are no crimes.

Am. You would redeem them!

Scan. Yes; on any terms,

That honour may permit, and justice warrant.

Am. Hear the conditions then.

Scan. Why sinks my heart?

Why do I tremble thus? When at the head

Of almost twice a hundred thousand souls

I with a handful charg'd this fierce old chief,

Thou art my witness, Heaven, I fear'd him not.

[*Aside.*

Am. When I look back on what you were before

Your late revolt, charm'd with the pleasing view,

I wish to see those glorious days restor'd;

When I with honour may indulge my bounty,

And make you great and happy as you're brave.

Scan. Flattery!—Nay, then he's dangerous indeed!

[*Aside.*

Am. Renounce the errors of the christian sect,

And be instructed in the law profest

By Ishmael's holy race; that light divine,

That darts from Mecca's ever sacred fane,

T'illuminate the darken'd souls of men,

And fill them with its brightness.

Scan. O Althea!

[*Aside.*

Am. Break your alliance with the Christian princes,

And let my foes be thine.

Scan. That follows well;

Th' abandon'd wretch, that breaks his faith with

Heav'n,

Will hardly stop at any future crime.

[*Aside.*

Am. Forego the advantage, that your arms have
won,

Give up this little part of spacious Greece,

It's cities and it's people to my power:

And in return reign thou my substitute

O'er all my conquer'd provinces in Europe,

From Adrianople to the walls of Bude.

Scan. Assist me Heaven! assist me to suppress
The rising indignation in my breast,
That struggles, heaves and rages for a vent——
Aranthes! Althea! How shall I preserve you?

[*Aside.*

Vis. He's greatly moved, his visage flames with
wrath.

Ama. Just so he looks when rushing on the foe,
The eager blood starts from his trembling lips.

Am. I wait your resolution.

Scan. Three days the truce concluded is to last;
That space I ask to answer your demands.

Am. 'Tis well; enjoy your wish——but yet re-
member

Honour and interest, gratitude and love
Bleed while you pause, and press you to comply.
Farther, to favour you in all I may,
Aranthes shall attend you to your camp:
Consult, resolve, your interests are the same;
Althea justly claims the care of both.

[*Exit Amurath, &c.*

Scan. O thou, who art my righteousness and
strength,

Distress'd and tempted, still in thee I trust.
The pilot, when he sees the tempest rise,
And the proud waves insult the low'ring skies,
Fix'd to the helm, looks to that power to lay
The raging storm, whom winds and seas obey.

[*Exit Scanderbeg, &c.*

AMASIE alone.

Should he comply? as sure he's hardly press'd;
Restor'd to favour, where is my revenge?
He's but a man——less tempted I fell worse;
But I'm not Scanderbeg——Say, he refuses;
It follows that the Sultan in his rage,

Murthers the captives, tho' we all should perish.
 Which side soe'er I view, I like it not.
 There is no peace for me, while Castriot lives;
 Plagued and distress'd, he soars above me still;
 Insults my hate, and awes me with his virtue.
 His virtue! Ha! How have I dreamt till now,
 How 'scap'd the thought? His virtue shall betray
 him.

Hypocrisy, that with an angel's likeness
 May well deceive the wisdom of an angel,
 Shall reinstate me in his gen'rous heart:
 Which if I fail to pierce, may all the ill
 I ever wish'd to him fall on myself.—
 Th'amorous prince—I know his haughty soul
 Ill brooks his subtle father's peaceful schemes.
 He loves Althea, and depends on me
 T'assist his flame.

Enter MAHOMET.

Ma. Amasie, what success?
 You saw the captive princess——

Ama. Yes, my lord.

Ma. Curse on the jealous customs of our court:
 Why is that privilege denied to me?

Ama. You know why I'm indulg'd.

Ma. 'Tis true, but say,
 What hast thou done that may advance my hopes?

Ama. I've thought, my lord——

Ma. What tell'st thou me of thoughts! [fair?
 Hast thou not spoke?——what says the charming
 ——Shall I be blest?

Ama. Spoke, what? Alas! my prince!
 How little do you know that haughty Christian?
 Bred in the rigid maxims of her sect,
 Chaste as its precepts, most severely virtuous,
 Althea would treat me with the last contempt,

Should I but name your gen'rous passion to her ;
And proudly term it shameful and unjust.

Ma. Now as you would avoid a prince's hatred,
That must one day command you ; or expect
E'er to attain my sister's love, the scope
Of your ambition, aid me with your counsel.
My blood's on fire, and I will quench the flame,
Though universal ruin should insue.
By Heaven I will ; I'll plunge in seas of bliss,
And with repeated draughts of cordial love,
Expell the raging fever from my veins.

Ama. Glorious mischief!—[*Aside.*] If I judge
right, her will

Is ne'er to be subdu'd ; you can't possess
Her mind, my lord—and without that you know—

Ma. Her mind ! a shadow ! Give me solid joys,
And let her Christian minion take the rest.

I love her for myself ; my appetite
Must be appeas'd, or live my constant plague.
Let me but clasp her in my longing arms,
Press her soft bosom to my panting breast,
And crown my wishes : though attain'd by force,
Tho' amidst strugglings, shrieks and gushing tears ;
Or while she faints beneath my strong embrace,
And I have all my raging passions crave.

Ama. Already I've conceiv'd the means to serve
you,

But time must give th' imperfect embryo form,
And hail th' auspicious birth.

Ma. She's justly mine,
The purchase of my sword. Our prophet thus,
By manly force all prior right destroy'd ;
Power was his claim ; he conquer'd and enjoy'd :
Beauty and fame alike his ardor mov'd ;
Fiercely he fought, and as he fought he lov'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Christian Camp.**Enter SCANDERBEG and ARANTHES.*

Ar. ALTHEA mourns for this your fond delay,
And thinks already she has liv'd too long;
Since living she protracts the tyrant's fate,
And clouds the matchless lustre of your arms.

Scan. Justice herself would here suspend her sword;
Nor with one indiscriminating blow,
Blind as she is, destroy both friends and foes.

Ar. It is appointed once for all to die:
Then what am I, or what a child of mine,
Weigh'd with the honour of the Christian name,
To bid the cause of liberty attend,
While gravely you debate those very trifles,
The time and circumstances of our death:
As justly nature might suspend her course
To wait the dissolution of an insect.

—No, let me bear defiance to the Sultan;
Tell him, that you already are determin'd;
And dare his worst.

Scan. Not for ten thousand worlds,
Would I so tempt the fretful tyrant's rage?
The pangs of death are light to those of absence;
Then who can bear eternal separation?
Transported as you are with pious zeal;
Look inward, search your heart, and then confess
The love of Heav'n excludes not sacred friendship.
Think if my task were your's, how you would act.
Would you not pause, conclude, retract, and pause
To the last moment of the time prefixt? [again
Would you not count it virtue to contend,

Tho' against hope, and struggle with despair.
I know you would ; for tho' your tongue be mute,
Spite of yourself, your streaming eyes confess it.

Ar. My weakness is no precedent for you.

Scan. If thus the friend, what must the lover suffer?
Think, good Arantes, if you ever lov'd,
What I endure : Think on Althea's charms,
And judge from thence the greatness of my pain.

Ar. Why will you dwell upon the dang'rous theme?
The strength of Samson prov'd too weak for love,
David's integrity was no defence ;
The king, the hero and the prophet fell
Beneath the same inevitable power :
The wisdom of his son was folly here ;
And he that comprehended all things else
Knew not himself, 'till dear experience taught
Him late repentance, anguish, grief and shame.
Then think no more, but give us up at once ;
Give up Althea ; Heaven demands it of you ;
For while she lives, your virtue is not safe.

Scan. Is this a father's voice ?

Ar. Would I had died,
Ere I was honour'd with a father's name ;
Or that my child had been less good and fair.
What was my greatest joy, is now my grief :
Ev'ry perfection wrings my heart with pain.
For all her charms are now so many snares,
Which you must break, or be undone for ever.
——Still unresolv'd!——Forgive me if I think,
You have the weakness now of other men.

Scan. If to rejoice when virtue is rewarded ;
Or mourn th' afflictions of the good and brave,
Who mourn not for themselves ; if love and friendship,
Denote me weak, I would be weaker still.
He who disclaims the softness of humanity,
Aspiring to be more than man, is less.
Yet know, my father, rev'rend good Arantes !

Whatever tender sentiments I feel ;
 Tho' as a man, a lover and a friend,
 I fear the Sultan's cruelty and malice ;
 Yet as a Christian, I despise 'em both.
 'Tis not for man to glory in his strength ;
 The best have fallen, and the wisest err'd.
 Yet when the time shall come, when Heaven shall by
 Its providence declare, this is my will,
 And this the sacrifice that I demand,
 Why who can tell, but full of that same energy,
 Which swells your breast ; I may reply ev'n so
 Thy will be done.

Ar. How have my fears deceiv'd me ?

Scan. The careful gard'ner turns the limpid stream,
 This way, or that ; as suits his purpose best.
 The wrath of man shall praise his Maker's name ;
 The residue, restrain'd, rest on himself.
 Let us not rashly antedate our woes.
 Tho' I defer the sentence of your death,
 Tho' I could die ten thousand times to save you,
 I do not, nay I dare not bid you live.

Ar. Excellent man ! why did I ever doubt thee ?
 Your zeal's no less, your wisdom more than mine.
 My time's expir'd ; illustrious prince,——farewell !

Scan. My father ! My Althea !——

Ar. O my son !

Our part is little in this noble conflict,
 The worst is death ; your's harder, but more glorious,
 To live and suffer. Heav'n inspire thy soul
 With more than Roman fortitude and courage :
 They poorly fled to death, t'avoid misfortunes ;
 May Christian patience teach thee to o'ercome 'em.

[*Exit.*

Scan. In this extremity shall I invoke
 Thy awful genius, O majestic Rome ;
 Or Junius Brutus, thine ; who sacrific'd
 To public liberty, paternal love :

The younger Brutus; or the Greek Timoleon;
 Of self-denial great examples all:
 But all far short of what's required of me.
 These patriots offer'd to an injur'd world
 But guilty wretches, who deserv'd their fates.
 Would they have given up the best of men,
 And the most perfect of the gentler sex.
 To death, to worse than death, a tyrant's rage?
 No, nature unassisted cannot do it.
 To thee, I bow me then, fountain of life,
 Of wisdom and of power,
 Who know'st our frame, and mad'st us what we are;
 I ask not length of days, nor fame, nor empire:
 Give me to know and to discharge my duty,
 And leave th' event to thee——Amasie here!——

*Enter AMASIE, who kneels and lays his sword at
 SCANDERBEG's feet.*

Ama. Well may you turn away, justly disdain
 To cast one look upon the lost Amasie.
 Constant as truth, inflexible as justice,
 Above ambition, and the joys of sense,
 You must abhor the wretch, whose fatal weakness
 Betray'd him to such crimes, as make him hateful
 To Heaven, to all good men and to himself.

Scan. What com'st thou for, what canst thou hope
 from me?

Ama. I come for justice.

Scan. Justice must condemn thee.

Ama. I have condemn'd-myself; but dare not die,
 Till you, the proper judge, confirm the sentence.

Scan. When first you fell, I deeply mourn'd your
 loss.

But from that moment gave you up for ever.

Ama. Still you're my Prince! my native, rightful
 Prince.

Scan. Then what art thou?

Ama. The blackest, worst of traitors.

Scan. Be that thy punishment.

Ama. Dreadful decree!

'Tis more than I can bear——leave me not thus,
Is not the blood, that runs in either's veins,
Derived from the same source? Was I not once,
Howe'er unworthy, honour'd with your friendship,
Nam'd your successor? so belov'd, so trusted,
That all the envious pin'd, and all the good,
Look'd up with wonder at the glorious height,
To which your partial friendship had advanc'd me.

Scan. Ill judging man, thou aggravat'st thy crimes.

Ama. That cannot be; I but excite your justice.
Behold my guilty breast; strike and maintain
The honour of our house, wipe out this stain
Of its illustrious race and blot of friendship.

Scan. If your ambition were to fall by me,
You should have met me in the front of battle
With manly opposition, and receiv'd
The death thou seek'st for in the rage of war.
My sword descends not on a prostrate foe!
Tho' you've deserv'd to die, I've not deserv'd
To be your executioner.

Ama. Just Heaven!

Are you a Christian Prince, and will you spare
A black apostate?

Scan. Heaven can right itself
Without my aid, nor do I know on earth
So great, so just an object of compassion.
Live and repent.

Ama. I have and do repent,
But cannot live. The court of Amurath
Abhors a Christian; ev'ry Christian court
Detests a traitor.

Scan. Miserable man!

[*Aside.*

Ama. We're taught that Heaven is merciful and
kind.

Scan. What wretch dares doubt of that?

Ama. Then why am I

Denied to sue for peace and pardon there,
Since I must never hope for them on earth?

Scan. Have I the seeds of frailty in my nature?
Am I a man, like him, and can I see,
Unpitying and unmov'd, the bitter anguish,
The deep contrition of his wounded soul?
It will not be——O nature take your course,
I'll not resist your tenderest impressions. [*Aside.*
Suppress the tumult of your troubled mind;
You have o'ercome; I feel and share your sorrows.

Ama. O be less good or I shall die with shame.

Scan. I have been too slow to pardon.

[*Embracing.*

Ama. O my Prince!

My injur'd Prince!

Scan. Thy friend, thy friend, Amasie.

Ama. How have you rais'd me from the last
despair!

And dare you trust this rebel, this apostate?

Scan. 'Tis Heaven's prerogative alone to search
The hearts of men, and read their inmost thoughts;
I would be circumspect, not over wise;
Nor for one error, lose a friend for ever:
No, let me be deceiv'd ere want humanity.

Ama. The wisdom and beneficence of Heaven
Flow in your words, and bless all those who hear
'em. [*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Scan. What means this summons to a second par-
ley?

Ama. The Sultan's haste anticipates my purpose.
[*Aside.*

Something that much concerns your love and honour,
I have to say; but must defer it now,
And once more join his council; if I'm seen,
I lose the only means that's left to serve you.

Scan. You will return——

Ama. As certain as the night;
About the midst of which you may expect me.

Scan. You'll find me in my tent; The word's
——Althea.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. The Visier with the Princess of Durazzo,
Demands an audience.

Scan. Fly; and introduce 'em.
Can this be true?

Ama. Most true. The Sultan hopes
That your Althea's eyes will conquer for him:
Heaven guard your heart. Farewell—at night expect
me.

He's well deceiv'd; hypocrisy I thank thee.
Dark and profound as hell, what line can fathom,
Or eye explore the secret thoughts of men?
Yet once I fear'd I should betray myself
And be indeed the penitent I feign'd;
So much his virtue mov'd me. Curse his virtue!
He ever will excel me—let him die,
Tho' all my peace die with him—wretched man!
When shall I rest from envy and remorse?

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Scan. I shall once more behold Althea then.
So wretches are indulg'd the sight of Heaven
To sharpen pain, and aggravate their loss.
The blended beauties of the teeming spring,
Whate'er excels in nature's works besides,
Are vile to her, the glory of the whole.
Flowers fade and lose their odours, gems their bright-
ness,

And gold its estimation in her presence.
But see, she comes—Sure such a form betray'd
The first of men to quit his paradise,

And all the joys of innocence and peace,
 For those he found in her : yet had the lovely,
 Alas too lovely parent of mankind,
 Possess'd a mind, as much superior to
 Her outward form, as my Althea doth ;
 Mankind had never fell.

*Enter VISIER, ALTHEA, &c. Scanderbeg kneels
 and kisses her hand.*

Scan. O my Princess !

Al. My ever honour'd Lord !

Scan. To be your slave,

A captive to your charms, is more than to
 Be lord of humankind.

Al. The Visier, Prince.— [*Scanderbeg rises.*

Vis. Far be it, noble Scanderbeg, from me
 To intercept my royal master's bounty,
 Who wills you to enjoy freedom of speech,
 Uninterrupted, with the Christian Princess.
 I'll with the guards retire and wait your leisure.

[*Exit Visier, &c.*

Scan. O my Althea !

Al. Speak, I'm all attention.

Scan. O who can raise his thoughts to the occasion ?

Or doing that, reduce such thoughts to words ?

Al. I will assist you—we must part for ever.

Scan. Is that, is that so easy ? Righteous Heaven !
 It doth amaze me, and confound my reason
 To hear thee, thus calm and serene, pronounce
 The dreadful sentence.

Al. Is it not determin'd ?

Scan. To give thee back to slavery and chains !
 To bear the malice of a bloody tyrant
 Enraged by my refusal !——O Althea !
 Tho' heav'n must be obey'd, something is due
 To virtuous love. We may, we must confess

A sense of such unutterable woe.
When in return of my incessant vows,
You deign'd to crown my love, when expectation
Of the long sigh'd for bliss had rais'd my joys
To that exalted pitch, that I look'd down
With pity on mankind ; and only griev'd
To think they stood expos'd to disappointment,
Misery and pain, while I alone was happy.
Then, then to lose thee——

Al. O complain no more.
You move a weakness here, unworthy her,
Who would aspire to merit all your love.
I would have died like the mute sacrifice,
Which goes as cheerful and as unconcern'd,
To bleed upon the altar, as to sleep
Within its nightly fold.

Scan. Could'st thou do this!

Al. Had I not seen you thus, I think I should ;
But at your grief my resolution fails me :
I'm subdued : the woman, the weak, fond woman,
Swells in my heart, and gushes from my eyes.

Scan. What have I done ? The greatness of thy soul,
Not to be comprehended but by minds
Exalted as thy own, stagger'd my reason ;
And what was prudence and superior virtue,
I thought a wrong to love. Rash, thoughtless man !
To force a tenderness thou can'st not bear,
That stabs the very soul of resolution,
And leaves thee without strength to stem a torrent,
That asks an angel's force to meet its rage.

Al. To combat inclination, to subdue
Our own desires, and conquer by submission ;
Are virtues, prince, no angel ever knew.
While these are your's, shall I indulge my grief ?
——The storm is over, and I am calm again.

Scan. O thou eternal source of admiration !
What new wonder hast thou prepar'd to charm

My ravish'd soul ? where didst thou learn the art
To stop the tide of grief in its full flow,
And triumph o'er despair ?

Al. In you I triumph.

Tho' rackt and torn with more than mortal grief,
Amidst the pangs of disappointed love
And suff'ring friendship, do I not behold thee,
Still constant as the sun, that keeps its course,
Tho' storms and tempests vex the nether sky,
And low'ring clouds a while obscure his brightness.

Scan. Excellent, heavenly maid ! thou robb'st
thyself,

And attribut'st to me thy own perfections. [part

Al. Have you once question'd whether you should
With two the dearest things to man on earth,
A friend and mistress ; or renounce your faith,
The int'rest of mankind and cause of virtue ?

Scan. That were to purchase ev'n thee too dear :
That were a misery beyond thy loss :
That were, my princess ! to deserve to lose thee.

Al. That gracious power that wrought you for
this purpose,
That made you great to struggle with adversity,
And teach luxurious princes, by example,
What kings should be, and shame 'em into virtue ;
Behold with pleasure, you discharge the trust,
And act up to the dignity you're form'd for.

Scan. O whither would thy dazzling virtue soar ?
Is't not enough we yield to our misfortunes,
And bear afflictions, tho' with bleeding hearts.
Would'st thou attempt to raise pleasure from pain,
And teach the voice of mourning, songs of joy ?

Al. Small is my part and suited to my strength.
What is dying ? A wanton Cleopatra
Could smile in death and infants die in sleep.
What tho' my days are few and fill'd with sorrow !
Could vain prosperity to hoary age

Afford a happiness to be compar'd
 To dying now in such a glorious cause ;
 Lamented and belov'd by thee, the best
 And greatest of mankind——Then let us haste
 And close the scene.——You, good Paulinus, let
 The Visier know, I'm ready to return.

[*Exit Paulinus.*

Why are you pale, why do the gushing tears
 Blot the majestic beauty of your face ?
 Why is the hero in the lover lost ? [thee ;

Scan. Let angels, who attend in crowds to hear
 Let all the sons of liberty and fame ;
 Those who still wait, and those who have obtain'd
 The end of all their labours ; heav'n and earth,
 Angels and men, the living and the dead ;
 Behold and judge if ever man before
 Purchas'd the patriot's name, or sav'd his country,
 His faith and honour, at a price so dear.

Enter VISIER.

Vis. Well prince, may we not hope that those
 bright eyes
 Have charm'd your soul to peace ! Who would resist,
 When honour's gain'd by being overcome ?
 To yield to beauty, crowns the warrior's fame.

Scan. I'm not to learn how to esteem the princess ;
 But know the Sultan over-rates his power,
 When he presumes to barter for her love.
 Her mind is free and royal as his own ;
 Nor is she to be gain'd by doing what
 Would forfeit her esteem. And I must think
 This haste to know my mind, is fraud or fear.
 What needs there more ? the truce is unexpir'd :
 If your proud master wishes for a peace,
 We yet may treat on honourable terms.
 In the mean time receive the princess back.

Vis. Think what you do, great Sir.

Scan. I know my duty.

Al. Farewell, my Lord!

Scan. Farewell!—protect her heaven!

Al. Now let the fretful tyrant storm and rage,
The only danger we could fear is past.

[*Exeunt Althea & Visier.*

Scan. T'encounter hosts of foes is easier far,
Than to sustain this innate, bosom war;
This one unbloody conquest costs me more,
Than all the battles I e'er won before. [Exit.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The outward apartment in the Women's Tent. A guard of Eunuchs.*

Enter KISLER AGA.

K. A. 'TIS as I thought: our master is betray'd,
Who ever knew a renegade sincere?
This dog's a Christian still!

Enter AMASIE.

Ama. The victim is prepar'd.
If lust holds on her course, and revels yet
In the hot veins of rash, luxurious youth,
This Christian heroine, this second Lucrece,
In Mahomet shall find another Tarquin,
As cruel and remorseless as the first.

If I should fail in my attempt tonight,
 And Scanderbeg survive——Althea ravish'd——
 He'll wish himself, I had succeeded better. [*Aside.*
 Dismiss your useless train of prying slaves ;
 I've business that requires your ear alone.

[*Exeunt Eunuchs.*

A Grecian chief, who owns our master's cause,
 Must be admitted to the captive princess.
 'Tis of importance to the Sultan's service,
 That he should enter and depart unknown :
 I'll introduce him, while you watch without
 That none approach to give him interruption.

Aga. This I conceive ; but why he mov'd the lady
 To the remotest part of the pavillion
 I cannot comprehend. [*Aside.*

Ama. You know your duty !
 Your life shall answer for the least neglect.

Aga. I shall take care——[*Exit Amasie*] to ruin
 thee, thou traitor. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment ; Stage darken'd ;
 Table and Lamp.*

ALTHEA *discovered.*

Al. Is this a time and place for virtuous love ?
 This is the wanton's hour : now she forsakes
 Her home, and, hid in darkness, watches for her prey ;
 The soul, whom heav'n abhors, falls in her snares ;
 And pierc'd with guilt, as with an arrow, dies.
 Yon sickly lamp, that glimmers thro' my tears,
 Faintly contending with prevailing darkness,
 Spreads o'er the place a melancholy gloom,
 That soothes the joyless temper of my mind.
 So a pale meteor's dull and beamless flame
 To the bewilder'd traveller appears,
 And adds new horrors to the cheerless night.
 ——Is error then the lot of all mankind ?

It is, it is——for Scanderbeg is fallen.——
 O! what could move him to the rash attempt?
 If he should perish, as the danger's great,
 How will th' insulting infidels rejoice?
 How will the foe, with scornful triumph sing,
 As a fool dies, so died this mighty chief;
 His hands unbound, no fetters on his feet,
 But as an idiot by his folly falls,
 So fell the champion of the Christian cause.

Enter MAHOMET drest like SCANDERBEG, fastening the door on the inside.

He's come, and all my sorrows are complete,
 Are you pursued!——O my prophetic fears!——
 If undiscover'd you have enter'd here,
 This caution's needless; if betray'd, in vain.

Ma. Of such a prize who can be too secure?

Al. 'Tis not his voice——defend me, O defend me,
 All gracious heaven!

Ma. Dost thou not know me, princess?

Al. Alas! too well! [*Aside.*] Sure you've mistook
 your way,

Or came perchance to seek some other here;
 Howe'er that be, permit me to retire.

Ma. Mistaken fair; or is this ign'rance feign'd;
 'Tis you alone I seek. Impetuous love,
 That will not be resisted, brought me here
 To lay my life and fortune at your feet.

Al. Then I'm betray'd, basely betray'd, just Heaven!
 Expos'd, perhaps devoted to a ruin,
 From which the grave itself is no retreat,
 And time can ne'er repair. Be gracious, Sir,
 To an unhappy maid!—Or I'm deceiv'd,
 Or you, my Lord, were pleas'd to mention love;
 Of that, alas! I am forbid to hear;
 Compassion better suits my humble state,
 That I entreat; have pity on me, prince,

Dispel my fears, and send me from your presence.

Ma. Grant what you ask ; I need compassion too ;
Your beauty's necessary to my peace :
Then yield, in pity to yourself and me,
What else I'll take by force : consent to make me
Happy, and in return, when time shall give
The sceptre to my hand, I'll make thee queen
Of half the conquer'd globe.

Al. Know, impious prince !
If one loose thought would buy the whole, I'd scorn
It at that price.

Ma. Then rifled and abandon'd,
Live thou the scorn both of the world and me.
You have your choice ; I came not here to talk.

Al. O ! what were all my former woes to this ?
Under the pain of absence, hard captivity
And my late fears, patience and fortitude
Were my support ; patience and fortitude
Are useless now. Shame and dishonour are
Not to be born. Father ! Arantes ! haste,
And like Virginius preserve your daughter.
Come Castriot, come, Althea calls thee now
To certain death, to save her from pollution.

Ma. Call louder yet ; your idols do not hear.

Al. Tho' none should hear, yet sorrow must complain.

Ma. Your moving softness fans my am'rous flame,
No help can reach thee——All thy friends are absent ;
Wisely comply, and make a friend of me.

Al. All are not absent ; he whose presence fills
Both heaven and earth ; he, he is with me still ;
Sees my distress, numbers my flowing tears,
And understands the voice of my complainings,
Tho' sorrow drowns my speech.

Ma. I'll wait no longer ;
Nor ask again for that I've power to take.
Now you may strive, as I have begg'd in vain.

Al. O thou, whose hand sustains the whole creation;
 Who cloth'st the woods, the vallies and the fields;
 Who hear'st the hungry lion, when he roars;
 And feed'st the eagle on the mountain's top;
 Shut not thine ear——turn not away thy face;
 Be not as one far off, when danger's near;
 Or like an absent friend to the distress'd——
 Assist me, save me——only thou canst save me——
 O let me not invoke thy aid in vain.

Am. [*without.*] Force, force an entrance.

Ma. Ha! who dares do this? [*the door burst open.*]

Enter AMURATH, VISIER, KISLER AGA and
Guards.

Ma. Sham'd and prevented! O my cursed fortune!
[*pair.*]

Al. My prayers are heard; let virtue ne'er des-
Vis. Guard well the passage.

K. Aga. Who secures his sword? [*escape.*]

Vis. Scanderbeg yield! thou can'st not hope to

Am. To fall so meanly after all thy wars——
 Well may'st thou hide thy face.

Vis. Blinded by love,
 My lord, he miss'd his way.

Am. True, Osmyn, true:
 That poor excuse for madness, vice and folly,
 Is all this mighty hero has to plead.
 —A fair account of life and honour lost.

I hop'd not triumph—Prophet, 'tis too much——
 I ask'd but vengeance—bring him to my tent.
 When mirth declining calls for something new,
 We'll think upon the manner of his death.

Ma. Away, you dogs! confusion, death and hell!
[*Exit.*]

Al. They stand aghast. Deliverance waits the just,
 But short's the triumph of deceitful men.
 Turn'd on themselves, their own devices cover

Them with shame. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*

Vis. I'm lost in admiration!

It is the Prince Mahomet.

Am. Wonder, rage

And disappointment drive me to distraction.

Kisler Aga, expect to answer this. [*heard.*

K. Aga. Let not my lord condemn his slave un-
Amasie, whom I ever thought a villain,
Going this evening to the captive Princess;
I follow'd unperceiv'd, and so dispos'd me
As to o'erhear him: who with many oaths,
Assur'd Althea, Scanderbeg was come;
Conceal'd by night, and in his faith secure,
Once more to see her and repeat his vows.
Of this I thought myself in duty bound
T'inform my royal master.

Am. You are clear.

K. Aga. The caution us'd to introduce the Prince,
Seem'd to confirm the truth of what I heard.

Am. Leave us — Enough; your conduct merits
praise. [*Exit K. Aga.*

Vis. Th' affrighted fair is fled to her apartment.

Am. Degenerate boy! thou art my witness, Allah,
Not so I spent my youth, and won his mother;
Tho' much I lov'd, and long I sigh'd in vain.
Tis vile and base to do a private wrong:
'When kings, as kings, do ill; the office then
Must justify the man.

Vis. A believing monarch,
Obedient to the messenger of Heaven,
Can never err.

Am. Our Prophet, by the sword,
First taught the stubborn Arabs to believe,
And writ his laws in blood.

Vis. He knew mankind.

Nay, yet the priests of all religions teach,
Whate'er is done to propagate the faith,

Must from its end be good.

Am. Thus do I stand

Acquitted to myself; and Scanderbeg,

Tho' by assassination, justly falls.

Tomorrow's sun shall shine for me alone.

Yet, O! my faithful Osmyn, all's not well:

I know not how, my spirits kindle not

As they were wont, when glory was in view.

True, I rejoice; and yet, methinks my joy

Is like the mirth wrung from a man in pain. [health.

Vis. Guard, righteous Heaven, thy great vicegerent's

Am. The body sympathizes with the mind!

As that with what we love. My languor may

Be the effect of my Hellena's grief;

I live in her. My pleasures are improv'd,

My pains forgot, when I behold her face;

The tend'rest, fondest, most belov'd of children.

Vis. O! what has happen'd, Sir?

Am. This evening, Osmyn,

When I commanded her to love Amasie:

And look upon him, as her future lord,

An ashy paleness spread o'er all her face,

And gushing tears bespoke her strong aversion:

But when t'inhance his merit I disclos'd

The purpos'd murder of his native prince;

Had I pronounc'd the sentence of her death,

Sure less had been her terror and surprize.

Kneeling, she call'd on heaven and earth to witness

Her utter detestation of the fact,

And everlasting hatred of Amasie,

His person and design.

Vis. Unhappy princess!

To be compell'd to marry where she hates.

Am. O! she abhors him, loaths his very name;

Yet still her filial piety prevail'd;

She hung upon my neck; pray'd for my life,

My honour, my success; and took her leave

In such endearing strains, as if she never
 Had been to see me more. Her moving softness
 Melted my old tough heart—I kiss'd her—sigh'd,
 And wept as fast as she. Our mingled tears
 Together flow'd down my shrunk wither'd cheeks,
 And trickled from my beard—O! should my thirst
 Of vengeance kill my child; should she t'avoid
 Amasie, fly to death—what could support me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A wood, thro' which is seen the Christian camp.*

Enter HELLENA and CLEORA in men's apparel.

Cle. Where are we, Princess! whither will you wander?

Hel. We've gain'd the utmost summit of the moun-
 I hear the neigh of horses—See'st thou not [tain.
 Those lights that glimmer thro' the trees, Cleora?
 The Christian camp's before us.

Cle. Righteous Allah! the Christian camp!—

Hel. 'Tis thither I am bound.

Cle. Distraction!

Hel. I am determined.

Cle. Hear me, Princess!

Once take the counsel of your faithful slave,
 And yet return before our flight be known.

Hel. O! no, Cleora! I must ne'er return.

Cle. Then in your father's empire let us seek
 Some far remote and unfrequented village;
 Where thus disguis'd, you may remain unknown
 To all, but me; 'till death shall end your sorrows.
 Why are you come to find new dangers here?
 Alas! I thought you only fled Amasie.

Hel. Why should I fly from him? in his despite
 I could have died, ev'n in my father's arms.

Death, ever at my call, had been a sure
 Defence from his more loath'd embraces. Gentle
 maid,

Think it not hard, that I've conceal'd from thee
 My real intention, 'till 'twas past thy power,
 Had'st thou the inclination to prevent it. [long,

Cle. Break, break my heart, for I have liv'd too
 Since I'm suspected by my royal mistress.

Hel. I fear'd thy fond affection would have weigh'd
 Each danger with too scrupulous a hand.
 I know 'twill strike thee with the last amazement
 To hear I've left the bosom of a father,
 Howe'er severe to others kind to me,
 To seek his mortal foe.

Cle. Your reason's lost.

Hel. No ; I remember well the terrors past,
 And count on those to come ; both worse than death.
 Conscious of my weak sex, with all its fears,
 To pass by night thro' camps of hostile men,
 And urge the presence of that awful Prince,
 My soul in secret has so long ador'd——
 When I shall see him, should his piercing eye
 Trace me thro' my disguise ! O my Cleora !
 Will not my falt'ring tongue, my crimson cheeks,
 My panting heart and trembling limbs betray me ?
 What think'st thou ? Say ; shall I not die with shame
 When I would speak, and leave my tale untold.

Cle. These and a thousand difficulties more
 Oppose your purpose ; then in time retire.

Hel. No more ; away ; my resolution's fixt.
 The glory and the danger's both before me,
 And both are mine—you were necessary
 To my escape——That's past——'Tis true indeed,
 Your service has by far excell'd my bounty :
 Here take these jewels, and go seek thy safety ;
 I can pursue my purpose by myself.

Enter PAULINUS, with a Guard ; who come from the farther part of the stage and stand listening for some time.

Cle. O how have I deserv'd this cruel usage ?
If I've discover'd any signs of fear,
'Twas never for myself——Go where you please,
I'll follow you to death.

Hel. Kind, faithful maid——
Wherefore should I involve thee in my ruin ?

Cle. 'Tis ruin to forsake you.

Hel. Mine is certain ;
Thou may'st have many happy years to come.

Pau. Stand, there.——Who are you?——Answer
to the guard.

Hel. Fatal surprize ! what must we answer ?

Cle. Friends.

Pau. Make it appear——this instant——Give the word.
——Silent——Some spiessent from the Sultan's camp.
Lest favour'd by the darkness of the night,
The traitors should escape, guard ev'ry passage.

Hel. Scanderbeg must die. [*Guards surround them.*

Off. Not by thy hand

If mine can aim aright, thou bloody villain !

[*Wounds Hellena. She falls.*

Hel. Untimely fate !

Cle. Where are you ?

Hel. Here on the earth.

Cle. You're wounded then ?

Hel. Alas ! to death, Cleora.

Cle. Prophet, I do not charge you with injustice ;
But I must grieve, and wonder things are thus.

Hel. Too hasty death, couldst thou not stay a little,
Little longer ; the business of my life
Had soon been done, and I had come to thee.

Pau. Moving sounds ! I fear you've been too rash.
Ill fated youths, who are you, and from whence ?

What dire misfortune brought you to this place?

Hel. It matters not, who, or from whence we are;
But as you prize your royal master's life,
Conduct me to him strait : mine ebbs apace,
Yet on its short duration his depends.

Pau. Your adjuration is of such a force,
His own commands would scarce oblige me more.
Sir, I'll attend you.

Hel. All you fleeting powers,
Sight, speech and motion ; O ! forsake me not
So near my journey's end ; assist me to
Perform this only task, and take your flight for ever.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Scanderbeg's Tent.*

Scan. Degenerate Rome! by godlike Brutus freed
From Cæsar and his temporary chain
Your own ingratitude renew'd those bonds,
Beneath whose galling weight you justly perish'd.
If freedom be heaven's universal gift,
Th' unalienable right of humankind,
Were all men virtuous, there would be no slaves.
Despotic power, that root of bitterness,
That tree of death, that spreads its baleful arms
Almost from pole to pole ; beneath whose cursed
shade,
No good thing thrives, and ev'ry ill finds shelter ;
Had found no time for its detested growth,
But for the follies and the crimes of men.
In ev'ry climate, and in ev'ry age,
Where arts and arms and public virtue flourish'd,
Ambition, dangerous only to itself,
Crush'd in its infancy, still found a grave
Where it attempted to erect a throne.

Enter HELLENA, supported by PAULINUS and CLEORA; Guards following.

Hel. My blood flows faster, and my throbbing heart

Beats with redoubled force, now I behold him ;

O take me to thy arms—I die Cleora! [*Swoons.*]

Pau. He faints; support him, while we search his wound.

Cle. Away; and touch him not—O gracious Prince!
If ever pity mov'd your royal breast,
Let all depart except yourself and us.

Scan. Let all withdraw. [*Exit Paulinus, &c.*]
Now, gentle youth, inform me,

Why you oppose th' assistance of your friend?

Cle. She's gone, she's gone: O Heavens! she's past assistance.

Scan. Think what you say and recollect your reason.

Cle. O mighty Prince! we are not what we seem,
But hapless women.

Scan. Ha!

Cle. Women; and sure
The most distress'd, and wretched of our sex.
T'increase your admiration, view this face.

Scan. Sure I have known these lovely features well;
But when, or where, my recollection fails me. [now;

Cle. And well it may. O! who could know thee
Never enough deplor'd, unhappy Princess.

Scan. Fearful suggestion! sure my eyes deceive me!
Forbid it Heaven, that this should be Hellena.

Hel. Who was it call'd upon the lost Hellena?

Scan. Ha! she revives; fly instantly for aid.

Hel. It was his voice——false maid, thou hast
betray'd me.

Stay—whither would'st thou go? I'm past all aid:
The friendly hand of death will quickly close

These ever streaming eyes, and end my shame.
O Prince! the most distinguish'd and belov'd
By righteous Allah, of his works below ;
You see the daughter of relentless Amurath,
Sunk with her father's crimes, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Expiring at your feet. My weakness stands
Confess'd, but be it so ! I will no more
Lament my painful, hopeless, fatal flame,
Since Heav'n ordain'd it for your preservation.

Scan. When will my wonder and my anguish cease ?

Hel. I'm come to save you, prince, from falling by
A vile assassin's arm ; the false Amasie,
Has deeply sworn your death ; ev'n now he comes
To plunge his bloody poniard in your breast.

Scan. Fatal mistake! what base detractor has
Traduc'd my friend ; and wrought thee, gen'rous
Princess

To thy ruin ?

Hel. Doth not the traitor come
Here by appointment ?

Scan. Ha !

Hel. Whence learnt I that ?
Be not deceiv'd, but guard your precious life ;
Or I shall die in vain. For me this bloody
Enterprize was form'd ; my feeble charms,
That wound but where I hate, the motive to
This crime.

Scan. Just Heav'n ! that I could longer doubt it !

Cle. Alas ! she's going—raise her, gently raise her.

Hel. My head grows dizzy.

Scan. Lean it on my breast.

Hel. This is indeed no time to stand on forms.

Scan. The pains, the agonies of death are on her ;
And yet she suffers less, much less, than I.
What generous heart can bear it ?

Hel. Do not grieve :
And yet methinks your pity sooths my pain.

Scan. Why would'st thou give thy life to ransom mine?

Would I had died, or yet could die, to save thee.

Hel. I'd not exchange my death, lamented thus
And in your arms, for any other's life——
Unless Althea's.

Scan. Were Althea here
She would forget her own severe distress,
And only weep for yours.

Hel. May she be happy!
Yet had you never seen her, who can tell,
You sometimes might, perhaps, have thought on me.

Scan. He in my place who could refrain from tears,
Unenvied let him boast of his brutality.
I'm not asham'd to own myself a man.

Hel. Farewell, Cleora!——weep not, gentle maid;
I recommend her, sir, to your protection.
And, O victorious Prince! if e'er hereafter
Conquest should give my father to your sword
——Then think on me——suspend your lifted arm.
And spare——O spare his life——forget your wrongs;
Or think them punish'd in his daughter's loss. [*Dies.*]

Scan. Her gentle soul is fled; she rests in peace;
While we, methinks, like gratitude and grief,
Form'd by the sculptor's art to grace her urn;
Moving, tho' lifeless; eloquent, tho' dumb;
Excite incurious mortals to explore,
Virtues so rare, and trace the shining store,
That could a life so short so well supply;
Yet mourn with us such excellence should die.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *The Christian camp.*

Enter SCANDERBEG: AMASIE *in chains,*
PAULINUS, &c.

Scan. COULD love, that fills each honest, gen'rous
breast

With double ardour to excel in virtue,
Conclude, thou wretch! what malice first began,
And finish thee a villain? Thou wouldst die——
We'll disappoint thee——live, tortur'd with guilt,
A terror to thyself: Or let the Sultan,
The vile abettor of thy crimes, reward thee;
We know no punishment to suit thy guilt.
This is a Christian land. Our laws were made
For men, not monsters.—Take him from my sight.

[*Exit Amasie.*]

'Tis needless to repeat that by hostility,
Of the worst kind, our faithless enemies
Have broke the truce. We're now again prepar'd
Once more to prove the fortune of our arms;
And try by honest force, seeing all treaties
With such perfidious men are vain, to free
Our captive friends, and drive these fierce destroyers
From Epirus. Paulinus with your squadrons
Attack the trenches westward of the city,
T'amuse the foe, and draw their force that way;
Then I'll, with the remaining troops, assault
Th' east; where doubly intrench'd the royal tents,
(The prison of Althea and her father,)
Raise their aspiring heads. I need not say,
Acquit yourselves like men; I know you well;
Nor spur you on with hopes of promised wealth.
I have no useless stores of hoarded gold.

My revenues, you know, have been the spoils
Of vanquish'd foes ; these I have shar'd amongst you.
Would you have more ? Our enemies have enough :
Subdue your foes, and satisfy yourselves.

Let each commit himself to that just power,
Who still has been our guide and sure defence.

Be valiant, not presumptuous. Seek his aid,
Who by our weakness magnifies his strength.

Now follow me, my fellow soldiers, and remember
You fight the cause of liberty and truth, } *drawing*
Your native land, Arantes and Althea. } *his sword.*

All. Huzza ! Liberty ! Justice ! Arantes and
Althea ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Sultan's Tent.*

AMURATH, K. AGA *and an OFFICER.*

Am. Amasie's not return'd——should he betray me
And join with Scanderbeg to free the captives!——

That officer's his creature——Mustapha !

Resign Arantes to the Kisler Aga——

Conduct him to Althea. Let Amasie,

That un auspicious slave, be true or false,

Succeed or perish, they shall surely die :

So tell the father——Hence you slaves, be gone.

Now let me think——There must have been a change,

A revolution in the source of things.

The former chain of beings is dissolv'd :

Effects roll backward, and direct their causes,

And nature is no more. Thou hoary wretch,

Tear thy white locks, abandon ev'ry hope,

Renounce humanity and all its ties.

Duty and virtue, gratitude and love,

Forsook the world, when my Hellena fled.

May order ne'er return to bless mankind ;

Let discord rage, ne'er let affection meet ;

But parents curse, and children disobey ;

Or either's kindness be repaid with hate.
 'Till ev'ry child and ev'ry sire on earth,
 Be in each other curs'd as me and mine.

Enter VISIER.

Vis. Not yet at rest?

Am. A parent and at rest!—

Vis. The Christians have storm'd the trenches to
 ward the west,

Unless your presence animate the troops
 All will be lost.

Am. Hellena's lost already!

Vis. Sure Amasie has fail'd, and Scanderbeg
 Is come upon us to revenge th' attempt.

Am. 'Tis well. Wak'd from my lethargy of grief
 I yet may reach his heart.

Vis. Regard your health,
 And leave the business of this night to us;
 A burning fever rages in your blood. [*Alarm.*]

Am. Fame calls me forth. Again I hear her voice.
 Earth shakes, and Heav'n reverberates the sound.
 Affrighted night sits trembling on her throne;
 Tumult has driven silence from her confines,
 And half her empire 's lost. When glory calls,
 Shall age or sickness keep me from the field?
 No; in spite of both I'll die like Amurath;
 Like what I've liv'd, a soldier and a king.

Vis. He's desperate and will not be oppos'd.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *The Turkish camp.*

Alarm, Soldiers flying.

Soldiers within, Fly, fly; Scanderbeg, Scanderbeg
 Fly, fly.

Enter AMURATH and VISIER, meeting the rout.

Am. Turn back, you slaves.

Soldiers within. Fly, fly; Scanderbeg, fly!

Am. Ah! cowards, villains! doth his name affright you?

Are there such terrors in an empty sound?

And is my rage contemn'd? but you shall find

Death is as certain from my arm as his. [do

Vis. O spare your faithful slaves! What can men Against a power, invincible, like Heav'n's?

Am. And must it be, like Heav'n's, eternal too?

Vis. Retire, my lord, into the inner camp,

And there securely wait a better hour:

For this is the Epirot's.

Am. Slave thou liest!

This hour is mine: I'll triumph o'er him yet.

This hour his friend and mistress both shall die.

The royal brute, tho' in the hunter's toils,

Pierc'd with a thousand wounds, is still a lion;

Dreadful in death and dang'rous to the last. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Althea's apartment.*

Al. Was ever night like this? what terrors have

I past? and, O! what terrors yet surround me?

A loud deaf'ning sound, that seem'd the voice

Of a chas'd multitude, or many waters

Vex'd to a storm, first spread through all the camp;

Then shrieks and cries and yellings of despair;

Mix'd with the shouts of victory and joy.

Sure sleep has left all eyes, as well as mine.

Fate is at work; I sink beneath my fears.

Since I have known a danger worse than death

My courage has forsook me.

Enter ARANTHES.

Ha! who comes

At this late hour? Protect me righteous Heaven!

Ar. Why, my Althea! dost thou fly thy father?

Al. Sure 'tis his voice ! O gracious Heav'n it is,
It is my father.—Most unlook'd for joy !

Ar. Do I once more behold thee, my Althea ! [ing ?

Al. To whose bless'd bounty do we owe this meet-

Ar. Thou dearest earthly bliss, this moment's our's,
No matter how attain'd ; I have thee now
In my fond arms, and would indulge my joy,
Nor think how soon 'twill end. Why should poor
mortals,

To trouble born, anticipate their pains ?

Al. I can't conceal my fears : if you again
Must leave me here, the sun in all its course,
Sees not a wretch so lost as poor Althea.

Ar. Alas ! why will you urge me to disclose
What would, tho' I were silent, soon be known.
The wrathful Sultan has pronounc'd our death.
Yes, I am come to die with thee, my child !

Al. Then we shall part no more.

My soul's at peace——Forgive, O righteous Heaven
My weak distrust of thy almighty power,
Thy kindness and protection. O my father !
I wish'd t'have died alone ; yet at your death,
I must not, dare not murmur or complain ;
Since Heav'n with you permits me to descend,
Pure and unspotted to the peaceful grave.

Ar. Heroic maid ! O most exalted virtue. [*Aside,*

Al. Why do you hide your face, why [weeping.
turn you from me ?

Be not surprised, nor charge me with unkindness.

There is, my dearest father ! one calamity,

Tho' sure but one, by far more dreadful

Ev'n than thy death——O speak, speak to me, sir !

Ar. Good Heav'n ! my joy's too great ;—I cannot
speak.

Tears must relieve me, or my heart will burst.

I thank thee, Heav'n ! I have not liv'd in vain.

This happy hour o'er pays an age of sorrow.

My child ! my life ! my soul ! my dear Althea !
 Thy bright example fires my emulation ;
 Thou hast the start, but must not bear away
 The victor's palm alone, and shame thy father.
 No, my Althea ! to that bounteous hand [mine,
 Which made thee what thou art, and made thee
 Without the least reluctance, I'll resign thee.—
 And see the trial comes.

Enter KISLER AGA and Mutes.

Aga. Forgive, fair Princess, a devoted slave,
[Kneeling.]

Who knows no will, but his imperial lord's ;
 No merit, but obedience. Could my tears
 Have mov'd the Sultan, I had been excus'd
 This fatal visit.

Al. Kisler Aga, rise ;
 Spite of thy office, thou hast a human soul.
 What are thy master's orders ? Art thou come
 A second time to my deliverance ?

Aga. If
 Death, sudden, violent and immature,
 Be a deliverance ; you will soon be free.

Al. To minds prepared death stripp'd of all its
 terrors,
 In any form, at any hour, is welcome.

Aga. Whether the Sultan raging for the loss
 Of his lov'd daughter, thinks that other's pain,
 In the same kind, would mitigate his own ;
 Or from some other cause, I cannot say ;
 But he has order'd that the lady first
 Should suffer death, her father being present.—
 I see you're mov'd.

Ar. I am :—But 'tis with scorn
 Of your proud master's impotence and malice.
 Alas ! I'm not to learn my child is mortal.

Aga. These eager bloodhounds growl at my delay,
And will, perhaps, accuse me to the Sultan.

Al. Obey the tyrant, let them do their office.

Aga. I must; but heaven can tell with what reluctance.

The only favour in my power to grant,
Is the sad choice of dying by the bowstring,
The fatal poniard, or this pois'nous draught.

Al. Give me the bowl. Death this way seems less frightful,
Than from the hands of rude and barbarous men.

Ar. Farewell, my child!

Al. Assist me with your prayers.

Ar. My prayers have been incessant as thy own,
And both are heard—Fear not—thy crown's prepar'd;

And Heav'n, with all its glories, lies before thee:
Millions of angels wait to guard the passage;
Thou can'st not miss thy way.

Al. Should Heav'n preserve you?—
Should you live to see him?—commend me to
My lord—Tell him, that I die his—that Heav'n,
Which calls me now, is only lov'd beyond him.—
That I'm not lost—that we shall meet again.—
Bid him not grieve.— [Alarm.

Enter SCANDERBEG, &c.

He flies to ALTHEA.

Scan. Away you sacrilegious slaves—she lives—
I have her warm and panting in my arms—
Lift up thy eyes, dearer to mine than light—
O let me hear the music of thy voice,
Lest I should doubt I come too late to save thee,
And discord seize my soul.

Al. Surprise is dumb.

So sudden a transition who can bear?
 My thoughts were all just reconcil'd to death,
 But thou hast call'd them back. The love of life,
 That seem'd extinguish'd in me, now returns.
 O! If there is a happiness on earth,
 Here I must find it, here and only here.

Scan. Arantes too!—he lives!—Consummate joy!

Ar. And lives by thee, thou glorious happy youth,
 O let me press thee in my longing arms——
 My child too!—my Althea!

Al. O my father!

Ar. Complete felicity!

Al. O dangerous bliss! [*Weeps.*]

Scan. Why weeps my life?

Al. Some have their portion here:
 Flatt'ring prosperity has ruin'd thousands,
 Whom death with all its terrors could not shake.
Scan. Thy pious fears shall guard us from that
 danger.

Al. Is not the glory of both worlds too much
 For frail, imperfect mortals to expect!

Scan. Our happiness, tho' great, is far from perfect;
 Since she, the fair unfortunate Hellena,
 To whom next Heav'n we owe it, is no more.
 I cannot blame your tears; this is no time
 To tell the mournful tale, that must, whene'er
 Remember'd, make me sad, tho' crown'd with victory,
 And in thy arms.—Croia, reliev'd, expects us:
 My grateful subjects will for thy deliv'rance
 Express more joy, than that their foes are fled.

Enter PAULINUS, and the SULTAN, Prisoner.

Pau. Hail glorious king! your conquest is complete;
 Behold ambitious Amurath your captive.

Scan. Take off his chains.

Am. What pageantry is this!

Scan. Sound a retreat; since none resist, let war

And slaughter cease. It grieves my soul to think
The crimes of one should cost mankind so dear.

Pau. Sir, how will you dispose the cruel tyrant?

Scan. Give him his liberty, and leave him here
Till he shall think it proper to retire.

Such of his subjects as attend him now,
Or shall repair hither to do him service,
Shall all be safe: his lovely, virtuous daughter,
Worthy a better race and happier fate,
Preserv'd my life.

Am. Dogs! slaves! will none dispatch me?
Must I hear this; yet be compell'd to live?

Scan. Unhappy man! how will he bear the rest?
When justice strikes let guilty mortals tremble
And all revere her power, but none insult
The miserable. Her impartial sword
Scorns to assist man's selfish, low revenge:
T'avoid her anger let us shun the thought.
Be witness, heaven! I pity and forgive him.

[*Exeunt Scan. Aran. & Althea.*]

Am. Can this be true! Am I cast down from that
Majestic height, where like an earthly god,
For more than half an age, I sat enthron'd,
To the abhorr'd condition of a slave!
A pardon'd slave! What! live to be forgiven!
And all this brought upon me by Hellena!
Should our prophet return to earth and swear it
I'd tell him to his face that he was perjur'd.
Hell wants the pow'r and Heav'n would never curse
To that degree a doating, fond, old man.—
What, make my child! my loving, gentle child!
The instrument and author of my ruin!

Enter VISIER, Officers and AMASIE.

Vis. Beg them to halt; blast not a parent's eye
With such a sight.

Am. What sight? but 'tis no matter;
There's nothing left for me to hope or fear.

Vis. A mourning troop of Christians from their camp
In solemn pomp's arriv'd; who, bath'd in tears,
(What en'my could refrain?) attend a chariot,
That bears Hellena bleeding, pale and dead.

Am. False Mahomet! [Swoons.

Off. Our royal master's dead!

Vis. No! he revives; Alas! he's not so happy!

Am. I saw Amasie.

Vis. Here the traitor stands,
By Scanderbeg committed to your mercy.

Ama. Hellena did prevent me.—

Am. Damn'd apostate,
I've heard enough and have no time to lose.—
See him impal'd alive; we'll let him know
As much of hell as can be known on earth,
And go from pain to pain. [Exit Amasie.
Where is my son?

Vis. Fled towards Adrianople.

Am. He doth well:

Death has o'ertook me here. Lord of so many
Fair, spacious kingdoms, in a hostile land,
Oppress'd with age, misfortunes, grief and shame,
Amurath breathes his last; and leaves his bones
To beg from foes an ignominious grave.
False or ungrateful prophet! have I spread
Fell devastation over half the globe,
To raise thy crescent's pale, uncertain light,
Above the Christian's glowing, crimson cross,
In hoary age to be rewarded thus!—
When the Hungarian king had broke his faith;
Distress'd to his own prophet I appeal'd,
A stranger, and an enemy; he did me right;
Restor'd lost vict'ry to my flying troops,
And gave the perjur'd monarch to my sword.

But I have done——Could'st thou repent, there's
nothing

In thy power worth my acceptance now,
Glory, to thee I've liv'd, but pining grief
Robs thee of half the honour of my death.
Osmyn, and you my other faithful chiefs,
The poor remains of all the mighty host
I brought to this curs'd siege, this grave of my renown,
If you return, and live to see my son,
Bid him remember how his father fell ;
Bid him ne'er sheath the sword,
Till my diminish'd fame shine forth and blaze anew
In his revenge. Revenge me ! Oh ! Revenge. [*Dies.*

Vis. Eclips'd and in a storm our sun is set :
And now methinks, as when our prophet fled,
Terror should seize on each believing heart.
Let some inform the king——This was his fate ;
'Tis ours to be left without a guide.
Disperse, wander, away ; our shepherd's lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SCANDERBEG, ARANTHES, ALTHEA, PAU-
LINUS *and* Guards.

Scan. That you are free and happy I rejoice.
If I have faithfully discharg'd my trust
I'm well rewarded here.

Pau. O royal Sir !
Your happiness is ours ; this virtuous princess
An equal blessing to yourself and people.

2d Off. To say each subject loves you as himself,
Is less than truth : we love you as we ought ;
As a free people should a patriot king.

Scan. This is to reign ; this is to be a king.
Who can controul his power, who rules the will
Of those o'er whom he reigns ; or count his wealth,
Who has the hearts of subjects that abound.
Was ever prince so absolute as I ?

Pau. Or ever subjects so entirely free?
Whose duty 's interest, and obedience choice.

Scan. For this alone was government ordain'd;
And kings are gods on earth but while, like gods,
They do no ill, but reign to bless mankind.
May proud, relentless Amurath's misfortunes
Teach future monarchs to avoid his crimes.
Th' impious prince, who does all laws disown,
Yet claims from Heav'n a right to hold his throne,
Blasphemes that pow'r, which righteous kings obey;
For justice and mercy bound ev'n th' Almighty's sway.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Clive.

THE serious bus'ness of the night being over,
 Pray, Ladies, vour opinion of our lover?
 Will you allow the man deserves the name,
 Who quits his mistress to preserve his fame?
 And what was fame in that romantic age?—
 But sure such whims ne'er were but on the stage.
 A statesman rack his brains, a soldier fight—
 Merely to do an injur'd people right. }
 What! serve his country, and get nothing by't! }
 Why, ay, says Bays, George Castriot was the man;
 'Tis a known truth— Believe him those who can.
 Not but we've patriots too, tho' I am told }
 There's a vast diff'rence 'twixt the new and old: }
 Say, theirs could fight, I'm sure that ours can scold. }
 But to the glory of the present race, }
 No stubborn principles their worth debase; }
 Patriots when out, are courtiers when in place. }
 So, vice versa, turn a courtier out,
 No weather-cock more swiftly veers about.
 His country now, good man! claims all his care,
 Who'd see it plunder'd? that's denied his share.

Since courtiers and anticourtiers both have shown
 That by the public good they mean their own;
 What if each Briton, in his private station,
 Should try to bilk those, who embroil the nation;
 Quit either faction, and, like men, unite
 To do their king and injur'd country right:
 Both have been wrong'd: prevent their guilty joy,
 Who would your mutual amity destroy.

Would you preserve your freedom ? guard his throne,
Who makes your peace and happiness his own.
Would you be grateful ? let your monarch know
Which way you would be blest, and make him so.

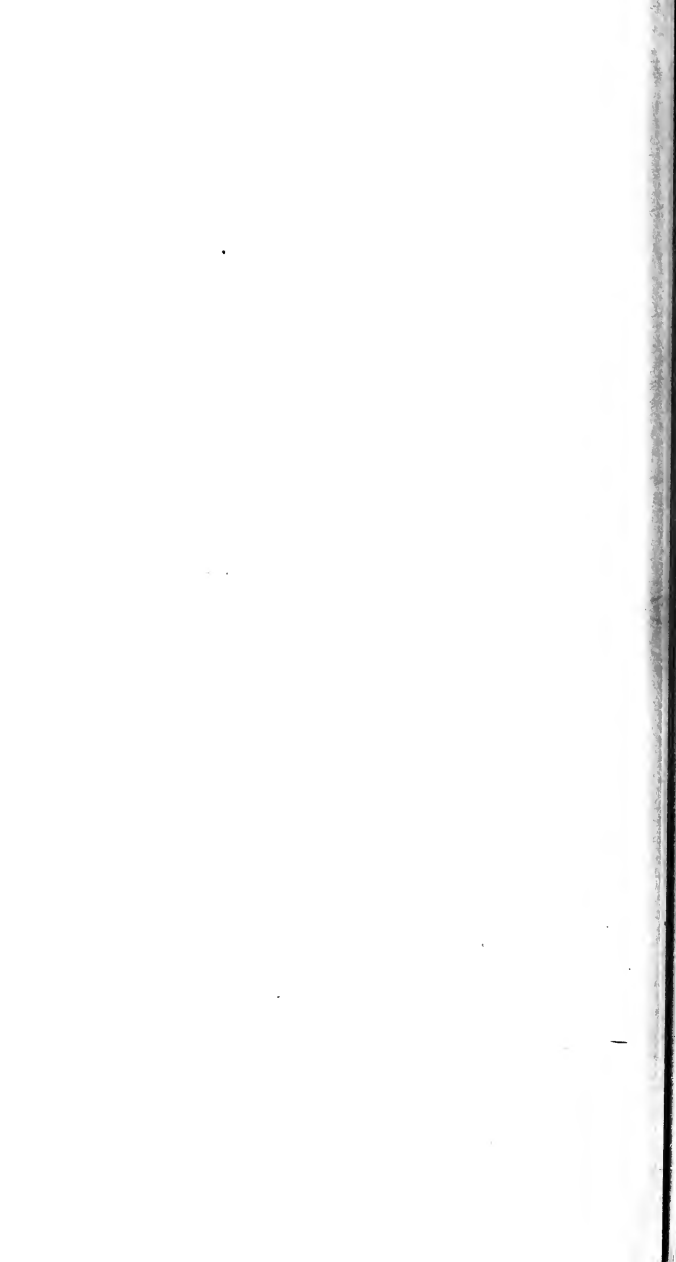
But soft, methinks, I hear some fops complain ;
Who came prepar'd to give the ladies pain,
That they have dress'd and spent—Gad's curse—
three hours in vain. }

No hints obscene, improv'd by their broad stare,
Have given confusion to the tortur'd fair.

We own the charge. Let Monsieur Harlequin
And his trim troop your loose applauses win : ✓
Too much already has each modest ear
Been there insulted ; we'll protect them here.

END OF VOL. I.





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